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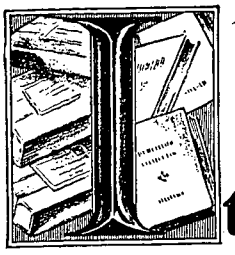

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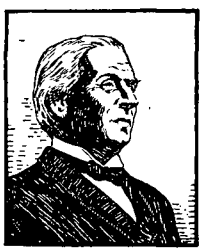

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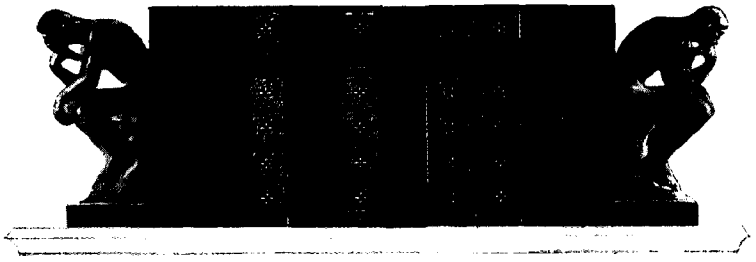

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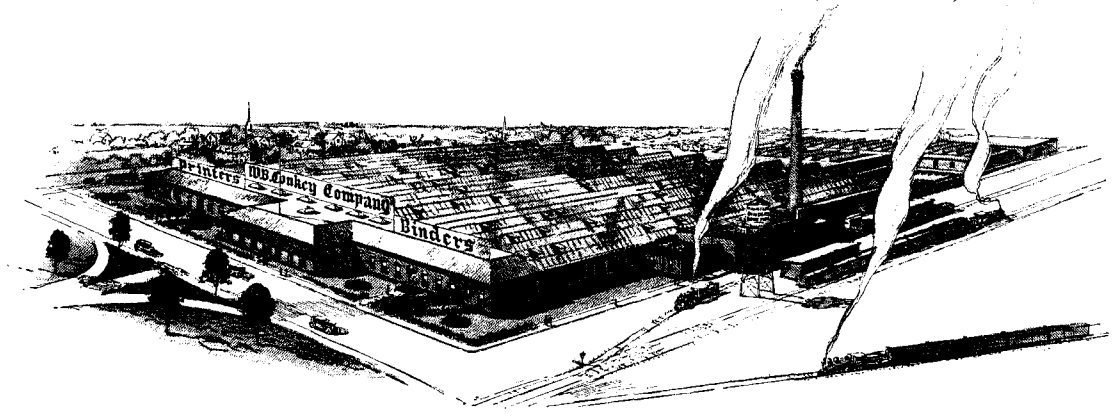

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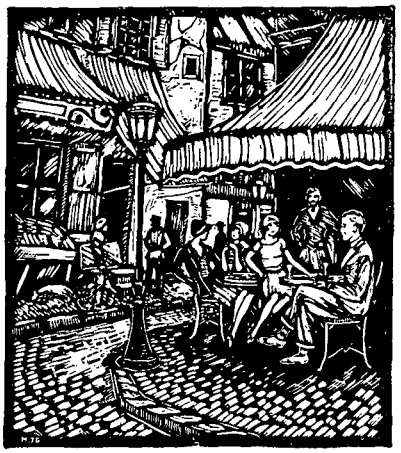

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Notes on New Books

Essays and Criticism

Of late years Bertrand Russell has written too many essays on too many subjects, it seems to us, and we have been approaching his miscellaneous writings with mixed hope and fear—the hope that he may not be merely delightful, which he always is, but that his acquaintance with the various fields he covers so widely may at least approach his superb equipment in his own specialties. But in this collection of *Sceptical Essays* (W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., $2.50) he seems to us all good things in one—charming, witty, authentically sceptical, and knowing. His introductory essay "On the Value of Scepticism", in which he places the sceptical faculty at the center of true intelligence, sets the tone to the succeeding essays. In the essay "Is Science Superstitious?", the answer is affirmative; science, it seems, is really a process of lessening ignorance, never quite absolute in its logical necessity. And he is especially emphatic on the need for the most militant doubt possible in the evaluation of social problems. In the second half of the book—in the essays on "The Harm That Good Men Do", "The Recrudescence of Puritanism", "The Need for Political Scepticism", "Free Thought and Official Propaganda", "Freedom in Society", "Freedom Versus Authority in Education", "Psychology and Politics", "The Danger of Creed Wars"—the burden of the entire argument is that a true approach to liberty lies in the unabridged license to doubt and never to quit doubting.

Nothing is more needful in America than a literary criticism that will evaluate literature not only in terms of literature, but in terms of contemporary life. In some measure T. K. Whipple, in his study of Adams, Robinson, Dreiser, Lewis and the half-dozen other American writers which make up *Spokesmen* (Appleton, $2.50), succeeds in doing this. He stresses the point that an anaemic condition of the arts in any country is a plain indication that that country is both unhappy and unhealthy. Though this, in general, is his conclusion on contemporary America, due, as he says, to her preoccupation with "practicality", he finds conditions fast changing, and likewise many extraordinary achievements in the art of literature despite all obstacles. If Whipple's thesis is open to any criticism it is because under his blanket term "practicality" lurk many activities which harbor more poetry in them than he has noticed. He verbally rebuts this objection but fails actually to recognize the poetic temper in many practical phases of American life. *Spokesmen,* however, is a serious piece of American criticism—one of the few that has appeared in recent years. It is unhesitatingly recommended to all who are seriously interested in the literature and civilization of "these States".

J. B. Priestley, the author of *The Old Dark House,* who for years has been writing regularly for the English *Saturday Review* and *The London Mercury,* has collected in *Too Many People* (Harper, $2.50) what used to be called "fugitive pieces". A gentle, urbane and wholly British philosophy invades mildly—perhaps too mildly—these tiny discourses upon an overcrowded London, hats, note-books, insects, the first fall of snow, and a multitude of other themes.

History, Social Science and Social Problems

The three authors of this little book (*Mexico,* by J. Fred Rippy, José Vasconcelos and Guy Stevens. Univ. of Chicago Press, $1.50) are skilfully complementary. Mr. Vasconcelos, a former minister of education under President Calles and a deeply cultivated man, is the revolutionary; not po-

(*Continued on page XVIII*)

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SEARS' SOLILOQUIES

IN Germany, at this moment, with one-third our population, they publish three times as many books each year as we do. In Denmark with 2,000,000 inhabitants a 40,000 sale for a novel is recorded many times a year. Fancy selling 120,000 copies of a book in New York City alone! We do not begin to read in this enlightened land of ours as much as the cow-milking Danes or the Freudian Germans.

But we are doing better as the years march along. In the days of the great New England literary era, when Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Dana and the rest were producing the best, The North American Review had a circulation of 500 copies per month and James Russell Lowell was its editor! *Mrs. Henrietta Dana Skinner,* daughter of "Two Years Before the Mast," was brought up as a little girl in daily intercourse with these Parnassan giants—the imposing Lowell, the gentle Longfellow, the somewhat terrifying Seward, the detached Emerson. It is a charming recollection of these Great Americans that she has written in this *Echo from Parnassus.*

Longfellow, by the way, would have been interested to know that a man who was brought up to be a pickpocket, two generations later in Boston and who went on through the bank robbery stage to serve a term of years in Sing Sing, came first to see that there was something better in life when he happened to read "The Children's Hour." His next step was Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol." Strange bed-fellows, Longfellow and Wilde—a queer team to draw *Jack Callahan* out of the mire and lead him to write his amazing life story *Man's Grim Justice.* Ex-Governor Whitman, who as district attorney of New York convicted Becker, has written a preface for it.

It is a mysterious world. Things that are wrong here now have been right there then. Different times, different manners. *Robert Welles Ritchie* in his *Hell-Roarin' Forty-Niners* illustrates this graphically. In the gold camps of our West, less than a hundred years ago, a man who stole a horse was hung, while one who killed his fellow beings went free. It was a hard life, consisting mainly of alcohol, assignation and adventure which those prospectors and their scarlet women led. They had their trouble and their great moments, as we do, and as actors do, and as Pontius Pilate did two thousand years ago.

W. P. Crozier, editor of that huge British weekly, The Manchester Guardian, has drawn a picture of the Roman Governor's job in Palestine in his *Letters of Pontius Pilate,* that is as illuminating in its way as Ritchie's gold mining days book. The author, who is an authority on biblical history, by casting his story in the form of letters written by Pilate in Palestine to his friend Seneca in Rome, has given the reader today, in terms of today, a picture of what Pilate's problem really was. What would Governor General Stimson do if the same problem was presented to him in Manila today? What did the English do in India in the case of Ghandhi?

It is so modern, so intimate, that it brings home to us now what happened then; and so, too, does the ex-Kaiser's wife, *Hermine,* in her new book *An Empress in Exile,* bring home to us here in America the tragedy of the life at Doorn going on now day by day. How are the mighty fallen!

Most of the mighty fall sooner or later; and some statistician has figured out how soon we shall all—mighty and unmighty alike—fall, if we do not find a way to kill rats, mosquitos and disease bearing insects—something less than a thousand years will leave the world without a single human being in it—only rats and flying bugs. *Dr. Torrance—Arthur Torrance,* member of the Royal Society of Tropical Diseases in London, has written a remarkable account of his adventures in Siam, Cambodia, Sumatra, India and Central Africa during his search for the cause and cure of the plagues that spread thence over the world. He calls it, *Tracking Down the Enemies of Man.* It is a romance, an adventure greater than the tales of the buccaneers of old.

A good many years ago there was another enemy of men, this time a man. His name was *Samson.* With men Samson was hard. He ruled or slew them as he chose. The mistake he made was in attempting the same degree of confidence with women. He did not know how unrelated are the lips with which they speak to the lips with which they kiss. Perhaps it was his ignorance of this that makes *Robert Collyer Washburn's* novel, *Samson,* so "diabolically clever."

Nor are all the Samsons dead; there are a few left and a notable one lives out in the Middle West—old Giles Pennagan. *Eleanor Chase* in a really astonishing novel, *Pennagan Place,* has written about him and his brood over whose members—sons, daughters and grandchildren, he ruled with a rod of iron. What a grandfather! What a brood! All going their several ways with their several love stories just as their disreputable grand-dad directs!

It is not unlikely that the devil grinned when that grandfather came into the world, but it is a certainty that the angels smiled when Leona Canwick was born. Even so they must have had hysterics when this delectable morsel of femininity slept with an Army and bathed with the General Staff. Leona, in point of fact, learned about men from a million, which is probably the reason that *James G. Dunton's* book about her is called *A Maid and a Million Men.* Read it, and, in the words of the Chicago policeman, "be your age."

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News Flashes on New Books

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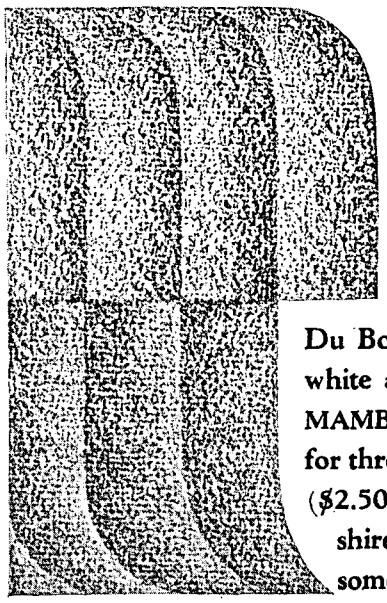

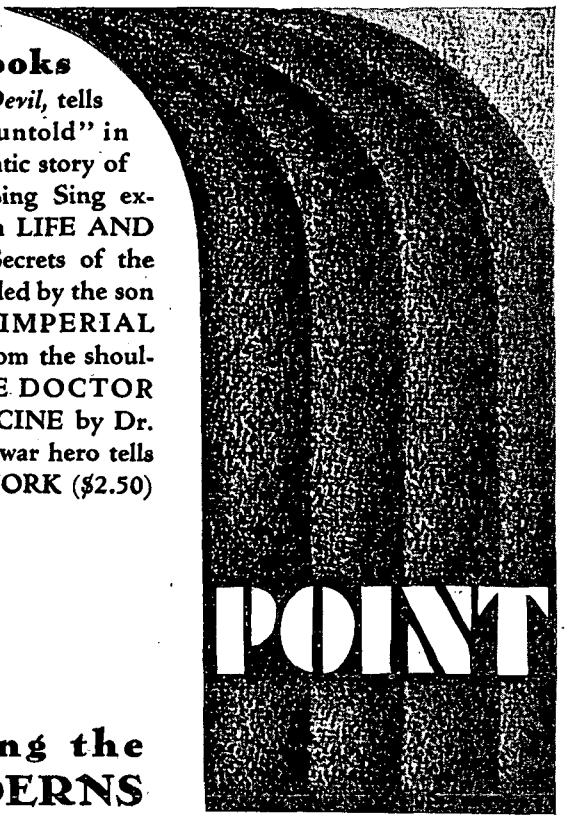

Among the MODERNS

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(*Continued from page XIV*)

litically but rather culturally. He is a believer in the spiritual autonomy of Mexican civilization, in the preciousness of its *ethos*, for whose integrity he pleads with a sophisticated passion. Prof. Rippy, probably our greatest authority on Latin-American relations, presents our recent Mexican policy dispassionately, though no doubt as a liberal. Mr. Stevens may be called the conservative of the trio, presenting very ably the legalistic argument against the Mexican oil policy. The three authors together integrate the Mexican problem in the mind of the reader in a most illuminating fashion.

S. P. P. Cosmetatos, the author of *The Tragedy of Greece* (Brentano's, $4.50), thinks the tragedy is Mr. Venizelos and that gentleman's policy, especially foreign policy, since 1914. The author is a well-known journalist and an extremely skilful pamphleteer. His material is ably documented. And if the chapters and verses he quotes are at all true, then indeed M. Venizelos's relation with the Allies and theirs with Greece throughout the period of the World War and after are not particularly edifying. M. Cosmetatos cannot possibly be accused of being pro-German, for he shows with equal scrupulousness that the Central Powers took all the steps to act in exactly the same spirit, only they did not have the same chance.

Spies, by Joseph Gollomb (Macmillan, $2.50) is a collection of the true stories, if such matters can ever be gathered truly, of celebrated spies,—from Moses' secret service work in Egypt to Mata Hari's dirty work in Paris. And it is, what it set out to be, exciting reading.

Spy and Counter-Spy, by Richard Wilmer Rowan (Viking, $3.50), is more of a history of secret service work than Joseph Gollomb's *Spies.* Still the two books are so remarkably alike as to form a literary coincidence in their simultaneous appearance.

(*Continued on page XXIII*)

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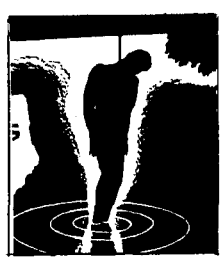

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(*Continued from page XVIII*)

The technique of this study on the adolescent period, especially on its sexual patterns, in Samoa, *Coming of Age in Samoa,* by Margaret Mead (Morrow, $3.00) is an extraordinarily subtle performance, not merely skilful as a methodology but excellent —at any rate most persuasive—as cultural anthropology. The author's claim that the Samoans helped to write the book is obviously true. They did. They talked and acted and Miss Mead drew her shrewd conclusions. They have no sexual "problem" to amount to anything, for both their "wholesome" as well as "unwholesome" behavior is quite simple and unconscious. On the whole, coming of age in Samoa seems to be a spontaneous business.

Science and Medicine

This essay on *The Future of an Illusion* (Horace Liveright $2.00) deals with the prospects of religion. Sigmund Freud, the author, has been one of the most valiant fighters in the history of thought, and he has habituated himself to a constant militant girding of the loins. In this essay he unfortunately chooses the form of a debate with the religionists; the more foolish ones among them. And we must confess that this Socratic method with fundamentalism is rather tedious. But disentangled from argumentation and debate, the essay is not merely a brilliant defense of the modern psychology of religious consciousness, but a beautifully integrated study in the cultural patterns of religious formations. Dr. Freud's thesis is simple enough. It is the widely accepted theory that religion is the imagery we have created for our own protection from a baffling world; and that the mechanism of this imagery is the typical regression to the protective situations in childhood.

Lectures in Psychiatry, by William A. White (Nervous and Mental Disease Publishing Company), is a collection of twelve talks to medical students. Accordingly, Dr. White ranged the whole field of insanity, which makes the transition from the normal to the diseased mind at once logical and

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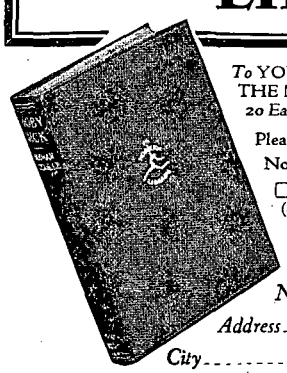

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Notes on New Books—Continued

easy. He first takes up those psychoses which show this transition most clearly. From there he goes on to the infectious organic insanities such as general paresis, which is due to syphilis, and from there to the manic-depressive group and from there, finally, to the dementia praecox group which is most difficult to grasp. It is almost a popular series of lectures due to its simplicity, but it is a complex simplicity, telling us more about the human mind than ordinary text books in psychology.

"A neurosis is a minor psychosis," said a wit among alienists. At any rate this definition seems to be true enough to make a volume on neurosis the no-man's land between the sane and the insane. And *The Neurotic Personality,* by Dr. R. G. Gordon (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75) does more or less just that. His approach is "psycho-physiological", almost entirely descriptive of the best work in literature in the field, but very tellingly so. His chapters on what a neurosis is, on the different anxiety states, obsessions and their relevant cures, are genuine essays on the subject; told in English and not in abracadabra.

Philosophy and Psychology

In 1748 Julien Offray de la Mettrie wrote his celebrated essay on *Man the Machine,* the classic of the mechanistic theory of life since then. Prof. Joseph Needham of the University of Cambridge calls his little essay by exactly the same title (W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., $1.00). He "salutes" his predecessor: "in science man is a machine; or if he is not then he is nothing at all". Part of the little booklet is historic, bringing up to date de la Mettrie's position. The second part Mr. Needham chooses to fight the neo-vitalists in the person of their most significant contemporary, Prof. Rignano. Mr. Needham aims to prove three points: That there is not as much teleology about the living organism as Sig. Rignano thinks; that what teleology there is, is not unique or characteristic of life; and that if it were it would have no scientific significance. By the time Prof. Needham gets to the 103rd and last page, he seems to feel that he has the better of the argument. And the reader is inclined to agree with him.

Dr. McKeon feels, in *The Philosophy of Spinoza* (Longmans, $5.00), that the spinozistic system has been presented so often and so fully and so controversially that the basic unit of Spinoza's thought has been almost lost in the course of centuries. He aims to re-explore this unit—the background of Spinoza's thought, his relation to Descartes, the beginnings of experimental science, his views of God, the universe, reason, religion, the state, the passions, knowledge and the intellect; in short, the whole stately critique, the most magnificent and severest in the history of thought. And he does it with an objective sympathy that gives the reader a deep architectonic sense of the great System.

Biography

Long Lance, by Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance (Cosmopolitan, $2.50), is the story of the last Indians to encounter the white man in the far Northwest. The author, Chief Lance, a full blooded Indian, is a graduate of Carlisle (where he won high athletic and scholastic honors), a former newspaper man, and a Captain of Infantry in the late war. The book, written in simple, vivid English, is a genuine contribution to the literature of the American Indian. It is a comparison of two ways of life—the white man's and the Indian's, by one who has known them both.

Roamin' in the Gloamin', by Sir Harry Lauder (Lippincott, $3.50), has much of both the dialect and the charm that has aroused the enthusiasm of British and American audiences for over forty years. Sir Harry traces his life from the days when he worked in a coal mine at eleven years of age to support his younger brothers and sisters

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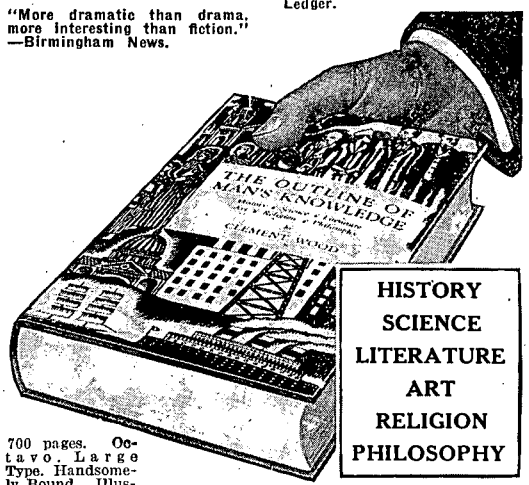

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Of the Murray Hill Biographies under the editorship of Floyd Dell and John Farrar, four have appeared, treating the following American authors: Hawthorne, Upton Sinclair, Robert Frost and Emerson. This latest volume, *Emerson: A Study of the Poet as Seer,* by Professor Robert M. Gay (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00), admirably fulfills the purpose of the series to provide "short dramatic biographies of American literary men and women, designed to be readable, provocative and sometimes critical". Gay stresses the narrative of Emerson's life, his essential character and his work as a poet. Criticism, literary or philosophic, is avoided, nor is there an effort to unearth new biographical material upon the master. In his own words the author confines himself "to narrative and interpretation, in the desire to persuade people, and especially young people to read Emerson". Some of his pages, especially those dealing with the man as a poet, should be of interest not only to the newcomer but to all students of Emerson.

Fiction

In his new book, *Giant Killer* (John Day, $2.50), Elmer Davis kills a giant who has stood for centuries. David, King of Israel, goes down before Mr. Davis's sword. The real hero of the book is Joab—Joab, the Sword of Israel, cousin of David, his worshipper as a boy, his weary, disillusioned, loyal general throughout David's life.

In the first place, according to Mr. Davis, David did not kill Goliath. Instead he wrote a song about killing him—a magnificent song, a song that should have been quite enough without any action to follow it. But David was surrounded by men of no imagination; they expected him to go out against the giant and make the song good. Joab, just down

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Notes on New Books—Continued

from his village to be with his hero, expected David to go out and kill Goliath so firmly that David was forced to do something about it. Yahweh was with David. When he went out cringing in the cold dawn he found the giant already dead; killed, by the merest chance, in an encounter with a drunken soldier. There was no reason for David to mention that. He returned to the encampment with the head of Goliath.

From that point on the story is the tragedy of Joab. It is not wholly that he exalted a weak man into a hero, but that his god is the Lord God of Battles, a god of denial and killing and frustration. Again and again Joab sees aspects of another god—a goddess, actually, the goddess called Ashtaroth among the Philistines, a goddess of love and fertility and beauty, whom every precept of his faith has taught him to fear and deny. Once, exiled among the Philistines, loving the daughter of their king, Joab has a vision of a composite deity, a Yahweh-Ashtaroth through whom might come fulness of life, but the vision vanishes. He goes back to fight for David and the House of David, and is put to death by David's son.

In Christabel Caine, the heroine of *All Kneeling* (Harpers, $2.50), Anne Parrish has drawn a wickedly complete and amusing picture of the most beloved but unlovable young lady seen in many a day. The worst of it is that all the selfishness and insincerity which we so thoroughly enjoy despising in Christabel Caine exists in each of us. Which means that Miss Parrish has again, and with increased deftness, taken a bundle of limitations—picked "a pocketful of poses"—and made a fascinating character of them.

A charming and precocious child, a charming and talented young woman, Christabel insists on adoration—and gets it by fair means or, usually, foul. In a children's play, when her part is only that of a court lady, a timely fainting spell brings parents and cast "all kneeling" about her, and lands her conspicuously on the Queen's throne. It takes considerable persuasion, when she goes in for writing, to induce her to read her poems aloud—but the costume for the occasion has long been planned. When her little books come, all her friends love them and the papers are quite generous—"I hope my head won't be turned with all the lovely things my kind, kind friends, known and unknown, are saying"—but the unfavorable clippings are quickly burned.

The men love her, all flock kneeling about her. But when they are tiresomely entangled she pushes them off with great self-sacrifice; only somehow, when they show interest elsewhere, Christabel again becomes the center of their world. Men, women, friends, family, all adore her—and are exploited by her. Only Uncle Johnnie sees through her—Uncle Johnnie and the reader. The reader cannot fail to know her as she is, for the reader will find her a mirror of all those moments he most hates in himself.

In *King Akhnaton* (Longmans, Green, $2.50), a narrative of love, palace intrigue, war and adventure in the time of Akhnaton —the famous Pharaoh reformer—Simeon Strunsky, as the jacket blurb puts it, "suggests a startling parallel to modern events and to a great modern personality". The "modern events" are the world war, the peace conference, the revolt of the United States Senators, and the rise of normalcy and reaction in America. The "great modern personality" is Woodrow Wilson. Embodied in a frankly naïve Egyptology, Strunsky criticizes gently the late President for his stubborn pride, and bitterly the American Senate for its provincialism. In an historical narrative that is easy and pleasant reading, he makes many points that are worth gathering up about the most important political issue of our time: the preservation of the peace of the world.

Phillips Russell, the author of biographies of Benjamin Franklin and John Paul Jones has turned his pen to fiction. *Fumbler* (Macaulay, $2.00) is a study of a young Southerner who unexpectedly finds himself

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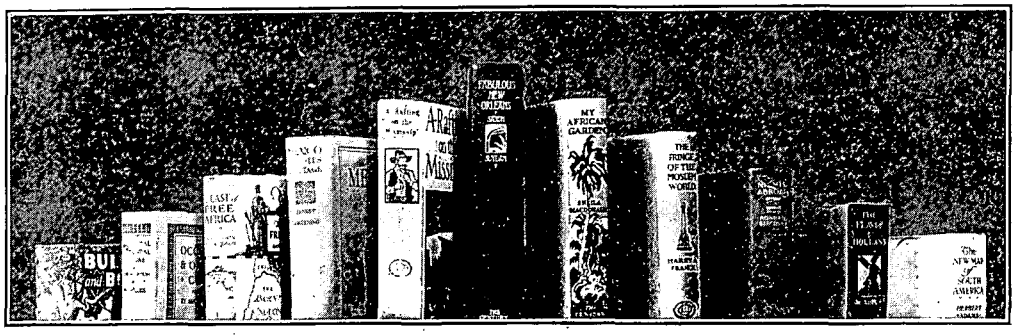

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in a new America utterly alien to the one of his youth. The new America contains factories and tenements, aliens, strikes, labor leaders, hobos, great cities, and new styles in ideas, men and women. The book's theme is a good one and the narrative is swift, but the style, dialogue, and character-drawing are flat and without distinction.

Along comes another story of the World War, replete with carnage, profanity and vulgarity, in James B. Wharton's *Squad* (Coward-McCann, $2.00). In a striking manner the author tells the experiences and reactions of a squad, the smallest unit in the army. War is a serious business, and Mr. Wharton does not gloss over its unpleasantness, but he does bring out the personality of the doughboy who, after all, is the nucleus of the army. For light reading *Squad* is difficult to surpass.

Around a group of divorced people with their subsequent entanglements and quarrels over alimony payments, Faith Baldwin has written *Alimony* (Dodd, Mead, $2.00), a novel in which a middle-aged roué suddenly becomes fairy godfather. She sets out to show how a selfish woman who shirked the responsibilities of her own marriage can, after her divorce, become a millstone about her husband's neck and very nearly wreck his second marriage by insistence on her legal right to alimony. Miss Baldwin succeeds admirably in showing the unhappiness which can result from such a situation.

André Gide has another worthy disciple in Marc Chadourne, whose first novel *Vasco* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) is vigorously skilful. M. Chadourne is an intellectual sensualist, and, as such, treats the abstract as the actual. His protagonist's, Vasco's, neurotic tortures are no less actual than the rich South Seas background of the book. As Mr. Ford says in his preface, it is "the Odyssey of a lost soul of that Génération Perdue" that left its youth in the War and rebelled bitterly and bootlessly. It is not a stoic's book; it is morbid. But its dispassionate strength gives its author a definite place among the finer French writers of today.

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NOVEMBER, 1928 VOL. LXVIII, NO. 3

The BOOKMAN

THE OBSEQUIES OF MR. WILLIAMS

New Light on De Quincey's Famous Tale of Murder

By Thomas Burke

TO every reader of De Quincey's postscript to his essay *On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts*—the major portion of the essay, rising high above the extravagant play of the essay proper, a masterpiece of narrative, and, to my mind, the finest "horror" short story in English—to all who know that afterthought, the name John Williams will assume immediate shape and substance. Nobody who has read that narrative can ever have forgotten it. Once you have read it, the word "Ratcliffe" is never again the name of a place, merely. For you it is charged with everything of the dark, the sinister and the fearful; and at sight or hearing of the word, the power by which De Quincey quickened a ghastly East End murder into a piece of living literature will again heat your mind and re-create the figures and the story.

Reading and re-reading that postscript, I have been many times moved to go over the ground and locate the various points of the maraudings of Mr. Williams: the Pear Tree public-house where he lodged and where he left the proofs that condemned him, Marr's shop, Williamson's public-house, and, particularly, the cross-road where he lies.

But I have had no key. I have known Ratcliffe Highway (now St. George Street) and the neighboring streets these many years, and often, in wandering about them, have picked on this or that cross-road as his likely resting-place, and this or that old tavern as once the Pear Tree. The difficulty is not in finding a spot with what Ambrose Bierce called "the suitable surroundings", for the whole of this district, respectable though it is to-day, is thick with "suitable surroundings". Any one of a dozen places has the air of belonging to Mr. Williams and his affairs. It still, at night, has much in feature and style that makes it classic setting for dreadful murder. The monstrous black stone wall of the London Dock that marks its beginning at East Smithfield, higher far than the walls of Pentonville or Dartmoor, sends deep shadows well along it; and the mannikin alleys that drop down to Pennington Street or pass northward into little closes, the craven shops (most of them as they were in 1811), the general litter and decay, the converted taverns (once crimping-dens, now mission-halls), the sparse lamplight, and the silence and loneliness imposed by the vast territory of the dock and its waters—all these effuse an atmosphere that Mr. Williams would find little changed from his day. Except that now it is listless, and in his day it was anything but that. Looking

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at it now, you feel that if it was—as we know it was—a street in form and feature much as it is to-day, then it was a street that must have *asked* for a grim story: it has that demeanor. Mr. Williams gave it that story, and now it lies between breath and death. It is not dreadful in the sense of dread hovering; it is cadaverous with dread experienced.

So, moving about it at night, one might hazard, and by aspect and demeanor be justified in the hazard, that this was the Pear Tree, and that was the Watch House, and this cross-road marked the end of that three weeks of horror that began on a Saturday midnight of December and ended on New Year's Eve; and, between those dates, spread far from Ratcliffe; spread, indeed, across England. But without the key it was useless. Once I had secured the key, I was able to locate the various spots; and the cross-road, when I discovered it, was none of the cross-roads that I had picked upon.

De Quincey, marvellous artist in the handling of facts and the clothing of them with his essence, was unconcerned, as an artist should be, with points that were not to his immediate purpose; and it is proof of the power of his narrative that he leaves the reader with a desire to know all points. He does tell us that the Marrs' shop was at No. 29 in the Highway. This, though the numbering has been changed, I identified some time ago; and very markedly the ramshackle place fits the frightful scenes of which it was the setting. Of the scene of the second coup, when the Williamson family was exterminated, he says nothing, save that it was a public-house, "if not *in* Ratcliffe Highway, at any rate immediately round the corner". With my key I was able to discover the full address of this house, and to see that it was useless. It was The King's Arms, 81, New Gravel Lane. To-day there is no King's Arms, and no 81, for that portion of New Gravel Lane is now bordered by the blank wall of the East Dock of the London Dock. On the location of that "quadrivium or conflux of four roads" where Mr. Williams was laid to rest, with a stake driven through him, and where "over him drives for ever the uproar of unresting London", De Quincey is silent, as he is silent on the ceremony of interment; and, wanting a key, I could find no detail of evidence to stiffen any one of my conjectures.

And then, the other day, there came into my possession, in an "odd lot", two soiled newspapers, faded and foxed: London papers; and I was started once more on the fascinating business of checking and annotating that Postscript—that masterpiece upon a masterpiece. In my paper I found two columns—a "follow-up" on the late horrid and unparalleled murders in Ratcliffe—and I now know the precise spot where lie the remains of the supreme artist in his calling, the man who inspired a greater piece of literature than did any of his more famous and romanticized fellows—Dick Turpin, Eugene Aram, Sweeney Todd, Jack Sheppard, Deacon Brodie.

De Quincey, as I say, omitted facts that were not essential to his atmosphere, but he was sometimes casual with the facts that he did handle. The tone of his narrative suggests that he was writing from memory, and here and there his memory deceived him. Certainly it deceived him in one point; namely, the year of the murders. He gives the date as December 18*12;* my paper is dated 18*11*. The first murder was committed at midnight, December 7-8, 1811; the second on December 20th; and before the year 1812 was born Mr. Williams was under the cross-roads. Other small points I have noted where he is using either baseless gossip or ill-remembered statements read at the time.

He tells us that Marr had a little business in which he had invested his savings of £180, and that he was in difficulties; that business was bad and that bills were falling due. My report, stressing the fact that the murderer-robbers (*sic*) must have been disturbed by the return of the servant before they could get at the money, states that a cash-box containing £152 in cash, was left untouched, besides a good deal of loose money in Marr's pockets. One hundred and fifty-two pounds in cash on a £180 business does not sound like pending bankruptcy.

De Quincey describes Williams as a man of the middle-height, with *lemon*-colored hair, and a face at all times of a "bloodless

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ghastly pallor". The reporter who was present at the examination describes him as a man of nearly six feet, of *fresh* complexion and with *sandy* hair.

De Quincey says that his manners were distinguished by exquisite suavity. Landladies and other witnesses speak repeatedly of his fighting habits; and a shipmate states that the Captain of the *Roxburgh Castle*, Indiaman, on which Williams was employed, had observed, by way of comment on his general fractious character, that next time Williams went ashore he would surely be hanged. (His stay ashore in December 1811 *was* the next time.)

My paper tells me that the Williamsons' grand-daughter was fourteen, not nine, as De Quincey states; and where he got the foundation for his description of the young journeyman's desperate endeavors to save his little playmate, the grand-daughter, I do not know. From the examination it is clear that the young lodger, John Turner, was not on that occasion a hero. There *was* a hero, but De Quincey does not name him. The truth is, John Turner *ran away;* and, remembering the circumstance of sudden midnight awakening, brain and resolution inactive, and the cry from below of "Murder!" and the long-drawn horror that had held the district for twelve days, who can blame him? He ran away, and ran into the arms of the real hero. The bravest act performed in those uneasy nights, braver far than the act of the pawnbroker who first entered the Marrs' shop, was performed, not by the fleeing young lodger, but by an aged night-watchman, George Fox. For at that time murder was not thought of, whereas later the murder of the Marrs was a fact, and the unknown murderer of the Marrs, who had by that time clothed himself in a superstitious legend of demonism and invulnerability, was believed to be the monster *now in the house and slaughtering the Williamsons:*—as brave an act as ever was performed by man. It was Fox who caught the lodger in his arms as he slid down his rope of sheets; he it was who sent for a crowbar, broke open the door, and first entered that house of blood to search for the unearthly and all-powerful butcher.

Turner's story was that he was awakened by a cry. He stole downstairs and saw a man in a shabby bearskin coat stooping over the battered body of Mrs. Williamson, which lay by the fireside. He waited to see no more, but ran upstairs, intending to escape by the roof. In his fright, he says, he could not find the trap-door in the roof. He flew therefore to his room, and, tying the sheets and blankets of his bed together, he slipped them round the bed-post and descended through the window. (No word, you see, of his landlord's grand-daughter.) It was George Fox (the only tribute my reporter pays him is to say that "with great resolution" he entered the house) who discovered *her* and carried her to safety; and she was not, as De Quincey says, preserved from all knowledge of the dreadful events; with the lodger and the night-watchman she was examined by the Shadwell magistrates at an early hour in the morning.

Only by a study of the contemporary reports of these butcheries does one realize what masterpieces they were, and how surely they must have caught the imagination and drawn upon themselves the glow of the bizarre and imperially-purple genius of the Opium-Eater. Masterpieces they were in their wholesale character (seven people in two homes); in the choice of setting (accidental, but then the perfecting stroke of the artist is often accidental); in their timing (winter-midnight) and in (another accident) the striking names of the people concerned either in the fact or after its accomplishment. These last have the air of having been deliberately devised by a romancer using the weight of names to "point" his story. De Quincey cannot have known—or, if he once knew, had forgotten—these names. Otherwise, the Postscript would be longer by a page: a fine dark page on the nomenclature of calamities. He speaks only of "Mr. and Mrs. Marr", "Mr. and Mrs. Williamson" and "Mr. Williams".

Here is a list of the names of those concerned: *Timothy Marr; Margaret Jewell; Jack Cahill; Susan Hoare; Michael Cathperson; John Frederick Richter; Reuben Stroud; Sylvester Driscoll; Thomas Dienon; Mrs. Vermillon.*

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In the name of the Elephant and Castle and all right melodrama, were ever such names brought together in such a story? And, on top of them, with a stroke of that blind irony that belongs to the calamities of daily life, comes the villain, wearing the homespun name of *John Williams*.

But, happily—for it is against all the Law of Poetics and all the Occultism of Names that anyone named John Williams *could* have committed these outrages—happily we are saved from the bite of this irony, and fitness is vindicated. De Quincey maintains him and his crimes in the name of John Williams, but I have discovered that he had no right to that name. His true name never came out. He was known to be passing under an alias, but despite all illustrated handbills and advertized descriptions calling for his relatives, no relatives came forward. He was an Irishman, and a glance through the names suggests that the name for him, suitable both to his private and dramatic character, would be that of an innocent suspect, Sylvester Driscoll. Surely a man with that name, or with the name of Vermillon, was destined for the rope? The name of Williams, we may guess, was assumed, without much deliberation, for its common and unobtrusive air. Your inept criminal always thinks that he can escape by hiding, and always, when changing his name, makes the mistake of choosing a pattern a little *too* plain, a little *too* insistent on the workaday. He will register at hotels as William Smith or Charles Brown: names that by their very simplicity arouse suspicion. The expert knows better: he registers as Philip Ponsonby or Hilary Blenheim or Victor St. Albans, and, by openly claiming attention, disarms it.

Yet it may be possible, so charged is this tale with poetic fitness, that he took it deliberately, from some playful memory of that other midnight prowler of twenty years before him—Williams, the Monster, fore-runner in 1786-90 of Jack the Ripper. And perhaps this Williams, too, in his turn, borrowed the honest cloak of "Williams" to muffle the sinister syllables of a name that whispered his true character. I hope so; for in general the plain English names have been undarkened by the shadow of the scaffold. True, we have had William Palmer and George Frederick Smith; but never anything so downright and breezy as John Williams or Harry Brown or Charlie Robinson. There is a norm in these matters, and the names generally run true. Repeat them to yourself: Crippen, Deeming, Neil Cream, Milsom, Peace, Lefroy, Muller, Dougall, d'Onston, Thurtell, Brownrigg. If you were shown that list, would you for a moment believe that it was a list of the British Cabinet or a Cricket Eleven?

Not only in the esthetic harmony of style, setting, and *dramatis personae* were the exploits of this illiterate assassin marked from ordinary murders, as though he were, indeed, as De Quincey apostrophizes him, directed from hell: there is also a curious fatality of dates. He began work on December 8th, when his neighbors were thinking joyfully of coming Christmas parties. He was arrested on Christmas Eve. He died on Boxing Day. He was dragged to his grave on New Year's Eve. He set his festival of blood in that season when London was observing the festival of goodwill, and the stages of his end are marked by the very days that are the high days of that season.

His arrest was made on December 24th, and a very casual arrest it was: for he was but one among many. At the moment of arresting him, they did not know what they had secured; for at that time, in Ratcliffe and Shadwell, they were arresting everybody who had any air of the vagrant. On the morning following the murder of the Marrs, five Portuguese sailors were detained. On December 20th, a few hours after the discovery of the Williamson murders, Sylvester Driscoll was arrested, simply because the Williamsons had kept a public-house, and Mr. Driscoll was carrying under his coat four bottles of spirit which he appeared anxious to conceal from the constables. His story, that he was "just laying in a little drop", as usual before the holidays, was found to be true. But only after the police had proved upon him that he had "laid it in" from the warehouses of the London Docks. On December 23rd a man named Cahill was arrested at Marlborough, Wilts., and brought to London. He was a tall man, with sandy

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hair and whiskers, and spoke with a strong Irish accent. In many details he answered the description of the man seen by John Turner bending over the body of Mrs. Williamson, and by two witnesses, during the evening of the night of the murders, lurking in the passages of the Williamsons' tavern. To help matters forward he volunteered that he had lately worked for a Mr. Williamson in a street near Ratcliffe Highway; and having led the magistrates well up the garden, he sat back to await developments. But when developments came he changed his mood. When witness after witness came forward to identify him as the man seen lurking about the passages of the King's Arms, and as a man who slept the night before at a house near New Crane Wharf, then, as he saw the rope swinging towards him, came an outburst of injured innocence. The witnesses were liars and he was a liar. He had but once been in London, and then only for a few hours. He had never worked in Ratcliffe; never been to Ratcliffe. He could bring landlord and landlady from the country to prove that at ten o'clock on the night of both murders he was asleep in their house. He had made the statement about working for the Williamsons in the hope of concealing his true case—that of a deserter who was wanted at Reading Barracks by the Army.

Arrests were made every day, but on December 24th, among five suspected persons presented to the magistrates for examination, was one John Williams, a seafaring man. He, too, answered the description of the tall man with sandy hair seen by John Turner; and, as various points about him were brought out, the magistrates saw that they were, with this man, "warmer" than they had yet been. He had no friends to back his story, and he was an unsatisfactory witness, giving labored explanations and ignoring some of the questions put to him. On his own admission he had spent the fatal Thursday evening in the bar of the Williamsons' house, as he often did. On the evidence of others he had been seen going from his lodgings to the King's Arms at about eleven o'clock; he did not return to his lodgings until one o'clock; and the day following he sent to his laundress a torn and blood-stained shirt.

He was remanded until December 27th for further examination.

On the morning of the 27th, when the magistrates assembled at Shadwell Police Office, the officer sent to Coldbath Fields to bring Williams before them in safe custody, brought them the news that a few hours earlier he had hanged himself in his cell (by his neck-cloth, not by his braces). By this they knew that they had secured *one* of the murderers. Not until ten days later did they surely know that there was no more than one.

That Williams had intended self-destruction after perceiving the magistrates' attitude towards him through their questions, may be inferred from the evidence of the gaoler of the Watch House. In Williams's pocket, after his death, was found a piece of iron hoop, sufficiently sharp, if properly used, to inflict a mortal wound. This piece of hoop was not found upon him when he was arrested, nor when he was lodged in a temporary lock-up at the Liebeck's Head public-house opposite the Shadwell Police Office. After the examination he was ordered, for greater security, to the new House of Correction, at Coldbath Fields, and, apparently, on arriving there, was not searched. Inspection of the room at the Liebeck's Head showed that part of the iron pillar that supported the roof of the room had been broken away, and the part found upon the body of Williams precisely fitted the fracture. Apparently it was his intention to put an end to his life in that room with that instrument, but on being taken to Coldbath Fields he changed his plans. The room at the Liebeck's Head had no fittings; the cell at Coldbath Fields was conveniently fitted with an iron girder over which prisoners could throw their clothes. It may be that he found the piece of iron hoop not sharp enough for his purpose; it may be that he felt that hanging would be cleaner. Whatever his motive for changing his plan, he did change it and did hang himself.

He saw that it was the end, and he thought to cheat the law. So far as his conscious self was concerned, he did cheat it. Had he abided the natural course, he would have been plainly hanged and simply buried.

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Hanging, by other hands than his own, he escaped; but by his act he brought upon his body and upon his name such abomination and obloquy as have seldom, if ever, been visited upon a criminal. But did he, perhaps, in his ignorant vanity—for vain and fastidious in many things he was—desire and, by this act, ensure a public interment? That we do not know, but we do know that a public interment he had, dressed in every circumstance of contumely.

I have studied many records of crime and punishment of the past, but, ghastly as these are, they do not, to my mind, approach in ghastliness the interment of John Williams. Monster he was, but he paid for his crimes on this earth by self-destruction, and to us today that appears to be as full punishment as this earth can exact. But not to 1811. John Williams was dead, but he had left a carcase behind him. One would think that a carcase, even of a monster, might be held to be beyond the visitation of man's wrath; but it was not. The howl of vengeance that had gone up while he was yet living and free made itself manifest in solemn horrors upon his body captive and dead.

Tyburn hangings, cart-tail floggings of men, Bridewell floggings of women, Smithfield burnings—these do not invest the imagination with more of horror than a certain procession on New Year's Eve, 1811, through four little back-streets of East London. The details of these Obsequies of John Williams beat upon the mind with the hammer-beats of the burden of the Nuptials of Attila.

At ten o'clock on the night of December 30th, four men went from Ratcliffe Highway to Coldbath Fields, and there demanded delivery of the body of John Williams. They were the High Constable of the parish, his deputy, the tax-collector and a regular constable. On production of the body the High Constable, the tax-collector and the regular constable, considering their duty done, entered a hackney-coach and went home. To the Deputy was left the task of following them in a separate coach, alone with the corpse, across the midnight streets of London from Clerkenwell to Shadwell. Deputy and body arrived at the Watch House, at the bottom of Ship Alley, shortly after midnight, when the Deputy's duty, too, was done, and constables came from the Watch House, and carried the body from the coach to a cellar of the Watch House called the Black Hole. There it remained all night.

At nine o'clock in the morning the interment began with that form and pageantry that is reserved for the interment of the great: it differed only in its attendant details. Around the outside of the Watch House gathered the High Constable and his staff; and soon after nine o'clock arrived a cart that had been expressly made as the bier of John Williams. It had been made with the purpose of giving the greatest possible exposure to the body and the face. The floor of the cart was low on the wheels and without sides. Over the floor a slanting platform had been built. When the body was brought from the Black Hole it was placed upon this inclined platform, with the head towards the horse, so elevated as to be fully exposed. Ropes were passed under the arms and fastened to the driver's seat. The body was dressed in a pair of blue cloth pantaloons and white shirt. It was without coat or waistcoat, and the sleeves of the shirt were rolled well back. Around the neck was loosely strung the scarf by which he had ended his life. My report tells me that the face was fresh and unmarked, but that there were livid spots upon the arms. From the general appearance he would have been about thirty years of age. When the body was secured, the programme of burying a great artist was followed by placing upon the bier his palette and brushes. To the right of the head was tied the mall by which the Marrs were murdered. To the left was fixed the ripping-chisel and iron crow employed upon the Williamsons. Above the head was laid the stake that was to be driven through the body.

At half-past ten the procession had formed, and began to move. It was led by a body of the principal parish officers, mounted on gray horses—the Deputy Constable, the Tax Collector, and four other officers. Behind these came a troop of Constables, Head-Boroughs and Patrols of St. George's, with drawn cutlasses. Behind these came the Beadle of St. George's, in his dress

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of office, and the High Constable. Here followed the cart with the body; behind that a full troop of constables and watchmen; and behind *them*, as you may imagine, "an immense cavalcade of the inhabitants of the two parishes". Never before, or since, I suppose, have those narrow streets held such a close-set mass of people. My paper estimates that fully ten thousand people were present.

The procession moved slowly eastward down the Highway, and, on arriving opposite the shop of the Marrs, it halted for ten minutes. If you have ever seen Ratcliffe Highway (or St. George Street) the scene will present itself clearly to the eye, for, save for the extension of the Dock, and a rebuilt shop here and there, the street to-day is, as I have said, what it was on that December morning of 1811. Every shop in the little street was shuttered. Every ground-floor window was curtained, and every upstair window filled with heads. Pavements and alley-mouths were thronged with the mixed crowd that still belongs to the district—the local work-people, Chinese, Lascars, Negroes, Scandinavians. A December morning in that river-district, we may surmise, would be gray and damp. Daylight, indeed, in those down-river stretches can be, and often is, positively ashen. In that ashen light, then, through the mean streets of the dockside, comes, slowly and almost in silence, save for an occasional muttered oath, that cart with its dreadful burden: a wan, half-naked corpse dragged through a corridor of wan life, point by point through the very streets where it had trod in life and where it had robbed the innocent of life.

From the Marrs' shop the cart was led down Old Gravel Lane, through New Market Street, along Wapping High Street, and up New Gravel Lane. There, outside the King's Arms, the home of the Williamsons, it again halted for ten minutes. During this ten minutes, the spectacle, terrible as it was, was heightened by a touch of the macabre and grisly that even Williams himself, had he lived to perfect his art, could not have surpassed. In the silence—that tremendous silence of a multitude centered on one thing; a silence far keener than the silence of an empty countryside—a hackney-coachman, who had halted his coach near the top of the Lane, looked down, bent from his seat, uncurled his whip and with a sharp curse delivered across the dead face three short-arm lashes.

The procession now re-entered Ratcliffe Highway, and turned up Cannon Street to the Turnpike Gate where four roads met: namely, the new road to Whitechapel, the road into Sun-Tavern Fields, the road to Wellclose Square, and Cannon Street. (This is the direction given by my paper.) Outside the Turnpike House a hole, about four feet deep, three feet long, and two feet wide, had been dug. It was purposely so dug to these measurements that the body should not be laid at full length. At half-past twelve precisely, the body was pushed from the inclined platform and crammed neck and heels into the hole. Immediately that was done the stake was driven through the body, and on the last blow of the mallet, the crowd, so long bound in silence by the grotesque pomp of the affair, broke into a frenzy of groans and shouts that lasted many minutes. The officers waited to see the hole filled in and rammed down; then all who had formed the procession dispersed their several ways.

For some days I could not locate this "new road to Whitechapel" and Sun-Tavern Fields and the Turnpike Gate, but with the help of old maps I have found them. The Cannon Street mentioned is now Cannon Street Road, which runs to Commercial Road East. The road to Sun Tavern Fields (now built over) and Wellclose Square, is Cable Street. Cable Street runs alongside the London, Tilbury & Southend Railway. It is lined with warehouses and goods-yards. It is paved with stone setts and is one of the busiest streets of East London. Day and night iron-wheeled lorries, horse and motor, grind across these setts in and out of the goods-yards and down to the Docks; and it is here, precisely in the center of the roadway, where Cannon Street Road crosses Cable Street, that Mr. Williams lies; and here, as De Quincey said, with more truth than, in 1854, he knew, here "over him drives for ever the uproar of unresting London!"

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THE SOLID SOUTH

By James M. Cain

IT is my purpose in this article to discuss certain twists in the Southern mind, especially the twist which leads it to vote dry and drink wet, and perhaps to hazard a few forecasts as to what the future may hold. But at the very outset I find myself stuck. As a result of the nonsense that has been published in recent years, it has become impossible to talk about the South with a person who has not been there, for he thinks of it in terms of all sorts of fantastic goings on, and appraises its mentality at such a discount that he is quite unable to understand what you are trying to tell him. If you will bear with me, then, for a few moments, I shall try to clear up any misconceptions that may have arisen in your mind, and then get on with the discourse.

The South, taking one community with another, is not lawless. Of course, there are parts of it where dreadful things happen. But there are parts of every section where dreadful things happen. Surely no part of the South can surpass in lawlessness the Egypt section of Illinois, whose capital is Herrin, or the coal-mine section of Pennsylvania, or the oil-well section of Oklahoma. A certain amount of violence is an inevitable part of the human scene; it can be expected wherever hoodlums are in the majority, whether they be American hoodlums or Italian hoodlums, or Northern hoodlums or Southern hoodlums. If you ascribe any undue portion of it to the South, you merely befuddle all your thinking about the South. There are towns in the South where nobody has been flogged since the Civil War, where there has not been a lynching in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and where the Ku Klux Klan is regarded as humorously as it is regarded in New York City. With regard to lynching, the truth is that it is all but extinct, in the South as well as everywhere else, as you can see for yourself if you will consult the figures on it as given in the *World Almanac*. The number of victims per annum, which ran into the hundreds in the nineties, is now down in the 'teens, and it steadily diminishes. In another few years lynching will take its place with the persecution of witches in colonial times as a historical curiosity.

The South is not insanely anti-Catholic. Of course, there are people everywhere who believe there is a gigantic Catholic conspiracy to put the Pope in the White House. But there are probably no more of them in the South than anywhere else. As it happens, I was a Catholic in my youth, and I lived in a typical Southern community on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, a section predominantly Methodist. If there was any discrimination against me because I was a Catholic, I did not hear of it, and I think a boy knocking around with other boys would have heard of it. And while my personal charm is undeniable, I don't thing any exception was made in my case on account of it. Relations between my church and the other churches in town were very cordial. When we held our annual supper in October, all the money was made off hungry Methodists who had packed the hall to get a good meal for fifty cents, and when the other churches held their suppers in the spring, there were always a number of Catholics in the throng, Catholics who looked a little guilty, but who put down their fried chicken and deviled eggs nevertheless. In a political way, they had nothing to complain of. They got a fair allotment of county jobs from time to time, and I never heard a no-popery howl in any campaign. Mr. Dixon, who took up the collection, was Clerk of the Court for at least ten years. He was always unanimously elected, both parties agreeing that he was the man for the job.

The South is not backward in cultural development. There is a general impression that it is, I know, and it has made little

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effort to correct that impression. Nevertheless, the impression is false. It is true that the South has few resident practitioners of the bozart, and that it supports no symphony orchestras. But this state of affairs is due, not to any hostility to the bozart on the part of the South, for no such hostility exists, but simply to the fact that there are no large cities in the South. When you consider that Baltimore, which is three times the size of any other Southern city in the matter of white population that might be interested in the bozart, can boast a bare half-dozen men who have made any reputation as writers, musicians, and sculptors, you can see why no city lying south of it is likely to be able to boast of a great many. What happens when a Southerner decides to go in for the bozart in a professional way is that he moves north, as did Olga Samaroff, Thomas Dixon, Riccardo Martin, Joseph Wood Krutch, Laurence Stallings, Stark Young, Irvin S. Cobb, and dozens of others, not to forget Edgar Allan Poe. He has to, to make a living. So that a peremptory challenge to a place like Atlanta to produce a list of artists, or to support a big-time symphony orchestra, is just plain nonsense. You had as well demand that it support a big-league baseball team.

As for the bozart in a general way, the South does not differ much from the rest of the country. It has its circulating libraries, which carry books good, bad, and indifferent; it has its small choruses and orchestras; it has its professional concerts, when it can afford them; of late, it has its little theatres, which have sprung up everywhere to take the place of the late-lamented road companies. In addition, it has several excellent universities, notably the University of North Carolina, the University of Viriginia, and Vanderbilt University. Vanderbilt, it should be noted, is in the heart of the Bible Belt in Tennessee, and yet it made not the slightest compromise with the dolts who staged the farce at Dayton, and, a few years before, it made not the slightest compromise with the dolts who tried to purge its faculty of Huns. Independence is by no means uncommon in the South—although it doesn't seem to get much publicity.

In short, the kind of Southerner who runs the South is an intelligent, reflective, and informed man. It will help you a great deal, when you try to understand him, if you remember that. When you think of him as a simian farmhand, acting from pathological impulses and almost incapable of rational thought, you only make things a great deal harder for yourself.

II

One time I was talking with a candidate for Congress in one of the districts of Maryland. He was in a little difficulty. Although he had the backing of the Democratic organization, and although he was very well thought of, he wasn't attracting much attention. He lacked what is called an issue, something to make a fight about. I suggested that Prohibition was a lively issue, and that he might cause quite a stir if he ran as a wet. He thought this over for a moment and then he shook his head.

"No," he said, "that won't do. I believe you're right about a wet having a good chance in my district. A whole lot of those people don't think much of Prohibition. But I can't come out as a wet. It's a matter of principle with me. I'm a dry, I always have been a dry, and I always expect to be a dry. And I can't see my way clear to coming out as a wet just to get a few votes."

Then he poured himself a drink and asked me what I thought of the League of Nations as a campaign issue.

Now this, which is quite typical of a Southern politician, is at first glance comic. You feel that a man who could solemnly come out with such a statement, and then top it off with a glass of whisky, must be a lineal descendent of the late Petroleum V. Nasby. But when you trace back the reasons for it, the comic touches begin to vanish, and you see that it is consistent with a perfectly sane political philosophy, and, most paradoxical of all, quite sincere.

The truth is that the principles of democracy, as they are supposed to be accepted by other citizens of the Republic, are merely so much bombast to the Southerner. He has heard of them, of course, for they are in

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his school books. But he regards them as the graceful trimmings of government, as pleasant rhetoric to be spouted on the Fourth of July. It has never occurred to him that they are actually to be put into practice. So far as he is concerned, all men are not created equal. Thus he sees nothing strange, and certainly nothing unjust, in laws that bear differently on different kinds of men. To him there is no hypocrisy in denying a drink to one man, and in granting it to another.

His point of view in this respect is partly reasoned from the premises that confront him everywhere he turns, and partly inherited. It was many, many years ago that his ancestors noted that with regard to the principles of government there is a great difference between theory and practice. Specifically, they noted certain differences between the Declaration of Independence, which furnishes the theoretical basis for our government, and the Constitution of the United States, which puts the theories into practice. The one said that all men are created free and equal. The other said that some men are slaves. It did not say that they were in so many words, it is true; it delicately referred to them as "such persons as any of the states now existing shall think proper to admit". But it made its meaning perfectly clear to all who cared to read.

Now there is a hopeless discrepancy between these two propositions. If one is true the other must necessarily be false. It was a discrepancy that caused quite a little trouble in the last century. In the end the North went to war to establish the truth of the first; the South went to war to establish the truth of the second. And the North won the war, but the South won the argument.

For we may as well be honest about this thing, regardless of the feelings of the sad young men on the liberal magazines. The Negro in the South today, no matter what he may make of himself tomorrow, offers conclusive evidence that the Declaration of Independence was a little previous with the things that it held to be self-evident. He is not the equal of the white man. In Harlem he is. That is to say, he has attained the white man's high estate of ½ percent inhabitants who are civilized, 49½ percent who are dull middle-class, and 50 percent who are muscular morons. But in the South he has made no such brilliant record for himself. There he runs 0 percent of inhabitants who are civilized, ½ percent who are dull middle-class, and 99½ percent who are muscular morons. There are, it is true, occasional Negroes in the South who are civilized in every sense of the word. But when you add them up, and then divide by 8,064,377, which is the total number of Negroes in the South, the quotient is so small that it does not affect the percentages I have given above.

Now these are facts which face the Southerner as soon as he gets out of bed in the morning. And they are at the bottom of his conviction that laws must apply differently to different kinds of men; that government is a job for the few who are fit to govern, and not for these millions of irresponsible children who are not fit to govern at all, or even to exercise the "rights" that are said to belong to them inalienably.

I wonder if you have ever stopped to think how alienable these rights really are. You are under the impression, I suppose, that you have the right to use the streets of the city where you live. So you have. But if you abuse this right it will be taken from you so fast that you will hardly know what happened to you. That is to say, if you are hauled up three times for driving your automobile while under the influence of liquor, you will have your license revoked—and find that your right was alienable to a considerable extent.

Well, that is what has happened in the South. The Negro there has shown in pitiful fashion that there are certain rights that he cannot be entrusted with. So these rights, and only these rights, have been taken away from him. They are two, as follows:

(a) The right to demand admittance to the hotels, theatres, restaurants, and schools where white people are admitted, and to ride in the compartments where white people ride on public conveyances.

(b) The right to vote.

These are all. No other rights have been

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taken from him, and this is a very important point to note when people begin shooting their mouths off about "race prejudice". The Negro in the South usually gets a fair deal in the courts, and sometimes more than a fair deal, for often his employer shows up and intercedes on his behalf. He is free to engage in business, and often does so, with extensive white patronage. In the town where I used to live, the most prosperous barber was Jim Jones, a Negro, and his customers were all white. Across the street from him Jim Robinson had a restaurant, also patronized by white people. In Harper's Ferry, W. Va., which really ought to be considered as in the Shenandoah Valley section of Virginia, the swank hotel is owned and run by Negroes, and its customers are also white. Scores of instances of this sort could be mentioned in all parts of the South. The only rights which have been abridged are those which I have listed; and there are solid, substantial reasons in both cases.

For the abridgment of the first right the reason is that the Negro, when you admit him to polite surroundings, is an entirely unknown quantity. He may be decently dressed and conduct himself in a decent manner. But on the other hand he may be dressed in filthy overalls, smeared with plaster, grease, canning-factory refuse, or whatever he has been working in, and smelling to high heaven; and he may conduct himelf so boisterously that he is a nuisance to everybody within earshot. That is the story of the Jim Crow laws, and it is a hard story to dispose of. When the Negro in the South is as orderly, as well-dressed, and as well-bathed as the Negro in New York, I imagine the Jim Crow laws will go into the discard. But until then they are a public necessity.

With regard to the pother that is continually kicked up over the "nullification" of the Fifteenth Amendment, the abridgment, that is, of the Negro's right to vote, it is a little hard to speak patiently. Of course, if you conceive of the right to vote as the right to drop a vague sort of ballot in a vague sort of box in favor of a vague sort of candidate; and if you conceive of government in terms of vague legislatures passing vague laws about this and that, I can see that the disfranchisement of Negroes in the South will strike you as a monstrously unjust thing. But if you conceive of the right to vote in a realistic way, as the right to drop a specific ballot in a specific box in favor of a specific candidate, and carrying with it *per se* the right to govern; and if you conceive of government in terms of the things which it is predominantly concerned with, then you must know that this disfranchisement had to come. Legislatures and laws are only a small part of the activities of government. When you get to political units smaller than states, they are almost a negligible part of government. The average county does not enact a new regulation once in six months. But it has plenty of other things on its hands. It must build roads, bridges, and schoolhouses. It must keep vital statistics, records of deeds, titles, and judgments; and it cannot make mistakes about them either. It must collect taxes and account for them accurately. It must apprehend, prosecute, and convict criminals, and keep a system of courts running. And it must operate an educational system whose cost, even in a poor county, runs to thousands of dollars a month.

Now if it were just a matter of sitting around passing laws all the time, I grant you the Negro might do just as well as the white man. He could hardly do worse. But if you can picture him as doing any of the things I have mentioned above, you can picture the impossible. Give him a year in any county, and everything, from roads to schools, would be in a state of chaos. And that is the reason he has been disfranchized. It would be more accurate to say that is the reason he has been allowed to disfranchize himself. For there has been pulled no rough stuff; Senator Glass is quite right when he says there is no "nullification" of the Fifteenth Amendment. The thing is done quite simply by means of a poll tax, a literacy test, or a property test. Election officials no doubt give a little assistance now and then, but not much. They don't have to. For the sad truth is that if the Southern Negro does not flunk out on one of these tests he flunks out on another: if he has $2 to pay his poll tax, then he flunks the literacy tests; and if he can pay the poll tax and pass the

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literacy test, he flunks the property test. Negroes who pass all three, as a rule, are allowed to vote. The Southerner likes to feel broad-minded like anybody else.

Thus the hue and cry about race prejudice in the South is a little out of joint with the facts as they exist. Race prejudice exists in the South, of course. But there is race prejudice and race prejudice. There is the race prejudice of the professional Southerner who "wouldn't eat with a nigger, no sir, if I was starving to death". And there is the race prejudice of the average Southerner who has no general convictions on the subject, but who will not associate with the rough, uncouth and unwashed Negroes he sees around him any more than he would associate with rough, uncouth and unwashed white men. What I am trying to say is that race prejudice, as it exists in the South, is not a philosophic, abstract thing, a credo that all white people are sworn to uphold, but a spontaneous physical thing, a state of mind that would be forced on the most open-minded person as soon as he spent a week in the South. As the Negro becomes more presentable, race prejudice tends to disappear. What the Negro race in the South needs is fewer organs of indignant opinion and more bathtubs.

III

I dilate on these things, not to hold a brief for the Southerner's way of dealing with the Negro problem, but to make it clear that he is distinctly class-minded, and has every reason to be. He would not call himself so, of course, for this expression has a rather sinister sound to it. If he were asked to give his point of view a name, he would probably say he was "element-minded". Elements play a great part in his thinking. "I tell you how it is," he will often say to you; "the reason I stick with the Democratic party is that it represents the best element in the community." And again: "There's an element in this county that we got to do something about pretty soon. I say live and let live, but when you've got an element that don't know how to behave, and all the time raising hell and making a lot of trouble, why then something's got to be done".

But whether you call him class-minded or element-minded, it amounts to the same thing. And, while this state of mind had its origin in the effort to devise a plan that would work with Negroes, it did not take long to branch out and take in other citizens as well. The Southerner, as I have said, is not stupid. And he saw that the yokels who swarmed the street on Saturday night were just as much of a problem, particularly with regard to public order, as the Negroes. They were noisy, they caroused until all hours of the night, they were a menace to the safety of law-abiding people. And as he turned this over in his mind, he decided that something had to be done about this "element" as well as about the Negro element. The result was Prohibition. And the result, also, was this peculiar attitude that was revealed by my friend the candidate for Congress. The Southerner was no more concerned about alcohol as a moral question than you and I are concerned about it. Since he could hold his liquor—or, if he could not, since he removed himself from public view when he was drunk—he had no intention of becoming a teetotaler himself. But he had every intention of placing liquor beyond the reach of the farmhands and Negroes who were dangerous when they got hold of it.

But calculations go awry. This class-consciousness, this element-mindedness, cannot be kept a secret for very long. It seeps down, and after many years, the whole population gets permeated with it. At least that is what happened in the South. Even the yokels heard of it, and grew accustomed to it, and made it a part of their thinking. The result was the Ku Klux Klan. It was, of course, a ghastly travesty on the original idea. Where the upper-class Southerner had been class-conscious only to the extent that he had to be, and had kept a fairly clear notion of the implications of what he was doing, the Ku Klucker was class-conscious for the pure thrill that his class-consciousness gave him. "If this is a government for the benefit of the restricted few," he reasoned, "then I am one of the few, and no others have any rights whatever." Then he proceeded to proscribe everybody that he

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bore a grudge against, and especially everybody that he feared. Catholics, Jews, Negroes—all these looked alike to him, and it gave him a fine feeling of superiority, probably the first he had ever had in his life, to make speeches against them and send them anonymous notes.

In most parts of the South, as I have said, this did not amount to much in a practical way. The people who actually run the average Southern community would not for a minute stand for any such goings on as the Ku Klux is supposed to have indulged in, and did indulge in often enough to get a great many dispatches into the newspapers. But it was irritating nevertheless in an intangible way. It was a vulgar mockery of something that had had a real meaning; moreover, it held the South up to ridicule, gave it a bad name. And the upper-class Southerner, as I know from talking with him, has done some hard thinking about this Ku Klux business. He has it well under control now, as he always has such things under control. Ku Kluckers, lately, have been going to jail, and the Klan is losing its poor witless members everywhere. But it has been disturbing, nevertheless, because it has come perilously close to reducing a philosophy of government to absurdity.

Then Prohibition has worked out in a way exactly opposite to what was intended. In the beginning, as I have said, the idea back of it was that a gentleman could get his liquor, but that others must go dry. Until National Prohibition came along, only two Southern States, Georgia and Florida, were "bone-dry", all the others affording some means for a citizen to have liquor in his home if he had a home to have it in. But under National Prohibition it has turned out that a gentleman cannot get any liquor, but that others can get all they want. Of course a gentleman can get liquor, too, but he cannot get liquor that he can drink. A yokel can get corn whiskey in any quantity, and at prices so low as to be ridiculous, and he is perfectly satisfied to drink corn whiskey. But a gentleman cannot drink corn whiskey. It peels the lining off his stomach.

Thus the South, from what I hear of it, is in a reflective mood, and it is not to be wondered at that it turns a kindly eye on the candidacy of Al Smith, the champion of equal rights for all. As to what is going to happen down there I don't know, for the factors are complex and they operate slowly. But I would not be surprised at some radical changes. The Southerner, I remind you once more, is an intelligent man; he knows what is good for him as well as anybody, and he is very little swayed by moral zeal. The things which lined him up in favor of Prohibition have to a large extent disappeared in the last twenty years. The dreadful dirt roads, the isolation of whole sections of a community, the dimly lighted towns, all those things which made a cross-roads saloon a source of all sorts of disorders, are a thing of the past. More miles of good roads go down every year, the towns are well lighted, sheriffs have fast cars, there are motorcops on every highway. Thus the police problem that Prohibition was originally devised to deal with is to a large extent gone. Time is required for all things, of course. New slogans have to be invented, people have to think and change their minds. The religious ardor which is the outer seeming of Prohibition has to have a chance to cool. But it would not be unlikely that when a sensible plan to deal with the liquor question is devised the South will be as hospitable to it as any other section.

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POETRY IN THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN

By Mary Austin

MANY years ago, having done nothing all my life but go to school, I went on inevitably to teaching school. That was in our Southwest, in the southernmost stretch extending back from the California coast into the desert and mountain country, imperfectly explored and incompletely described. Its landmarks were still largely unidentified, few of its wild flowers had common names and its wild denizens were unfamiliar to a teaching force recruited chiefly from the severer climates of Back-East. For neither teachers nor children was there any written word which linked them with the environment.

Few people realize how long and intricate is the process of weaving a new environment into the common thought and common speech of the people. Perhaps two hundred years are under ordinary circumstances little enough to allow for the development of an adequate popular vocabulary of natural things in an unfamiliar region. The circumstances, however, were not ordinary. Population increased at incredible rates. Moreover, the Southwest is a country that excites the beholder almost to infatuation with the desire of mastery, of which the earliest evidence is the calling of it by familiar names.

The process of interweaving the natural environment and the consciousness of the observer is one of the fundamental processes of poetizing. To express a peculiar and precious intimacy between the observer and the thing seen, that is the first social service of poets. But in the late eighteen-nineties, there were more and busier realtors in the land than there were poets. For a long time there was no poetry more pertinent to the need of children in the Southwest than Wordsworth's *Daffodil,* Longfellow's *New England Mayflower,* and Bryant's *Waterfowl.*

Deliberately, and with a sense of high excitement, I set about the business of providing my pupils with verse that would serve the immemorial purpose of poetry in linking them with their natural environment and evoking through it that mystical feeling for the land which is the root of what goes by the name of culture.

I could hardly have had all the convictions then that I now hold about what constitutes good school verse, but I am certain that one of them was that it *is* verse and not poetry which is demanded by very young children. Otherwise, so high and romantic was that young teacher's appreciation of the quality and function of poetry, she could hardly have persuaded herself to subvert the muses to the plain purposes of pedagogy. But almost anybody can write verse, and few people can go to school all their young lives without realizing that children have in themselves a criterion of acceptability in verse to which the best poets oppose themselves in vain. The project was also made to seem possible by the restriction of subject matter to the aspects of wild nature which engage, by their inherent interest, the versifying faculty of young westerners. For, from its inception, the idea was not for the teacher to compose verses, but to draw them out of the children by skilful manipulation of their own observations and feeling-reactions. What, indeed, did I know of the response of youth to a West to which I myself had so recently arrived!

It was not necessary to waste any time rediscovering that verse for children must first of all be rhythmic, with the sort of rhythm natural to body movement—hopping, marching, swinging, pounding rhythms such as are common to nursery verse everywhere. Also, there should be good singable vowel tunes, with repetitive and incremental consonances. The material should be objective, with an objectiveness native to the child's range, competent to serve as pegs upon which to hang the emotional reactions characteristic of child life. These need be neither moral nor

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reasonable as morals and reasons are understood by the adult; might even defeat their own object in presenting moral or logical fronts such as would check the natural flow of sympathy with and for the common objects of the child's environment. The purpose was simply to create that rapport between the young westerner and the familiar aspects of the West which ties the reactions of interest and delight in nature to things seen and experienced rather than to things read about.

Mother Goose rhymes were the earliest models we used. But, oddly, they proved, with two or three exceptions, so unsuitable as to be promptly rejected by the children themselves. They are perhaps purely domestic rhythms, derived from mother-craft, not self-originating child rhythms. We had to go back to hippity-hops, to stamping and rope-skipping and desk-pounding accompaniments for natural expression of reactions to wild nature. One of the exceptions had a nature beginning and derived its pertinence from an intimate concern of the children's own lives. At that time adult attention was centered on the adventure of the Australian lady bugs which had been imported for the destruction of San José scale, an insidious pest threatening the growing orchard industry. The public schools had been impressed into the service of educating the orchardists. Out of this emergency we produced, in my school, the following dramatic recital:

"Lady bug, lady bug, fly away home,
The scale bug is down in the orchard alone!
He's eating his way to the topmost limb,
Lady bug, lady bug, go and eat him!"

This had an immense popularity such as was not equalled by any other attempt to combine instruction and literary recreation. And here I may say that the children, left to themselves, usually declined informative verse of every description. Poetry, to please, must, it unmistakably appeared, confine itself to the outgoing rather than to the receptive impulses. The only "educational" purpose which I was ever able to serve with my experiments in the versifying activities of children was that of encouraging explicit expression, the finding of apt and exact figures and descriptive phrases, and, of course, of stimulating observation by public examination and comparison of such expression. One of our first experiments in this direction centered about the Sandhill Crane who used to hunt every morning about eleven, and every afternoon about three, by the wier in the *acqueia madre*, a hundred yards or so from the school-room window. Pupils who had done their lessons were permitted to stand quietly observing. The result of this and later similar adventures was built up line by line into the pattern of verse determined by the first two or three statements, answering what? where? when? and how?

Probably the most popular, and the nearest approaches to poetizing, as distinguished from versifying, arose out of the play impulse, in the world-old play of children known as "I'd rather's", or as the teacher never succeeded in inhibiting, "D'rathers". These were chanted to an accompaniment of bare palms on desk tops under the inspiration of the moment. In these spontaneous exhibitions no criticism other than that of the children themselves was ever admitted. (Neither grammar nor the dictionary was allowed to interfere with the poetizing tendency. It was not until years afterward, when I had grown more familiar with primitive poetic processes, that I understood the spontaneous variations of syntax, the perverted constructions, the chromatic rhymes and invented words which the children introduced into their own compositions, as part of the language-forming process which in our precise age is too much inhibited in the young.) The gorier and more unchristian the "D'rathers" were the better the children liked them. On one occasion local attention had been engaged by the misadventure of a sheep herder, who on a trip to town for supplies had become too drunk for discretion, and had been severely mauled by a bear he had found visiting his flock in his absence, and mistakenly attempted to punish. We had a long and deliciously horrible description of the "rathers" of bears, in which the line

"Their bones I'd crunch"

hung up the flow of versification lacking a suitable rhyme. But not for long, somebody supplying the need with

"Their bodies I'd *squnch*"

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which the teacher had not the heart to decline on so flimsy a pretext as that *squnch* failed to appear in the school dictionary. It seems to me still a word any poet might be pleased to have invented.

Somewhat later it became evident that as children advanced in the grades they welcomed a closer approach to poetry. The poetic approach to life is an evolutionary phase in which intuitive penetrations and assimilations by the observer of the thing observed naturally occur. The path of these assimilations is not yet intellectualized but is routed through the sympathetic organism, beginning to function with the approach of adolescence. In general the objects of such intuitive reactions are selected by a mind still juvenile, but they are of the same nature as reactions which will later be aroused by objects of adult interest. What this means is that the subject of pre-adolescent poetry will be much the same as the subjects of child verse, but that the emotional reaction will take on adolescent character. This can be seen in the pleasure which children of from eight to ten will take in verse like Milne's *When We Were Very Young* or Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verse*, their appreciations touched with reminiscence and a sentimental color absent from the appreciations of the very young for whom the same verse was written.

Many of the verses were originally written for primary grades and reworked by the children themselves for intermediates, with more complicated rhythms and a more emotional and imaginative content. In this undertaking I became a pest to the community, digging up out of everybody's past all possible reactions, and all the popular phrasings for the subject in hand.

Form and stanzaic pattern were left to be determined by the movement of the child-observer's mind. The children showed an untroubled aptitude for bending the verse to a preferred rhythmic pattern by emphasis and repetitions. No repetition or variation of stanzaic form ever troubled them so long as the rhythmic tune was not broken. Syncopation did not trouble them at all, but was met with almost the musician's facility for absolute pitch. Rhyme was lavishly employed out of pure enjoyment, and unrhymed verse was almost unanimously rejected by children under ten. In the pre-adolescent years however, it became in many instances a preferred mode. In rhyming, subtle dissonances—chromatic rhymes, I have called them—seemed actually to give pleasure, so that I came to realize that they did not necessarily spring from incompetence in the rhyming faculty but probably from that universally human procedure by which the complete ablaut is accomplished. Later I was to find this "lengthening the song for singing" by the addition of vowel color was a pronounced characteristic of aboriginal song making.

Children's Songs of the Far West

Rathers

I know very well what I'd rather be
If I didn't always have to be me!
I'd rather be an owl,
A downy feathered owl,
A wink-ity, blink-ity, yellow-eyed owl
In a hole in a hollow tree.
I'd take my dinner in chipmunk town,
And wouldn't I gobble the field mice down,
If I were a wink-ity, blink-ity owl,
And didn't always have to be me.
I know very well what I'd like to do
If I didn't have to do what I do!
I'd go and be a wood pecker,

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A red-headed wood pecker
In the top of a tall old tree.
And I'd never take a look
At a lesson or a book,
And I'd scold like a pirate on the sea,
If I only had to do what I like to do
And didn't always have to be me!

Or else I'd be an antelope,
A prong-horned antelope,
With lots of other antelopes,
Skimming like a cloud on a herd grass plain,
But if I were an antelope,
A bounding, bouncing antelope,
You'd never get me back to my desk again!

Or I might be a puma,
A singe-colored puma,
A slinking, sly-foot puma
As fierce as fierce could be.
And I'd wait by the waterholes where antelope drink
In the cool of the morning
And I *do*
not
think
That ever any antelope could get away from me.

But if I were a hunter,
A red Indian hunter—
I'd *like* to be a hunter—
I'd have a bow made of juniper wood
From a lightning blasted tree,
And I'd creep and I'd creep on that puma asleep
And I'd shoot him with an arrow,
A flint tipped arrow,
An eagle feathered arrow,
For a puma kills calves and a puma kills sheep,
And he'd never eat any more antelope
If he once met up with me!

Thanksgiving

When we sit down to turkey, roast turkey,
—A plump and crispy drumstick or a tender piece of breast—
When we sit down to turkey on a Thursday in November
To cranberries and celery and gravy and the rest;
With second helps of everything so savory and hot,
When we sit down to turkey there's something to remember,
And someone to be thankful to that's usually forgot.

When we sit down to pumpkin pie and maple syrup sundae,
To potatoes and tomatoes and to lucious lima beans,
To succotash and peanuts and clams and popping corn,
There's something to be thought besides what Thanksgiving means—
And Puritans and Presidents to whom our thanks are due—

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About a thousand years before a Puritan was born,
Among the first Americans who gave these things to you—

There's something to be thought of with gratitude and wonder
Of the grass called *tcosinte* which the patient Red-man found,
Which he loved and labored over till it answered with a yield
That has saved a world from famine; and the tuber small and round
Which he coaxed to be potatoes, and the seed whose snowy fleece
Makes the half of all our clothing, and the smoke that, going round
In after-dinner comfort, spells a full-fed people's peace.

When we sit down to turkey, roast turkey,
There are thanks too long ungiven, and things that must be thought
About the first Americans whom so seldom we remember,
And whether we've repaid them for the things they gave and taught,
And if not, is there something we could do to make amends,
When we sit down to turkey on a Thursday in November
On the day that all Americans should be the best of friends?

A Feller I Know

His name it is Pedro Pablo Ignacio Juan
Francesco Garcia y Gabaldon,
But the fellers call him Pete,
His folks belong to the Conquistadores
And he lives at the end of our street.

His father's father's great-grandfather
Was friends with the King of Spain
And his father peddles hot tamales
From here to Acqueia-madre lane.

And Pete knows every one of the signs
For things that are lucky to do,
A charm to say for things that are lost,
And roots that are good to chew.

Evenings we go to Pedro's house
When there's fire light and rain
To hear of the Indians his grandfather fought
When they first came over from Spain.

And how De Vargas with sword and spurs
Came riding down our street,
And Pedro's mother gives us cakes
That are strange and spicy and sweet.

And we hear of gold that is buried and lost
On ranches they used to own,
And all us fellers think a lot
Of Pedro Pablo Ignacio Juan
Francesco Garcia y Gabaldon.

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Texas Trains and Trails

Whenever I ride on the Texas plains
I never hear the couplings cluck,
I never hear the trains
Go chuck-a-luck, chuck-a-luck, chuck-a-luck,
I never hear the engine snort and snuffle.
I never see the smoke plume, I never watch the rails,
But I see the moving dust where the beef herds shuffle,
And I think I am a cowboy,
A rope and tie 'em cowboy,
Punching Texas longhorns
On the Texas trails.

And the engine goes *Whoop!*
Whoopee, whoopala!
And the cars go *Ki-yi,*
Ki-yi, ki-yi, coma-ya ky-yi,
Whoopala,
Ki-yi!
Whoop!

No, I never hear the bell, nor the brakeman call
When I ride on the Texas trains;
But I hear the steers bellow and the yearlings bawl,
And the lone wolf howl on the wire-grass plains.
And I never play I'm fireman, or anything like that,
For I'm playing I'm a cowboy,
A bronco bustin' cowboy,
Riding Texas longhorns
In a ten gallon hat.

And the trains go *Youpi-ya,*
Get a-long, dogies,
Get a-long, get a-long
Youpi-yi, youpi-ya,
Youpi-youpi-youpi-ya
Get a-long, get a-long
Youpi-ya,
Yo-o-u-u-p!

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BEASTS, BIRDS, AND PUPPETS

By Padraic Colum

OVER this Bird-and-Beast shop a Roman peace broods. Rabbits sleep beside dogs and doves dream beside a wide-eyed kestrel. Canary cages hang outside the shop: their interiors are painted a lovely blue, and each inmate is of a different shade of yellow. Then there is a squirrel in his woodland browns, and beside him, in metallic greens, a parrot—an old, hashish-sleepy parrot. White cockatoos lean towards each other in attitudes borrowed from the pigeons: they would be the very representatives of loving couples were it not that their eyes are hard and old. Next them are the pigeons. Human communications have corrupted these pigeons; at opposite sides of the cage they sit, each meditating on the enormous bust it has attained to. But the little doves have still the quickness of the wild; they fly around their cages and their heads have the lightness of the heads of larks.

At one window there are enormous cages; all around the interiors mice are stuck like dead things. Did some butcher-bird get loose in the night and impale them? But they are not dead, these mice. Like infinitesimal monkeys, they cling to the bars of the cages. Their claws are powerful, and they have jewels for eyes. Three cages swarm with these mealy colored mice. And in a fourth cage a single delicately-colored mouse appears.

These brown, swarming mice recall the meadows and the movement of summer. The creatures neighboring them are of the meadows also, but there is nothing about that that recalls life and movement. They are hedgehogs; they lie in darkness like creatures that have bad dreams. Their breathing makes their bodies appear like the bodies of emaciated men. One of them lifts his snout and shows his rat's eyes, and the other pushes his head away. They hate the world and they hate each other; these hedgehogs are the very types of what is unsociable.

Then there are the guinea-pigs. We have confounded in the same swinish nomenclature hedgehogs and guinea-pigs. But guinea-pigs are gregarious while hedgehogs are brutishly alone. Watch guinea-pigs eat together; their heads and ears move as they munch their cabbage; they crowd like ladies round a bargain-counter. These guinea-pigs have introduced rabbits into their tribe, and with them they make perpetual movement.

Just outside the door of the shop there is a magpie in a cage. He can whistle and say "hillo", but his accomplishment has made him socially difficult. He sits sulky and apart, like a neglected actor in a public-house. And now, delicately, a white rat comes to the edge of his cage and looks out with wavering eyes. A Persian cat belonging to the household steps out of the door and comes into the street. She rubs herself against the human beings and nods familiarly to those in the cages. "How do, creatures," she seems to say. "Nice day, isn't it? I can't stay long. I've such a lot of people to see to-day. Tiresome, isn't it?" The puppies in the cages are astonished. The kittens cease playing around and they look at her in amazement. A rabbit sits up and makes round, foolish eyes. The cat does not stay; she goes into the shop and marches upstairs.

"They order these things better in France", said Yorick, beginning his so Sentimental Journey with that sentence. And so say I as I stand in the Paris Bird Market on a Sunday morning. Here is space, here is organization, here is everything that can give comfort and even distraction to a bird. But it is rainy; the canvas covering the market is wet; the trees in the square are stripped; the ears of millet suspended in the stalls are shaken by the wind. We walk along the little arcades with umbrellas up.

Sparrows on the pavement pick up seeds scattered from the cages or shaken out of

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bags that purchasers are taking home. Sunday morning must be a grand time for the sparrows hereabouts; they are able to pick up seeds not intended for their consumption; they must feel like gamins used to stale crusts who come upon bags of buns. The little birds in these cages show no resentment against the sparrows, no envy of their enlargement. They are tiny birds, drab but for a stain of red upon their breasts and their tiny beaks; when two are in a cage they cuddle close together. They are bought, I presume, by young men for rather wild young ladies. They perch on the finger-tip or nestle at the breast like Lesbia's sparrow. And then, like Lesbia's sparrow, they die just because Lesbia has had to think about something else. They show no feelings at all, these little birds; in their very spirits they are tame.

The street of the canaries is much more lively than the street of the love-birds. Here are canaries of all shades of yellow—your daffodil-yellow canary, your orange-tawny canary, your laburnum-yellow canary, your gosling-green canary. There are canaries, too, that wear their feathers in a new fashion—in tufts and ruffles. There are canary-linnets and canary-finches. Men stand together holding cages in their hands and comparing canaries with a fine virtuosity; they are their sonnets, their rondels, their sestinas, their chants-royal. The canaries are neighbored by little birds that seem to have drawn into their brown feathers a color from the setting sun: flame-finches I have heard them named.

"Madagascar" is a word I hear. I turn around. I want to see the parakeets that have come from that Indian Ocean island. But they are neither very colored nor very lively. The woman with the long ear-rings has others. She brings us to look at parakeets that really are her pride.

And never were well-colored birds so shapely as these, and never were shapely birds so well-colored. Their parrot-beaks are of the tiniest. Ten in a cage, and there seems to be room for all, and all seem to be in good fellowship. Indeed, these parakeets seem to know that, sitting in line, they make a perfect decoration: green breast after green breast, and, in the middle, a back barred with yellow and slate-gray tapering down in a tail that has in it the blue that kingfishers affect—a blue that any kingfisher might be proud of. They are being sold in dozens and in pairs; the woman with the ear-rings has histories about them to tell us. The breeding and rearing of these parakeets is a hereditary profession; generations of her family devoted themselves to it; what we are offered now is the fine flower of parakeetry. We can well believe it. She is proud, this woman with the long ear-rings, but she is affable also.

A white, unstirring pigeon is in a cage that is just a size larger than he is. A woman with a black shawl across her shoulders, sitting under a black umbrella, is beside the cage. On the pavement beside her are sacks of fresh greens—chickweed and groundsel—and people are buying it from her in handfuls. In the arcade below where she sits there are empty cages—lines of them. There are bundles of canes for the making of perches, woven foundations for nests, sacks and sacks of every kind of seed; there are imitation tree-trunks with green imitation mosses on them, and a nice hole opening in their hollow; there are fish-shaped bones (they are the skeletons of cuttle-fish) for birds to sharpen their beaks on; there are tinsel-bright balls to hang in cages—all sorts of far-brought, surprising things calculated to make birds forget their forests and their fields.

And in the middle of the market, sitting most trustingly in an open basket, there is a cat for sale. She is a Siamese cat. I have seen cats and cats. But never another that could be described as an appealing cat. She is an appealing cat, a pet of a cat. She is small like a Cambodian Princess. She has little pointed ears, well-defined and neat whiskers, and a soft, soft tail. Her eyes are pieces of perfect jade. Cats when they are at their ease radiate complacency, self-satisfaction. Not this Princess. Something different, something I know not what, radiates from her. If a toy could become alive for a favorite child it would radiate what comes from this cat—an enchantment that would be continuous. And here she is in the

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Bird Market with a scarlet ribbon around her neck, and her price is not fifty thousand, but just fifty francs.

A call that has a sharp edge to it sounds. And then, alert, independent, nonchalant, seven goats come towards me along the boulevard. A long-backed, black dog with a curly tail turns them, and the goats cross the thoroughfare.

As they cross where the motor-cars sweep past they bunch together, but having reached the sidewalk they string themselves out, each goat going her own gait. Some are hornless, some have toy horns, some have little tassels from their necks; all are as sleek as fawns. They can go with a good speed on their little hooves, but they know that this is a promenade, and being whimsical they like a promenade. The solemn dog with the curly tail keeps close to them, but they do not allow themselves to be disturbed by his attentions. A man with a black box upon his back and carrying a long-lashed, brass-bound whip, goes with them. The long lash of the whip sometimes gives the goats direction. Sometimes the man leans on the whip and discusses the price of goat-cheese; packages of it are in his black box. Sometimes, after he and the dog have given them a direction, they even see a clear way ahead of them, and then they go on a ramble after their own hearts. The man puts his little pipe to his mouth and blows that call that has the queer, sharp edge to it—the call that knife-grinders in Spain make. The call goes down the street: a woman comes out to buy goat's milk, and the one to be milked stands patiently—patiently, but with roving eyes. The others wait. Then swiftly they string themselves out and go down the street, creatures that, knowing themselves to be tameless, need show no resentment nor any sign of a broken spirit. Unlike cattle, unlike sheep, they make every way they go their own whimsical, roving way.

The call with the sharp edge to it brings a woman out on the street. This time cheese is being bargained for. The goats make a circle round a tree on the sidewalk; they bite off little bits of the bark. One of them turns her attention to a notice pasted on a wall: raising herself a little on her hind legs she nips off bits of it and eats them with a great gusto. The lash goes forth; Curly Tail crowds up; the little herd moves. A black cat comes out on the pavement; she tastes a morsel of the cheese dropped by her mistress, and, looking after them, she sees the seven goats go swiftly down the street.

Not Paris now, but London. There is a squeaking utterance that is familiar. Is it from a cockatoo that has flown behind something, or is it from a monkey perched on a showman's back? The squeaking utterance has exciting associations. Then I see the narrow booth, the violent figures before the little opening, and the disillusioned dog that sits apart. It is the Punch and Judy Show. "Well, sir, if you found him three weeks ago, sir, that proves, sir, that the little dog is mine, sir." The dog-owner's is plain human speech. The utterance of Punch is a staccato of squeaks. Perhaps Master Punch, as the most venerable character in the puppet comedy preserves the privileges of hieratic speech. I turn up the collar of my coat and fall into the youngster's expectant attitude. The promenading sandwich-men stop for a minute; the belted messenger-boys cease to be sharp-eyed and become round-eyed instead. The puppet play has a real audience. Nothing is so pleasing to the sons of men as the spectacle of triumphant self-assertion, and this is what we are given. But Punch, at last, meets his end, and is seen no more in the opening of the booth. Tired and stiff, Toby, the little dog, jumps down on the pavement. The fact that they have now to move to another stand has to be accepted by him. Already the booth is being wheeled off on a barrow. A white cat that looks thoroughly domesticated is now seated upon it.

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MEMORIES OF A GREAT FRIENDSHIP

By Thomas H. Dickinson

I FIRST met the celebrated author of *Arabella Abandoned* in 1900. I remember that day very well. My own later fame not yet achieved, I was spending a holiday cycling through the British Isles. I had pushed my faithful steel through the Midland gorse for many miles. On each side of me were the fens. Over to the right was a long undulating dune that I instinctively knew to be a heath. As I dismounted to trundle my cycle furze clung to my leggings. The meadow lark was singing as only the meadow lark can sing in the English Lake Country. Suddenly looking up I saw a wayside sign reading "Crabapple Barrow" and I knew I was in the neighborhood of the unhappy Arabella and her immortal creator.

From this time on the whole landscape was full of memories of my earlier reading. Crossing a river I knew it was the place where Arabella had first met Baliol. The very rustics I passed, all of whom bobbed respectfully to me or touched their forelocks in the way the English rustics have—we have no such respect in America—seemed to me to have come from Arabella's family. Once I was sure that I saw Arabella herself coming toward me, but in this of course I was mistaken as Arabella died at the end of the book. But it must have been one of Arabella's family, perhaps the innocent child for whose unwanted birth Arabella paid so heavy a penance. She looked at me shyly. Her feet were bare. The tan from the winds of the open weald did not quite disguise the hawthorn tint of her cheeks, the milk and whey whiteness of her throat. "G'od den to 'e, sir," she said. I who was walking stumbled on the treadle of my machine. She laughed a flight of silvery laughter and was gone. Happy peasantry! Little did she know her mother's lot.

As I approached the Barrow I climbed on my steed again, my mind filled with fancies of the famous author I was so soon to meet. Years before in my own youth and fresh enthusiasm I had sent to the great man of the Barrow a copy of my first indiscretion —now by the way in great demand by collectors—and had received from him a courteous letter signed in a neat feminine hand referring to the pleasure he derived from his American friends. I remember that he said that he had far more readers in America than in England and so made it a point of honor as well as of business to acknowledge every communication from America however vapid it might be. And so I was sure of a welcome. As I went forward I tried to picture the great man, how he lived, where he did his writing. I knew he did not get on harmoniously with his wife. Great men are so often unfortunate in their wives.

As I came to the outskirts of the Barrow which stood on a knoll surrounded by leafy verdure I stopped a man who was painting an outhouse and asked him the way to the home of the author of *Arabella Abandoned*. "Arabella," he said, and spat; "Arabella? There ain't no such person hereabouts. And I ought to know for I have lived here, man and boy, for seventy-nine years, come Michaelmas."

"My good man," I said, "you must be mistaken. For in fact Arabella did live here. She was the most famous woman this town has ever known. Of course I know she may not have carried this name in life. But that is the name she bore in the book. And it is the writer of the book I want to see."

"If it's books you mean," he said, "that's another matter. I thought you were talking about decent God-fearing folk that say their prayers. There is a man who writes books, I don't call his name to mind, down the third lane and up the second sentry path. I don't go there myself, since he forgot to pay me for painting his wicket gate."

I went on pondering the ways of fame. On the way my friend had directed me I

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stopped other villagers. All of them knew him, if they knew him at all, either because he was clear daft at raising hollyhocks, or because no servant would stay in the house more than twenty-four hours, or because he had an old virago who was a terror to village boys, or because his wife looked so sad, poor thing. None of them knew or cared about Arabella. None of them was aware of the tragedies of the imagination that had been lived in their midst.

I will not stop to tell you how I eventually found the way to his house. This constitutes a separate experience which I have incorporated in a forthcoming novel. On the way to his house I had to pass through the Barrow and beyond on the other side. As I treadled along I passed the "Jolly Roger Tavern, Stout and Porter" before which some rustics, as if from the books of the master himself, were disporting themselves, unaware, I take it, of their creator. "At that Tavern," I said to myself in passing, "I will spend the richest week of my life. For he will ask me to stop with him. But I will be firm. I must not let his insistent and old-world hospitality overcome my own sense of the fitness of things. No, I will spend the day with him. We will sit talking until late at night over our pipes, and before the wood fire, a mug of grog beside our hands. I will photograph every gesture, every inflection on my mind. For it will be a memorable experience. And I will sell it for several hundred dollars when I get back to the States."

We have all known those cases, I am sure, in which after long expectation and planning we have come suddenly upon the realization of our hopes, and found the reality far different from the dream. So it was with me now in my association with the creator of the immortal Arabella. It would be false to my own feelings to say that I was disillusioned by what next I saw. And yet it must be remembered that I was young. I was a poet. I was in that stage of post-adolescence in which much of my best work was done, work which my many readers know has always been brushed with the pollen of flowers. What wonder then that I should have been surprised, even shocked, to learn that my hero too had his baser part, that like the rest of us he had a good appetite, and that his fare for that day was beef liver!

As this is a page of hitherto unwritten history in the life of one if not two great men I must call upon my memory to serve me accurately. My own appetite had been giving me subtle reminders after my long treadle over the moors, when at the far outskirts of the town I espied a butcher shop. I dismounted to try what I might buy to stay my hunger and entered the shop. There were two persons in it half concealed in the dim light. One I knew was the shop-keeper, a woman who busied herself at a meat table. The other I knew immediately as by a flash of recognition was the man I sought. The woman stood before him, the package wrapped in a bit of brown paper. And he was fumbling in a pocket purse. "Sixpence, I think you said," said he. Those were the first words I ever heard him speak. They are engraved on my memory. "Nothing of the kind," said the woman. "Sevenpence ha'penny, and cheap at the price."

He found the missing coins and paid them over and turned toward the door, his eyes not passing over me, in fact turning inward, his lips mumbling as if reckoning accounts. I stepped forward and stood before him. "This is an honor for which I have long waited," I said. He looked at me in the shy way of an animal caught at bay, not speaking, seeking only a way of escape. I knew that I must reassure him, let him know that I too lived a life on the plane of high thought, that I was no mere hero worshipper, but myself a poet like himself, and a lover, as who was not, of his glorious Arabella. I spoke rapidly. I do not know what I said but I know that Arabella had a place in my words. He listened with lips moving and at my last mention of Arabella he stopped me.

"Arabella. I never want to hear her name again."

I took this terrifying expression to be merely the shyness of a man before his own creation and changed the subject to his other books.

"And I have read your other books too."

"Hm, the circulating libraries."

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"In fact not the libraries. I have bought all your books. They have a treasured place in my library. And more than that. I teach literature in a college and I recommend your books to my students."

Immediately I saw his heavy face break into a smile of almost ineffable beauty. I saw that I had won him. Even the rarest spirits respond to the touch of comradeship.

"You might as well come up to the house," he said. "It won't do any harm, I guess. We can't talk here anyway."

The butcher woman was watching us open-mouthed and meat knife in hand as we walked out her door and into the mid-summer sunshine of the Five Towns country. Side by side we walked, I trundling my bicycle, he carrying his little package of liver and mumbling, in a way he had, into his beard. Meanwhile I proceeded to draw him out, to overcome his shyness, to make him at home with me. Mostly he was silent, answering my remarks with a monosyllabic "yes" or "no". I took pains to catch step with him but he walked with nervous jerky strides and I found it necessary frequently to change my gait. This, and the fact that I had to avoid the pedals of my faithful machine, made my mind rather less alert than my friends well know it to be.

I remember I mentioned the lichen on the way. He answered "yes". I quoted, quite appropriately, I thought, a snatch of verse about a "flower in the crannied wall" and he said "humph" with a charming recognition of my aptness. I spoke of the long history of the Barrow, going back to the time of the Druids. He said "ye-es" with a dubious inflection. You see I found his conversation clearly marked in gradations of consent and refusal. I have learned since that I was in error about the Druids but he was too courteous to correct me. I asked him whether he had been in London lately, mentioning "The Cheshire Cheese" and other haunts of literary life. He answered "No". I told him I had many friends in the literary circles of the metropolis whom I would be glad to have him meet. He thanked me. I mention these things in order to keep the record straight. Biographers will in later times be grateful for this first hand material on the life of my great and loyal friend.

By this time we had reached his house. He did not take me to the great entrance in the large garden—both of which were imposing enough, but forbidding—but with true hospitality led me through a wicket gate into his kitchen-garden and under an arbor. This, I told myself, was the way his intimate cronies came, and I was grateful for the distinction, subtle but shy, that he had accorded me. Seating me in a wicker chair on the bricked court of the arbor he excused himself and went for a moment into the room. I knew this room to be the kitchen. I heard the mingled voices of a man and woman, his explanatory and apologetic, hers keyed on a higher and quicker note. "The ill-favored and shrewish wife," I told myself. "Or the overbearing cook. Why is it that great men are so unfortunate in their women-folk?"

He stopped my ruminations by coming out. He seated himself half tentatively on a bench by the wall. His attitude was that of being poised for escape. How often I have seen that attitude in the pose of the great whom I have met. It made me understand him better, drew me to him. It made me determined that we should be friends. Now for the first time I saw his face clearly and I was surprised to see the marks that suffering had made upon it. There was on his face an expression of patience ill-constrained. His eyes looked out from under brows that were corrugated as if with recurrent irritations. The lips had a hundred ironic twists. "Surely," I said to myself, "the irritations, the exacerbations of this mundane sphere are too much for him. Here is a man to draw to. Perhaps—who knows?—I could soothe his troubled spirit, teach him that he is not so alone in the world as he seems."

And so I drew him out. We discussed the sales of his books in America. He asked me precisely how many books of his I had in my library. He asked about the theatre and why the latest dramatization of *Arabella Abandoned* had not been a success. He was particularly interested in the motion picture. I was myself at that time slightly contemptuous of this form, but I shall never forget as

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long as I live the look almost of prophecy with which he spoke the words: "Mark my words, there will be a big market in the cinema one of these days".

As we spoke of these things the odor of frying liver came out through the open door. The person inside was moving about preparing a meal. It had been long since I had eaten and the odors were grateful to my senses. In order to break the spell I tried to turn the conversation to more spiritual channels. "Tell me," I said, "was Arabella a real figure, a real girl, I mean?"

Instantly there passed over his face a look of almost otherworldly pain. His features were distorted as if with some awful memory, or with the throb of present agony. I saw that I had entrenched on a sacred domain. Who could tell but that Arabella in her pure young womanhood had been the loved and lost of the author? I hastened to try to retrieve myself, I fear without much success.

"Well, then, tell me. Do you think Arabella did right in beating her lover to death with a stone? Was there no other way?"

Again his face was distorted, the veins stood out, his hands clenched. I was face to face with a great human passion. He spoke slowly and with difficulty.

"I do not know whether it was right in her case," he said. "There may be some question about that. There are occasions when it would undoubtedly be justified."

I hastened to turn the conversation away from these channels that brought him such pain. I asked him whether he had read Jack London. He thought London's works were "strong", full of the "primitive note". I asked him about Booth Tarkington, then at the threshold of his great fame. He had not read Tarkington but he had read *David Harum* and found it pungent with characteristic American life. I apologized for taking notes of our conversation, writing with my pad on my knee. I have these notes still. I shall bequeath them to the library at Gale.

In the next room the old woman was bustling about. It was as if she were throwing pans on the floor. The rich alluring aroma of frying liver was wafted into the air. He arose, excused himself, and walked into the room. Again I heard the sharp piercing voice of a woman, controlled and finally quieted by the deep soothing voice of a man. Then I heard the tinkling of cups and dishes as if they were having tea. He was gone fully fifteen minutes during which time I had the opportunity to gather my thoughts together and take notes of this never-to-be-forgotten experience. I was particularly sensible of the delicacy with which he retired to the other room to take his repast without apology or explanation. Above everything he did not want to embarrass me. He did not embarrass me.

He came out, wiping his lips, stood for a moment, and then sat down, eying me watchfully.

"We have covered a large field in our discussion," I said. "It has been a memorable occasion." He bowed gravely and I continued. "I think I may say it has been an occasion that will not be lost to history. For I too handle a pen and have my friends among publishers. And now that we know each other so well let us have no further hesitations. Let us get to the 'beating heart of the machine'."

I thought I had done this rather well, that it would please him as indeed I saw it did from the gleam in his eye. "You have told me nothing about yourself. We have spoken only of other men's work. Tell me. There have been hints against your private life. Is there anything you would care to say? Are you living with your wife?"

Instantly he arose. "I have an invariable habit," he said, "and that is to have an hour of absolute repose after my mid-day meal. As I have just had my dinner, and as for reasons beyond my control I was more hurried than usual, I cannot deny myself my siesta. I must beg you to excuse me."

How direct! How honest! How simple! I do not know but that of all the hours I spent with him those last moments meant the most to me. For in those moments he was most himself.

He took me gravely to the wicket gate, that gate for whose painting he had refused or neglected to pay. He gravely let me and my bicycle out, giving me his hand with

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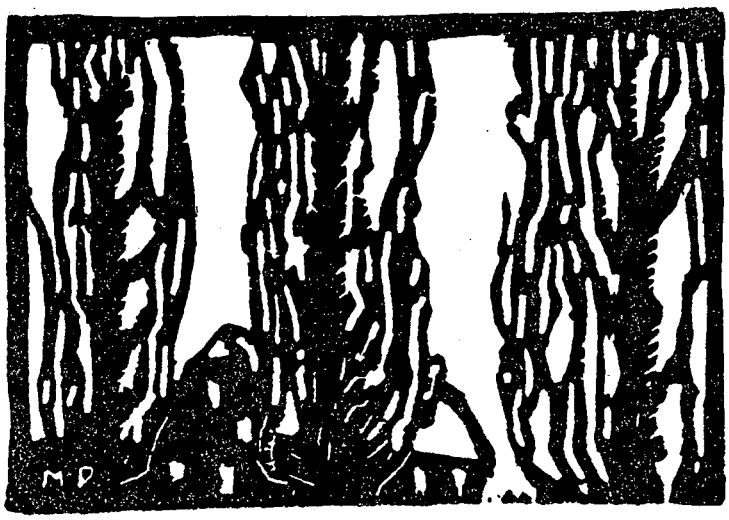
a graceful courtesy as I reached the further side. In his entire mien there was the hint of ultimate things. I can imagine it was so he looked when he brought a book to a final and irrevocable end. In silence unbroken he locked and barred the gate after me. I saw him standing watching as I went down the road again, the inexplicable light of another world on his face, his clenched right hand raised to heaven.

That was the last I saw of him for many years. Of course I corresponded with him as my own activities grew. Of recent years I had been rather the active one in the literary world; he was "going quietly all his days". I always sent him my books, which he read carefully and liked, saying so in that neat feminine hand of his. But there was something wistful in his letters, I thought, a quality, I knew not what, that made me feel that if we could only have one of our old free meetings much would be explained and made right. But it was not to be.

I saw him only once again. It was at a great public meeting during the war for cementing the hearts of the English and the Americans through their literatures. Naturally enough I was a member of the honorary committee and so I had a seat in the front row. He was on the platform not a dozen paces away from me. Our eyes met. He started, remembered. He did not speak. But I saw the same look on his face that was there when he locked the gate, a look—how shall I express it?—as of ultimate things, and from another world. I wonder whether that look was not on his face when he died a month or two ago?



POPLAR TREES *Mabel Pugh*

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AMBROSE BIERCE

An Analysis of the Perverse Wit that Shaped His Work

By Wilson Follett

Great poets fire the world with fagots big
That make a crackling racket,
But I'm content with but a whispering twig
To warm some single jacket.
—Shapes of Clay

THESE four lines are one of Ambrose Bierce's modest descriptions—there are a good many of them, some more and some less felicitous—of the job at which he worked pretty regularly for forty years. A great deal stands written by others about the forty years, the twelve volumes, the jackets warmed; and even more, latterly, about the obscure last days of a life devoted primarily to one and another sort of fighting. As far as my own reading knowledge goes, however, the entire range of printed commentary assumes the writer instead of defining him. Much of it is acute in its perception of points; nearly all of it is lively with a conviction that in the general purport of Bierce there is something far greater than has as yet got itself recognized in American literary history of the official sort. But it is all marginal, peripheral. In it Bierce is annotated, but not exhibited. Criticism has located him, but it has left him unidentified. And it is time that criticism addressed itself to the task of supplying so capital a deficiency. It has done enough carving on the frame: what is needed is a clearer coloring in the portrait. Bierce was, in the way his mind worked to drive his pen, one of the most strangely different beings who ever existed: what is the root of the difference, and to what characteristic and identifying pattern of thought is it attached? That is the question—a question of the whole—which needs answering as a preamble to any further remarks on the isolated parts and aspects of the man's queer genius.

It is, I believe, possible to locate and to define Bierce's exact center of gravity—to state in concrete, almost arithmetical, terms the attribute without which he would not have been Bierce. To do this is to reduce to a formula a power which worked in any but formulated ways; and such reduction is in itself, of course, deplorable. But it is the penalty paid by all exact literary definition for the gain of exactitude, and it is a penalty almost inherent in the nature of criticism, which has to illuminate by over-simplifying if it is to illuminate at all.

The force which resided in Bierce and wrought through him was wit. The wit was coupled with, actuated by, a perversity which made it recoil even from itself, to the redoublement of both movements. And action and reaction, wit and recoil, coming into play as one impulse in one instant, as a lightning-stroke and a thunder-clap so near that no interval is detected—these determined the odd pattern of Bierce's thought and of his personal literary idiom.

This pattern took, spectacularly but necessarily, the form of a new rhetoric, a new rhetorical logic. Without disruption of the accepted sentence-form—Bierce's manipulation of which remained strictly classical—and without departure from the traditionary meanings of words, whose rights he probably held as sacred as he held anything, he created for himself an entirely fresh way of making the sentence uncoil its lash and deliver its witty sting.

Rhetorical structure is ordinarily a matter of straight lines and definite angles. A statement is made; it is amplified, defined, in one way or another extended in the same direction; then it is contradicted, or an exception is noted, or a tangential or derivative meaning is thrown off. And so the thought proceeds, in a succession of lines and precise angles. But Bierce invented a new figure

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in the geometry of thought. He dealt out his meanings in a shape which one might call the zigzag: a formula which asserts, which denies, and which then denies its denial—all three operations in one verbal gesture, the stylistic counterpart of Bierce's disposition to ridicule everything, even his own ridicule.

Here, in four typical examples out of several hundred, is the characteristic pattern in just that degree of extension which makes it serviceable as a diagram of the way Bierce's mind worked to make his style:

The Eligible Son-in-Law

A Truly Clever Person who conducted a savings bank and lent money to his sisters and his cousins and his aunts was approached by a Tatterdemalion who applied for a loan of one hundred thousand dollars.

"What security have you to offer?" asked the Truly Clever Person.

"The best in the world," the applicant replied, confidentially; "I am about to become your son-in-law."

"That would indeed be gilt-edged," said the banker, gravely; "but what claim have you to the hand of my daughter?"

"One that cannot lightly be denied," said the Tatterdemalion. "I am about to become worth one hundred thousand dollars."

Unable to detect a weak point in this scheme of mutual advantage, the Financier gave the Promoter in Disguise an order for the money and wrote a note to his wife directing her to count out the girl.

Policeman and Citizen

A Policeman finding a man who had fallen in a fit said, "This man is drunk," and began beating him on the head with his club. A passing Citizen said:

"Why do you murder a man that is already harmless?"

Thereupon the Policeman left the man in a fit and attacked the Citizen, who after receiving several severe contusions ran away.

"Alas," said the Policeman, "why did I not attack the sober one before exhausting myself upon the other?"

Thenceforward he pursued that plan, and by zeal and diligence rose to be Chief, and sobriety is unknown in the region subject to his sway.

Philosophers Three

A Bear, a Fox, and an Opossum were attacked by an inundation.

"Death loves a coward," said the Bear, and went forward to fight the flood.

"What a fool!" said the Fox. "I know a trick worth two of that." And he slipped into a hollow stump.

"There are malevolent forces," said the Opossum, "which the wise will neither confront nor avoid. The thing is to know the nature of your antagonist."

So saying, the Opossum lay down and pretended to be dead.

Wolf and Crane

A Rich Man wanted to tell a certain lie, but the lie was of such monstrous size that it stuck in his throat; so he employed an Editor to write it out and publish it in his paper as an editorial. But when the Editor presented his bill the Rich Man said:

"Be content—is it nothing that I refrained from advising you about investments?"

The formula upon which each of these is constructed, or rather the principle of growth by virtue of which it flowers, is obviously one. The mechanical analogy suggested is that modern invention, the projectile self-accelerated from within by a series of exploding rockets. In its individual stages, the acceleration is simply that of ironic surprise, as practised immemorially by story-tellers and dramatists—though Bierce reduces the material of ironic surprise to the last degree of compression and so multiplies its impact. But he differs from all other masters of the device in the number of stages which make up each one of his characteristic series. Each achieved effect serves as a new point of departure. When, in this mode, he is working at his best, nearly every sentence is at once a point and a preparation. The explosion of each rocket is the ignition of the next. Bierce, in his style, actually triumphed over that law of nature which he celebrated in his sad fable of the coyote who perished trying to cross a chasm "by two leaps". So propulsive a force was his wit that it could fling ahead any number of platforms, each self-sustained and capable of providing a firm take-off for his next leap.

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A great part of his work, and nearly all of his early work, consisted in repeated and incredibly ingenious applications of just this pattern. It governs the group of over two hundred *Fantastic Fables*, the secondary group *Æsopus Emendatus* the *Old Saws with New Teeth*, the *Fables in Rhyme*, many of the diabolical antemortem epitaphs which Bierce composed for persons who must, on seeing them, have wished that they had the luck to be dead, more than a few of his purely journalistic miscellanies, and practically all of the two substantial volumes of verse, *Black Beetles in Amber* and *Shapes of Clay*—in the aggregate, an impressive body of work, including at least five hundred pages of the best writing that Bierce ever did, and sufficient in itself to perpetuate the classic force of a personality as fully expressible in print as any in American letters.

But Bierce was by no means content with such manifestations of his wit. Exceeding in pointedness and concentration anything previously known in the national literature, they nevertheless struck him as improvable in concentration. There was no stage that could content him short of absolute reduction to lowest terms. What others had expanded into a novel, he sought to compress into a tale; and, finding the tale unwieldly, he reduced it to a fable. But even the fable was diffuse, to a taste which would accept no lowest limit, however minute, if language were capable of a lower. Bierce sought, and ultimately found, a way to superpose the successive stages of his thought, telescope his effects, and set off all the propulsive rockets of an idea at once. The goal of his remarkable development was that stage at which he had succeeded in reducing his fable to an aphorism, an epigram, a couplet, a sentence, a phrase; in the end, literally, to a word.

Bierce's work crystallized, as it progressed, a stupendous talent for definition; and it was most obviously in the two thousand or so definitions in *The Devil's Dictionary* that he achieved the desired maximum of condensation and reduced his unit of style to the smallest possible. A small illustrative handful:

Convent, *n.* A place of retirement for women who wish for leisure to meditate upon the vice of idleness.

Admiral, *n.* That part of a war-ship which does the talking while the figure-head does the thinking.

Abstainer, *n.* A weak person who yields to the temptation of denying himself a pleasure.

Plan, *v.t.* To bother about the best method of accomplishing an accidental result.

Logic, *n.* The art of thinking and reasoning in strict accordance with the limitations and incapacities of the human misunderstanding.

Wit, *n.* The salt with which the American humorist spoils his intellectual cookery by leaving it out.

Forefinger, *n.* The finger commonly used to point out two malefactors.

Alone, *adj.* In bad company.

Impunity, *n.* Wealth.

White, *adj.* and *n.* Black.

Once, *adv.* Enough.

But this central characteristic of his style in its ultimate development is by no means restricted to his formal and overt definitions. More and more, all his writing took on the quality of definition; more and more his art became the perfection of individual and separate sentences. Even the most hurried trip through the hundreds of pages of his essays and sketches—or his stories, for that matter—is a trip among pages illuminated by the definitive sentence, the arresting phrase, the *mot juste*.

Of orthodox preachers: "In an unintelligible tongue they tell us of unthinkable things". Of the after-life: "Heaven is a prophecy uttered by the lips of despair, but Hell is an inference from analogy". Of forensic eloquence: "[It] is the art of saying things in such a way as to make them pass for more than they are worth". Of the value of synthetic jewels: "Gems accessible to the poor are worthless to the rich, and gems worthless to the rich are not wanted by the poor". Of national intolerance: "Patriotism is fierce as a fever, pitiless as the grave, and blind as a stone". Of modern man's indifference to the threats implicit in his present conditions: "Revelers with wine-dipped wreaths upon their heads do not care to know

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the hour". Of the usual defense for paying women in industry a fraction of what men would command: "The law of supply and demand is not imperative; it is not a statute but a phenomenon". Of cynolaters: "There are men who are proud of a dog's love—and dogs love that kind of men". Of pride in lineage: "The remoter the ancestor—that is to say, the less of his blood the descendant has—the greater that funny person's pride in the distinction". Of the George Washington of the schoolbooks, before the "new biography" took hold: "You can no more love and revere the memory of the biographical George Washington than you can an isosceles triangle or a cubic foot of interstellar space". Of newspapers: "They are sycophants to the mob, tyrants to the individual". Of the value of missionaries' opinion of foreign affairs: "Not much of moderation and disinterestedness can under any circumstances be expected of persons who make it the business of their lives to go abroad to crack theological nuts upon the heads of others and eat the kernels themselves". Of the gold rush: "The spectacle of great tides of men sweeping hither and thither across the face of the globe under suasion of so mean a passion as cupidity, as the waters of ocean are led by the moon, is more spectacular than pleasant". Of the connection between music and love: "Should men and women henceforth be born happily married, the entire musical edifice would fade and vanish like a palace of clouds".

And all of Bierce's felicity in the minor rhetorical devices in which he specialized was dictated by the same impulse to epigrammatic definition and directed to the same end. He had, for example, a notable mastery of the pun (of which he said, however:

> O obvious Pun! thou hast the grace
> Of skeleton clock without a case—
> With its whole boweling displayed,
> And all its organs on parade.
>
> Dear Pun, thou'rt common ground of bliss,
> Where *Punch* and I can meet and kiss;
> Than thee my wit can stoop no lower—
> No higher his does ever soar.)

"The young woman who bangs her piano and her hair has a single motive in the double habit." "Physician, *n.* One upon whom we set our hopes when ill and our dogs when well." Bierce also wielded playful Latin with an uncanny facility: the American woman is *Felis pugnans,* the house fly *Musca maledicta,* the camel *Splaypes humpidorsus,* the tadpole *Thaddeus Polandensis,* the human hog (whose grunt is Slang) *Pignoramus intolerabilis,* and the American novelist *Mendax interminabilis.* He was among the greatest masters of the title, and dozens of his pieces derive added point or a multiplication of irony from the few syllables by which he named them; for example, the quatrain which stands at the head of this article as a sort of motto is called "Humility".

Bierce had an astounding facility in the coining of words, common and proper. Reason he defined as "propensitate of prejudice"; the adamant beneath a corset was soluble in "solicitate of gold"; "ladry" was his feminine of "gentry"; small canine pets were "laplings"; the impoverished nobleman is Sir Impycu Lacquit, and his bride Miss Bloaty Bondee; a firm of jewelers is Pasticraft, Nickelgilt & Co.; a ceremony is performed at the Church of St. Iniquity by the Rev. Dr. Mammon Godder; a female elocutor is Miss Simpergiggle, and her teacher is Professor Drumlung. Bierce as a practising journalist could fling off by the rod or ream such odds and ends as this: "Miss Enameline Cartilagina Cmythe is visiting the mummy of Rameses II, in Cairo. They were schoolmates". And he added to the list of American fraternal orders over forty items, including the Visionaries of Delectable Bosh, the Mystic Alliance of Gorgeous Regalians, the Polite Federation of Gents-Consequential, the Sublime Legion of Flamboyant Conspicuants, and the Affectionate Fraternity of Men Similarly Warted.

Two of his rhetorical formulæ deserve some special attention, because they are frequently recurring identification-marks of his prose and because they materially abetted his ambition to pack the individual sentence with its maximum of weight. The first is a species of euphemism in which he explores the remotest possibilities of that neglected weapon, understatement. A good enough example is his celebrated newspaper review,

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"The covers of this book are too far apart". The corsair is "a politician of the seas"; compulsion is "the eloquence of power"; the cannon "an instrument employed in the rectification of national boundaries". The English duke who marries a cisatlantic fortune is "quietly attending to his own business of making a living by being a married man". Shrieking feminists (*vitrioleuses*) are "colonels of their sex". Literate and well-bred writers are "those prone to grammar and ablution". The deceased politician is "by death elected to the Lower House". Of an infidel, the Grand Vizier says to the Sultan: "His head, at least, appears excessive". There is a rhymed epigram happily named "Understated":

"I'm sorry I married," says Upton Sinclair:
"The conjugal status is awful!—
The devil's device, a delusion and snare."
Worse, far worse, than that—it is lawful!

Bierce constantly made understatement explosive, and anti-climax a crushing engine.

The second of his specially characteristic devices is a sort of rhetorical crescendo, or climax by cumulative repetition of the same thought in images of mounting ferocity. A rudimentary example is the definition of platitude:

The fundamental element and special glory of popular literature. A thought that snores in words that smoke. The wisdom of a million fools in the diction of a dullard. A fossil statement in artificial rock. A moral without the fable. All that is mortal of a departed truth. A demi-tasse of milk-and-morality. The Pope's-nose of a featherless peacock. A jellyfish withering on the shore of the sea of thought. The cackle surviving the egg. A desiccated epigram.

But his really characteristic and valuable use of this sort of crescendo is in connected prose, where he makes it prove something far more than his merely verbal fecundity, and indeed compels it to carry his thought along with a tidal momentum. Here, for one instance that must stand for all, is a passage of by-play from one of the finest, most permanently solid of Bierce's essays, that of 1897 on "The Short Story":

The art of writing short stories for the magazines of the period cannot be acquired. Success depends upon a kind of inability that must be "born into" one—it does not come at call. The torch must be passed down the line by the thumbless hands of an illustrious line of prognathous ancestors unacquainted with fire. For the torch has neither heat nor light—is, in truth, fireproof. It radiates darkness, and all shadows fall toward it. The magazine story must relate nothing: like Dr. Hern's "holes" in the luminiferous ether, it is something in which nothing can occur. . . . It must provoke neither thought nor emotion; it must only stir up from the shallows of its readers' understandings the sediment which they are pleased to call sentiment, murking all their mental pool and effacing the reflected images of their natural environment.

It is not easy to describe the whole of Ambrose Bierce. In such a sequence of jottings as this it would be impossible; indeed, it would be impossible so much as to list the sources of his importance to American social, intellectual, and journalistic history, or to describe the types of composition which he invented or adapted to his own uses. But when one is speaking of his importance to literature, and endeavoring not so much to bound this importance as to locate its center, it seems to me that Ambrose Bierce was his style—and that not in the broad, but in the narrow, sense of style. He would himself have been willing, I am sure from a hundred clues in his work, to accept his own manipulation of the English sentence—its weight and wit and thrust and employment of words—as the final measure of his individuality and of his claim to permanent recognition. It seems clear enough that he valued this aspect of his achievement above his occasional mastery of the *macabre* in fiction, above even his place as the sole American satirist whose work in both prose and verse can be called literature. (He worshipped satire as unreservedly as he loathed humor—and his own practice of both fully justified the preference.) In any event, his art of the perfect sentence is the determining ingredient in even his grim stories, his satire, and his stupendous pictures of war. No other trait so decisively identifies his work as his.

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His preoccupation with the sentence, with its originality and integrity, goes far to explain why his mastery of forms was in almost inverse ratio to their length, and why he left so insignificant a number of first-rate pieces of more than a few pages each. He himself argued that "the novel of today has no art broader and better than that of its individual sentences—the art of style". (He added, characteristically, "That would serve if it had style".) In proportion to his esteem for the lyric and the epigram, he despised the epic and the novel; and when he admitted that great work had been done in the two forms last named, he protested, "That is only to say that great writers have written them". His own longer narrative pieces are chiefly notable for the excerpts they can be made to yield from nearly every page, and some whose net effect is grotesque to tawdriness abound in touches that merit immortality. I doubt that more than two of his tales have great longevity. Yet at least half the work which he thought it proper to collect into twelve now unprocurable volumes is momentous to the America of today, and, so far as it is proper to guess, of tomorrow. Very little of it can be handled or appraised by any great number of readers, for the attitude of American publishing toward Bierce has thus far distinguished itself principally by the indifference of pure blindness. That is the best excuse for compelling these paragraphs to accommodate so many chosen scraps of his writing. Until some house can make arrangements to restore his best work to a decent accessibility, one of the greatest of American writers, a writer comparable to Lucian, must remain through no fault of the public in the position celebrated long ago in his own couplet "The Discoverers":

My! how my fame rings out in every zone—
A thousand critics shouting: "He's unknown!"

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MY DAUGHTER IN THE CITY

By Thyra Samter Winslow

FLORA CARSON had, in a way, always been a bit out of things. She was the eldest in a family of five children—only two years older than Fred—but she never appeared to fit into the group, into their pleasures nor their triumphs. She always seemed perhaps just a trifle an object of pity. In spite of the fact that Flora's mother worked hard, there were always things to do to keep Flora away from possible amusements. When she did have time for things she never quite knew how to do them. She never did anything well.

Flora had been fat and near-sighted and awkward, as a girl. Due to a peculiar custom of those days she had never been allowed to wear glasses. The wearing of glasses interfered with a girl's matrimonial chances, it seemed. Flora's fatness was not the result of being idle, for she scurried around from morning until night, peering, nervous, busy; nor was it due to greediness, nor to an immense appetite. She did not eat as much as the rest, but she was frequently accused of it.

"Gee, make Flora give me more chocolate cake. She is eating a big piece and she is too fat now."

"This is my first piece," Flora would say. "I am eating it slowly to make it last long." Then she'd give half of her cake away.

You would have thought that with three brothers Flora would have gained a certain amount of popularity, would have learned the tricks of appealing to the male. Instead, Fred and Herbert and Frank Graham and their male friends treated Flora with a fine impersonality, like someone between a second mother and a paid servant. Lulu, the youngest in the family, a pettish child inclined to whine with or without cause, demanded and received all the attentions supposedly showered on a girl in a family of boys.

The Grahams lived in Emmitsville, a smallish town, where eligible young men, as well as most other desirable things, were almost entirely absent. Old Man Graham owned The Blue Front Drug Store, and when they finished high school Fred and Herbert joined him in conducting the business, becoming part owners when they reached twenty-one and taking over the whole thing when Old Man Graham died. They were rather stupid boys and stubborn, and were inclined to be more alert in action than in thought. They did not consider that their father's activity in starting the business, and not their own business acumen, was responsible for the rather commonplace success they attained. They married in their early twenties; Fred, a fat girl, the daughter of a printer; Herbert, more ambitious, the red-haired offspring of one of the town bankers. They settled in unpretentious but prosperous-looking frame houses, and, in later years, each house had a garage and a small car. Fred had three children, and Herbert four. They thought, of course, that their own homes and their own children were the finest on earth. They planned and achieved college educations for most of their daughters and sons—topped with marriages and prosperity. They looked down on all people with odd or new ideas, completely ignored all of the arts, bought new records for their Victrolas almost every Saturday night and thought that anyone who left Emmitsville for more than a brief trip on business or pleasure was just a bit off color in some way.

Frank, the youngest, developed an idle streak and a love for horses, so he gravitated toward one of the town stables, where he worked with apparent happiness for years. Then his father bought him a stable of his own. Years later this became a garage, and he secured the agency for a small but reputable car. It is perhaps worthy of note that neither Fred nor Herbert ever drove this

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particular car, always trading in their own cars for newer ones of the same make. Frank, however, did very well. He married Lily Wessel, who was not quite recognized socially because of her recent advent into Emmitsville, and because she was inclined to be just a little flighty. Frank, in fact, had flirted with Lily in front of the stable. Her father was with the new chair factory. At marriage, however, Lily settled down, and a year later presented Frank with a son.

Lulu, the baby of the family, giggled her way through three years of parties and dances after her "coming-out party" at eighteen. Then she married Billie Evans whose father owned The New York Store. Even the family hadn't expected more of Lulu. Billie's father gave them "the Marshall place", a huge and hideous mansion he had taken in as a bad debt. This they had "done over" in most approved Emmitsville style, Emmitsville's one decorator going her limit as to color and furniture.

When the children all lived at home the Grahams occupied an old-fashioned square house, usually painted white with yellow trimings. There was a red swing in the side yard, small outhouses in the back, and neat, symmetrical flower-beds at intervals in the front yard. It was here that Flora lived always.

The Grahams had not had a servant when Flora was young.

"What, pay a woman to come in, with three women around to do the work!" Old Man Graham had always said.

Usually, though, they had a woman a day each week to do the washing and ironing. Sometimes she could be persuaded to do a little cleaning too, but there was a lot of washing—the boys had their shirts done at home. Mrs. Graham, a worried little fat woman with a round and rather greasy face, did her share of the work. There is always enough to do when a house is full of young people. Lulu, of course, was next to useless. She got up late, dawdled through the simplest tasks assigned to her, and usually found that an engagement took her away before she had finished. Most of the work fell on Flora. She did it without resentment, without a thought of rebellion. Flora made shirts for the boys on the old sewing-machine when they were young and did most of the sewing for her mother and for Lulu as well. Might as well have something to do.

Flora was never very bright at school. She always just passed without honors and without comment. She went with a group of rather stodgy little girls and took long walks after school, nibbling sour pickles or candy. This was not the group of girls that had exciting love affairs. Few of Flora's chums had beaux.

Sometimes Flora would worry about things. She seemed to be missing out. There were things in life she didn't seem to get hold of. Other girls would whisper, giggle about a thousand mysteries. Secrets. Then sometimes Flora would find out why they had giggled. That wasn't a mystery at all, just a fact—a fact about living, or—or babies. Nothing to giggle about. But there must be something else—something that these others had got hold of. Maybe when she grew older . . .

Flora was never a success socially. After she had finished her formal education, high school and a few lessons on the piano and in china painting—she painted six plates with violets—she went to parties in a vague sort of way. That is, her brothers occasionally could be prevailed upon to take her to a party to which they had all been invited. Flora would get a new dress or make over an old one, but she always looked too fat, and too well covered with thick clothes. At the party a few of her brothers' friends would dance with her, or, when they neglected this obligation, which was frequent, Flora would sit against the wall with the others who were unsought, or talk too animatedly with the chaperones, who always had a good word for her. She was "old for her age", and knew nothing about small talk or putting a boy at his ease. No social graces ever came to her.

Sometimes after these parties Flora would sob to herself after she had gone to bed. Why didn't she fit in the way Lulu and the boys did? She didn't like being fat and not knowing what to do. There must be some secret, some magic thing that would suddenly

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make her like the others. What could she do?

But when morning came she would settle down to household tasks with only a small sigh. After all, maybe some day . . .

Flora liked housework. She really had no definite ambitions of any kind. She just wished vaguely that she had something—something that she could talk about when the other girls talked about beaux—ambitions or small successes. She never could quite find anything. She never liked to read especially, though she read a number of sentimental stories, wiping her eyes at the sad parts, and going through every emotion with the heroine. It must be grand to live like that, torn between love and duty, with young men willing to go to the end of the world to possess you. Of course, that was a story. Life, now . . .

Flora never learned to play the piano except stiffly, counting under her breath as she played. Occasionally the boys would ask her to play for them, but it was always "Aw, get up, Flora, and let Jack try it", as soon as someone with more ability came in.

There was not much else that really interested Flora. She knew nothing of science nor art. Talks about politics were "all that nonsense". She liked to take a recipe from a newspaper and try it out in the kitchen, wrinkling her brow as she peered at it near-sightedly, beating eggs and flour in a bowl. She was a good cook but not a remarkable one. Slow, thorough, conscientious, she liked to cook things that would be good for a person. She didn't like anything that was fancy—"too rich".

Flora did not have any beaux. She wondered why, vaguely, just as she wondered why she did not fit in, in other ways. At first, she thought, that without any effort on her part beaux would come to her, but as twenty passed, and twenty-two, and twenty-five, she had a horrible realization that she would have to do something.

She made dreadful efforts, then, to attract the boys who came home with Fred and Herbert and Frank. To her horror, she found she did not know what to do. They not only ignored completely all of her advances, but they seemed actually unaware that the advances had been made. Afraid, at first, of being thought boy-struck, she found that the boys did not even know that she had tried any feminine wiles upon them.

As time passed she noticed that her own family was becoming slightly contemptuous of her. When they were all little they had taken her for granted and been glad of her good nature and help. Now when they found she lacked beauty and grace and feminine charm it became too easy to make her ever so slightly the butt of their jokes. Their humor was not subtle. They got into the habit of joking Flora about her beaux and her popularity. Cruel sport, because she had not the slightest way of protecting herself. As the boys married and left home this cruelty stopped, or rather it changed its form. Now each boy had his own family to talk about, to dwell upon. Of course, each family was perfect, and of course Flora was lowered in the estimation of all because she had no family, no children, no one to rhapsodize over.

Flora's father died when she was twenty-eight years old. The others were all married. She and her mother continued to live in the old house, and although Old Man Graham had not been as well off as they all supposed, still there was the house and an interest in the business. With each brother contributing a small monthly share they got along very well.

Mrs. Graham was not in very good health, but, in spite of this, Flora's life was not without its pleasures. She was always included in the family dinners on Christmas and New Year's and Thanksgiving Day, and birthdays, and when the children were ill they would always let Flora know so she could come in and "give a hand". On these occasions, in spite of the fact that she was definitely let to know that, being an old maid, she knew nothing about children, and, being Flora, that she knew nothing about anything, she was allowed to take on all the duties of a trained nurse, without, of course, a nurse's pay. She was never invited to the more formal social parties at her brothers' and sister's homes, for they each had definite social ambitions which her presence did not further. She didn't mind this, outside of

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minding in a dull way the fact that she did not belong to things. She felt that if she were married, she would belong, of course; she still looked forward to marriage long after the family had given up all ideas of it for her. By the time she reached thirty none of the family thought she would ever marry at all.

When she was thirty-five, Morris Carson appeared, or rather was "brought in" by Fred who had never liked the idea of Flora's being an old maid—that is, that there was an old maid in his family. Morris Carson seemed like a special gift of God to all of them, including Flora.

He was a travelling man. If you had asked him his occupation, he would have told you that he was "a drummer for the Parker people". The Parker Company was well known throughout the middle west. Carson was a loose-knit, rather shambling fellow of about forty, with thin sandy hair and an apologetic smile. The storekeepers in the smaller towns liked him because he didn't put on airs, and was sympathetic—always asking about their families. Fred had met him in a business way and had brought him out to the house. It was Fred's wife who had thought about him as a possibility for Flora, so on his next appearance in Emmitsville he and Flora were brought together at a home dinner at Fred's.

Morris Carson had never especially thought about marriage. He had hesitated so far because of bashfulness and the fear of women and a dislike of assuming responsibilities. Even now he did not especially desire matrimony, but when he learned that Flora Graham had her own home—that it would be hers when the Old Lady died, and that things would be made pretty comfortable for him, he began to consider it.

The next time he "made Emmitsville" he went to see Flora, taking a large flat box of "assorted bon-bons", the kind the hotel waitresses had always liked. He and Flora talked for several hours. Neither one knew what to say. Carson was not a great hand with the ladies and Flora's conversation always consisted of what she had done yesterday and what she was going to do tomorrow, little useless anecdotes of little useless happenings. When he left Flora said to herself,

"I'll never see him again. He had a miserable evening. I wonder what women ever do say to men when they are alone with them."

She was surprised, therefore, when, a few weeks later she received a picture post-card from him from Gloverstown saying, "Having a good trip, be in Emmittsville soon. M. Carson".

Did he really like her? Had he been satisfied with her dull conversation? Was he really serious? Flora had seen too many men make slight advances toward her and then retreat to take the post-card seriously. Yet, of course, the post-card meant a thousand times more to her than it would have meant to the average girl or woman. So few men had given her any attention. She had been wholly out of things always. She knew that Carson was not considered a good catch, she knew that Lulu and her three sisters-in-law would secretly sneer at her. Still he was a man. It would mean marriage —taking her place in Emmitsville as a matron instead of always being under the shadow of "old maid".

By the time Carson got back to Emmitsville, although he had made no advances save one call and a picture post-card, Flora was quite ready for his attention. Commonplace, rather dull, too fat, she assumed an eager, girlish attitude that probably would have grated on anyone more sensitive than Morris Carson. By this time, however, Carson had made up his mind for matrimony, too, and since the only women he had come into contact with for years had been slatternly and sly-eyed waitresses and chambermaids, he appreciated Flora's good qualities. At least, they were the qualities he wanted. A home body, who didn't always think about running around, comfortable, soft-spoken—a good cook, too. Besides, a nice comfortable home was not to be sneered at. Rent free while he was on the road. Why, he might not even have to stay on the road—could get a position right in Emmitsville and get along all right if he had the house. He wasn't much of a money maker, he knew that. It would not take much money to get along. He

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really never had had a home, if it came to that. His mother had died when he was a boy and he had been on the road ever since.

Three months later Flora and Morris Carson were engaged. There was something a bit indecent about this middle-aged engagement, a woman of thirty-five and a man five years older. They were both unbeautiful, worn, settled. The whole thing lacked any pretense of romance or loveliness. Lulu gave a party for them, but it was not an especially joyful affair, because Lulu was getting ahead socially and was looking down on the wives of her three brothers; and each of the brothers' wives had her own standards, too. Emmitsville was a great town for cliques.

There was a home wedding in the old Graham house, with an altar in the corner and Flora in brown "going away". She looked far more like a comfortable matron—the mother of several—than a bride, but no one thought much about that. It was good having Flora married.

Flora's wedding trip consisted in accompanying Carson for three weeks "on the road". Carson was busy all day seeing customers, and Flora would spend the time walking through the little towns, or looking at magazines in the stuffy hotel parlors, or watching men pass in and out of the lobbies of the hotels. In the evenings they attended the local theatre if a stock company was on view.

Flora wrote letters home on lined paper with a fairly untruthful picture of the hotel at the top, but there were not many people to write to. She wrote daily to her mother and to her brothers and to some of "the girls", her friends in Emmitsville; but her correspondence was not a brilliant one. Toward the end of the trip she was not writing letters at all.

On the whole, though, Flora enjoyed her honeymoon. She had never been anywhere, and even these little towns, replicas of Emmitsville, were novel to her. She did not like train travelling, however. The trips were made in day-coaches, and she got so dusty, and the hotel rooms were not especially comfortable, though there was usually a bath at the end of each hall. She was glad to be home again. She never accompanied Carson on any more of his trips.

Flora's life did not seem much changed after her marriage. She was astonished, herself, to find out how little difference marriage meant to her. She was no longer an old maid. That was true. But though the stigma of her former condition lifted, conditions remained. She was still called upon in cases of illness, she was still ignored in family conversation which concerned marriage problems, or raising the young.

For the first time in her life, now, Flora tried to assert herself. She tried to show them that she was a person—an individual. She spoke of "my home", "my husband", but with no effect. Everyone knew how she came by the home, and, if the truth be known, by the husband, too. Carson was absolutely unimportant; his wife had gained nothing in position by marrying him. He was of no weight in the community, nor even, for that matter, in the family. To be sure, the brothers stopped the allowance they had been making to Mrs. Graham and Flora, and they were, in a way, grateful for this, but it was a small enough matter. They had got a certain amount of satisfaction from their one benevolence.

At the end of a year Cecelia was born. At first there had been general disbelief that Flora was going to have a baby—too old—fat—so silly of her. By the time the baby finally arrived the family was ready, even if slightly dubious. It was a girl, of course. Flora would have a girl. Lulu had no children at all. It seemed a bit delicate, a bit better bred of Lulu, as if she had risen just above her family by remaining sterile. Lulu played bridge even before it became "stylish" and served coffee in the living-room, and took great pains to preserve her figure. She thought children were a bother, but always gave expensive and unwanted gifts to her little nieces and nephews at Christmas. Fred's two boys and a girl and Herbert's "two of each" had arrived some years earlier. They were healthy, commonplace children who delighted their parents by always wearing clothes a size too old for them.

Flora's baby was the last in the family

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to arrive. Of course it was, well, a bit peculiar of Flora, but then, Flora . . .

Cecelia, too! What a name! Well, Flora had probably picked it up in one of the silly books she was always reading. The child was called "Cilly" before she was six months old.

Flora Carson was devoted to Cilly. All of the flowering of her life was in her. From the first, she determined to make the child all she had not been, as far as she was able. Cilly would be pretty and popular and "fit in".

Cilly developed into a thin, rather scrawny child with straight, light hair. She was "a Carson all over again" which did not help a great deal with the family, though the Grahams were not noted for their beauty. Cilly had a screechy voice and a little peaked chin. Flora was forever doing her hair into stiff, lank curls and tying them with a huge colored bow.

When Cilly was five years old Mrs. Graham died. She had been ailing for years and Flora had had full charge of her. The only difference her going made on the family was that the boys and Lulu did not have to stop in so often "to see how mother is" and that Flora had more time for herself and Cilly. About this time, too, Carson had decided that he had had enough of the road for good and all, so he got a position with Brillson & Son, wholesale grocers. His remuneration was small, but he met some of his old-time customers and was happy enough in his work. Flora and Carson did not grow any closer together now that he no longer travelled, but it meant that Flora had more of a well-ordered home, what with Carson coming in to his meals and Cilly growing up big enough to go to school.

Flora was happy, in a way, happier than she had ever been. Yet there still remained with her the desire to show in some way that she was of importance, or that someone belonging to her was of importance. She wanted Cilly to have some of the consideration that had never been given her. She sent Cilly to dancing school when she was five, along with Fred's Junior and Mabel, and Herbert's Bert and Helen and Lucille. Although the youngest in the class, Cilly learned to dance remarkably well. She was a homely little thing, too thin, with her butter-colored stiff curls, so that in spite of her good dancing she did not get along very well with the other children. Mabel and Helen and Lucille always had the boys around them. Cilly was too young for boys, and besides, Flora dressed her ridiculously—too many frills and ruffles.

Flora tried to make the most of Cilly's dancing ability, but neither Fred's wife nor Herbert's wife, who came to dancing school, paid much attention. There were so many things more important than learning dance steps. Flora, in her best black silk, a little fatter than ever, sat uncomfortably on the edge of the stiff wooden chair and wanted to do something about it. Here was her daughter, her little Cecelia, dancing lightly and beautifully—but no one noticed her. She wanted to cry out, to stop everything, to shout "Look at my daughter!" She did nothing, of course, but hold Cilly's party-bag and readjust the child's hair bow when Cilly came near her.

As Cilly grew older she did not show the remarkable qualities that her mother had hoped for. She was a cross little girl with a will of her own, and instead of developing into a shining light at school she always seemed the center of a quarrel—some boy had always just stuck out his tongue at her, or a girl had hurt her feelings, or Teacher had been unfair. Even when Flora was young these things had not happened to her. She had no idea what to do. She petted Cilly and curled her hair and made painstakingly by hand new and unbecoming dresses for her.

At ten, or so, Cilly developed a wild streak. She was off like a shot after school with boys whose parents were not only decidedly out of Lulu's circles but out of the social circles of the brothers as well. Cilly and these boys would climb trees, jump wagons, raid fruit gardens, and, after dark, ice-boxes, screech unnecessarily and play wild games in the streets. Flora remonstrated, but to no avail. Cilly would go to dancing school, but she would not practise on the piano. She would not study painting nor drawing nor elocution. She paid no attention to her father when he spoke to her—

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though, to tell the truth, he left her alone most of the time. He had met some men in the wholesale company who liked to play cards and he played with them almost every evening. Flora, who never quite knew what to say to him when he was at home and who was not used to having him around anyhow, did not mind the card playing.

At twelve Cilly danced the scarf dance at the dancing school's annual Christmas Dance Festival. She was on the program: "Scarf Dance by Miss Cecelia Carson".

It was Flora's first chance for triumph. She told all her relatives about it and was surprised because the event did not seem a momentous one to them. They did not like Cilly because she was always rude, always making faces, and Fred had already remarked at a family gathering, when Flora was not present, "You'll have to watch out for that young one of Flora's, there is a bad streak somewhere", hinting, of course, that the bad streak was not on the Graham side.

Flora made Cilly's dress according to the teacher's specifications, and it was really very nice—light blue, with a scarf of blue to go with it. Cilly danced very well at the Dance Festival. She had a scratch on her face that one of the boys had given her a day or two previous which powder did not seem to hide, but it really didn't make any difference because none of the relatives was present; and the family mattered most of all to Flora. They had all gone out to a Christmas party at the Country Club instead.

Cilly entered high school when she was fourteen, along with the rest of her class. She had tied back the taffy-colored curls now, but, by no stretch of the imagination could you call her a pretty girl. Her skin was splotchy, her face too thin. She was an eager little thing, nervous and restless and petulant. Her teachers did not like her, for she had a way of asking them questions concerning things they knew nothing about. Fred's and Herbert's and Frank's children always did well at high school. They were painstaking, complacent little citizens. When Fred's three finished high school they were sent to the State University, as were Herbert's boys. Herbert's girls, Lucille and Helen, were sent East to a girls' finishing school.

Cilly stopped school at sixteen, after a quarrel with a teacher. She just didn't want to go any more, anyhow. School bothered her. There was no money to send her away to school for Carson's salary was small, and he always lost money at cards. The house was badly in need of repairs and there was no money even for that. Flora made most of Cilly's clothes, using cheap material, but taking little, fine stitches. She used too much ribbon and too many ruffles in an endeavor to hide Cilly's thin arms and legs.

Flora did all of the housework as she had always done. After Cilly stopped school, she did not even make a pretense of helping her mother. She ran around with cheap-looking youths who always smelled of vile tobacco. The few girls she went with had strident voices and "picked up" men in front of the Palace Hotel. Flora tried to reason with Cilly, but got only laughter in return.

"Gee, Mom, you make me sick. All you think about is what Uncle Fred or Uncle Herbert will say. They make me sick, those old fools. Let me tell you, Lucille is no better than she ought to be; she and Howard Grant ain't any too slow, but *she's* Herbert Graham's daughter, so it's all right. Don't let them get your goat, Ma."

But of course the relatives did "get her goat". Flora worried about Cilly, and at every family gathering—for the Grahams thought that family gatherings were necessary in spite of their divergent tastes—she tried to put on a brave face, to say some little thing about Cilly.

"Cilly got the prize last week at Buckley Hall—the best dancer there. An elegant center-piece."

All she got in reply was Fred's, "I wouldn't let a daughter of mine run around at a public dance hall like that. A girl can't be too careful of her good name".

Flora sighed; she didn't know what to do. She never knew what to do. There must be something, some way . . .

When Cilly was eighteen she ran away from home. The first thing Flora knew of it was finding Cilly's room empty and her

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clothes gone and the next day a note in Cilly's large, unformed handwriting:

"Dear Ma,

"I guess you know by this time I am gone. Please don't get up on your ear and sob out a lot of stuff to the loving family. I left with 'The Fancy Steppers' that played last week in Emmitsville. A girl I knew got me the job. I am in the chorus at twenty per and I think I will like it fine. Don't worry. At least it beats Emmitsville, but then anything would.

Your loving daughter,
Celia.

P. S. Address me—
Miss Celia La Forge,
c/o The Fancy Steppers.
next week—Grand Opera House,
Birmingham."

Flora was pretty badly broken up. There was nothing she could say even to console herself, though she did put on her usual brave face.

"Yes," she told the family, "Cilly has gone on the stage. It is a wonderful opportunity for her. She always was too smart for Emmitsville. Of course she has to start in the chorus, but you know what a grand dancer she is. That girl's been dancing all of her life. Many a star started in the chorus."

"And many a bum, too," said Herbert. "I don't like the idea of a niece of mine being in the chorus, I tell you. Bad business. You know what chorus girls are. All I hope is that the news doesn't get around Emmitsville."

Flora's hair was definitely gray now, her figure a plump bag. The round lines of her face were beginning to sag. At fifty-four Flora did not look more than her age, as age went in Emmitsville, but there was a too-soft look about her, a disintegration, as if something inside, some mental bony structure, had been removed. She lived, now, in a sort of haze. She thought all day about Celia, and answered with pitiful promptness Celia's inconsequential letters. She gathered what crumbs she could out of them to present to the family: Celia was in Chicago; Celia had joined a new show, "The Winsome Widows"; Celia had an understudy part; Celia had been given a little dance all of her own; she had been invited to a grand party in Louisville . . .

The relatives listened with patient, uncommenting boredom. The less said about Cilly the better.

A year passed—two years—and then the miracle happened! Cilly Carson—no, Celia La Forge—married a millionaire!

There was no question about it, no possible doubt. Chicago papers screamed it out with headlines and photographs. Emmitsville papers played up the story. *The Emmitsville Leader* sent a reporter out to interview Flora and get "a local angle".

MILLIONAIRE MARRIES CHORUS GIRL

ELLSWORTH THAYER, JR. ELOPES WITH PRETTY CHORINE

"Thayer and Miss Celia La Forge, of 'The Gay Girls Company,' married yesterday . . ."

There! It was in all the papers! For Flora to see! For Fred and Herbert and Frank and Lulu to see! For Fred's wife and Herbert's wife and Frank's wife! And Junior and Mabel and Bert and the girls.

Flora did not know what she wanted the family to do. She wanted them to do something definite, to say something. They did not say very much. She had expected that. But she had expected grudging admissions of respect or admiration, now that "something had happened". Now Flora admitted to herself that she had always known that "something would happen", that this place of importance she felt she occupied was rightly hers; that she had been waiting for it.

Flora got letters from Celia—the family called her that now instead of "Cilly". The handwriting was still large and unformed, the letters were still the same: bragging, spiteful. Yes, she had married a millionaire . . . well, she was glad the relatives would let up on her now for Ma's sake . . . not that she cared a damn what anyone in that burg thought of her. She was sending Ma some things. "Rub it into them as much as you like—they got it coming to them."

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Although Flora knew that the presents Celia sent her were partly for the effect they would have on the family she was none the less grateful. Probably a trifle more so. There was the prize present, a Hudson seal coat with skunk collar and cuffs and a rather ugly blue lining. There was the tea set in blue and yellow, and although Flora never served tea—a fact which Celia may have guessed—Flora kept it out on the sideboard and dusted the pieces each second day. There was a black silk dress, beaded, and a hat that turned up on one side a bit too youthfully. There were pearl beads and kid gloves. There were perfumes and an evening fan. All the things were sent direct from the department stores where Celia ordered them so she was put to no trouble in sending them. Usually inappropriate, always a trifle gaudy, they accomplished just the results Celia and Flora hoped they would—they even accomplished a little more. They made each member of the family dislike Flora in a way they had never disliked her. Before this there had been contempt and pity for Flora, but it had been condescending, kindly. They had looked down on Flora, to be sure; she was the weak member of the family, but after all she was their own. Now, suddenly, Celia had upset the scale of things. Celia had become important—rich—and in their scheme there had been no room for Celia's importance. Celia, Flora's daughter, should have been unimportant, pitiful, a true daughter of Flora. Now here she was, suddenly, more, in a way—in an unusual foreign way—than any of them.

"My daughter in the city!" Flora almost followed a formula in saying it. No matter what the conversation was about she would manage to bring that in. After so many years of failure, of inadequacy, the warm feeling of triumph that came over her made it almost impossible for her to introduce her pet subject in moderation: "My daughter in the city" . . .

She started going to church again, so that at the Ladies' Aid she could talk about Celia. At family dinners she would sit silent for half an hour waiting to spring forward, shaking a bit of news between her teeth, "My daughter, Celia, you know, in Chicago, writes me that ermine is being worn a lot this winter. She just bought a white ermine wrap herself". This, when the subject of making over a last year's coat came up. Or, "The servant problem is hard in Chicago, too. My daughter, Celia, writes me from there that she has had to get a new housekeeper; the last one was drinking up all their old sherry", just because someone had said something about getting a new washerwoman.

Flora did not see the hatred nor how it grew. She swam in a delicious sea of daydreams. She still did all the housework as she had always done. The house was in an extremely bad condition, now. Carson's salary was small, and there was no other money. Celia never sent her mother a check, and Flora would have gone to any lengths before she would have asked her for money. The large kitchen was old-fashioned and inconvenient, and Flora was getting rheumatic. Carson was ailing, and though he did not complain a great deal he did not make an especially pleasant companion. Flora's days were full of hard work—and dreams—dreams of Celia . . . Celia's importance . . . happiness.

If the family had only known how Flora felt—but they understood Flora no better now than they had understood her when she was a girl. Not as well, for there had been kindliness in their attitude, then.

"My daughter in the city!" In each member of the family the spiteful feeling toward Flora grew. Flora, a harmless fat little old lady getting on toward sixty, unselfish, thoughtful, a bit stupid—and her family saw only bragging and contempt and conceit.

Celia had been married two years—four years—five—and then Morris Carson died. His death was not entirely unexpected; he had been ailing for months. The house was mortgaged now, and of course its value had deteriorated. Flora had just enough money for the funeral expenses. She was not worrying. Celia would send for her, of course, when she knew. She could get away from the family, who, after all, had never liked, never appreciated, Celia. Why, of course, she would go to Chicago . . .

It was three days after the funeral that

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Flora heard the news. She had wired Celia of her father's death with a faint hope that Celia would appear in Emmitsville and carry her off, grandly. Celia had wired in reply —a long stupid and incoherent message of sympathy—and had ordered, by wire, a huge basket of flowers.

Flora was puttering around the house, putting things to rights, wondering how many times she would have to repeat the process, when the letter came. She took it from the postman. Celia's writing. It would tell why she hadn't come to Emmitsville. Her fingers trembling slightly—a letter from Celia was always an event—she opened it.

"Dear Mom," it read,

"You don't know how sorry I am about my father's death. I feel awful about it and for you, too. I would have come down to Emmitsville but I am having excitement of my own just now. I am leaving Thayer. Don't take a fit—it can't be helped. You'll see it in the papers if you haven't seen it already. If it wasn't for this I would ask you to come up to Chicago and live with me, but of course this changes everything. I'm running away with a fellow who hasn't any money—and—well, naturally, I couldn't ask him to take you along. Now you'll have to go to Uncle Herbert's, I guess. They have a big enough house and lots of room for you. You always liked them though God knows how you ever did. I'll write again in a few days. Don't get sore . . . you don't know how things are. I'm awfully sorry about Papa.

Love from Celia."

Leaving Thayer—what did Celia mean? Couldn't go to Chicago—in the papers ——

The telephone rang. It would be one of the relatives, of course. Was it in the papers already? It would be in all the papers for days—days and days ——

On her way to the telephone Flora tried to fix up little sentences that would sound nice—put a front on things. . . .

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CRANK LITERATURE

By Edmund Pearson

RARELY, nowadays, can anyone devise a startling title for a book. All the surprises and sensations have been tried. The author has to shout pretty loud, or else use a big, big Damn.

A few years ago, a writer did exactly this, and produced a large and impressive book, whose title made everyone jump. The contents were readable; there was evidence of great industry, and some indications of scholarship. It did not seem to be work of a crank.

Yet when one came to try to discover what it was all about—and this required patience—the result showed that the author could not easily get a post as teacher in any scientific institute. For its theme was this:

Great numbers of strange objects—usually called meteorites—have fallen on the earth throughout the centuries. (The author compiled an enormous list of them.) These are supposed to be the results of celestial accidents; to be fragments of exploded comets or asteroids. But this theory is entirely wrong. These objects are weapons, thrown with mischievous intent at the inhabitants of the earth by evil spirits dwelling in the skies.

I forget how the author explained the bad marksmanship of these spirits—who have so seldom hit even a baby—nor why it is that so many of these missiles fall in waste places of the earth. (Of course, the firing is done at very long range, and the spirits may still be hopeful of knocking over somebody, some day.)

The author developed his theory in a style which was, at least, sane, and, if I recollect, even showed some traces of humor—a quality extremely rare in those who produce eccentric literature. His book—which he has followed with another, also astonishing—may have been a hoax. In that case, the object of so much labor is still obscure.

A few months after publication, the author came into a public library, and, as authors sometimes do, asked to see his book. A copy was brought, and he promptly asked the meaning of the shelf-mark: some letters or figures on the back. These symbols on library books, for convenience in placing them on the shelves, have a mysterious power to infuriate some people. The librarian, not aware that he was speaking to the author of the book, said that these marks indicated the class of "Eccentric Literature"; perhaps he may have said "Books by Cranks".

There was an instant explosion, followed by weeks of complaint, scolding and entreaty by the author, who demanded that his book should be classed with those on—well, I cannot imagine what. Astronomical theology? Or did he believe that it should have a class all by itself, and that the older astronomies should be destroyed? In the end, I think he got part of his desire, but not all. The stubborn librarians would not endorse his amusing treatise as orthodox science. They have that peculiar conservatism: they admit books meant to prove that Bacon wrote the Shakespearean plays, but refuse to throw out the ones which uphold the older belief; they take in works which show that the earth is flat, but they still let the brutal majority of writers uphold their theory of its rotundity.

Nevertheless, embarrassing moments will occur. There is, perhaps, somewhere a brave man who would say, when shown the eldest child and pride of the family: "Madam, truth compels me to state that your son looks to me like a natural born simpleton". And there may be in existence a courageous critic who can face an author with the remark: "Sir, I have read your book all through, and I assure you it is one hundred percent drivel". For the most part, however, the cowards prefer to utter these things in print and at long distance.

Augustus De Morgan, the mathematician, and father of the novelist, William De Morgan, was for many years a semi-official

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defender of science against the assaults of all the tribes of snipers who think they can square the circle, or upset the theory of gravitation, or solve the problem of "the number of the Beast" in the Revelation of St. John the Divine, or prove the earth not to be a globe. He called their notions "paradoxes", and finally published what is almost an encyclopedia of these schools of thought in a book entitled *A Budget of Paradoxes*. He also suggested for these theories the name of crotchets.

A French writer, Gustave Brunet (calling himself "Philomneste Junior") was more frank in the title of *Les Fous littéraires*, which is a dictionary of literary eccentrics. He includes, however, some illustrious names which are unjustly classed with the others—names like William Blake, John Bunyan, Poe, Swedenborg and Walt Whitman.

The American criminologist, Dr. Arthur MacDonald, has made a study of "Eccentric Literature" in which he has examined several hundred books, and considered scores of authors. They are usually cranks, he says, but he thinks it more accurate and polite to call them "Mattoids". There are at least two hundred and eighty-four writers who have produced eccentric literature, and among two hundred and twenty-seven books which he examined the greatest number dealt with theology. The subjects which followed, in order of number, were prophecy, philosophy, politics, poetry and drama, and language or grammar. Twenty were on miscellaneous topics. Dr. MacDonald points out their invariable redundance in language; their use of phrases in some peculiar sense; and their great fondness for trying to prove that some great man was mistaken—Newton, for example; or that some great reputation, like Shakespeare's, is not deserved.

It should be added that, except in a scientific book, the work of some eccentrics does not admit of much discussion, for the reason that it is simply pitiable—the product of an unbalanced mind, or the pathetic attempts of a childish intellect. Others, however, have been written by fairly normal persons, with only one crotchet. They are so pleased to get this into print, so vehement in expression, and so condescending towards all who do not agree that we may look at their books without feeling that we are engaging in a cruel sport.

The titles which the crotcheteers give their books are often as mystifying as the contents. Here is *"The Road Made Plain to Fortune for the Million; or, The Popular Pioneer to Universal Prosperity.* By Alex. Lookup, the Extraordinary Poet-Author, Inspired Romance Writer, and Glorious Social Reformer; by an Effulgent Discovery, setting forth the elements for a Heavenly and Consummate Civilization. Edited by Thos. Ward, M.D." This was published in New York in 1860, and its meaning is a problem. Perhaps the solution is found in a subtitle: "The Road to Universal Supernal California". Apparently in 1860, as now, all difficulties could be solved by moving to California.

Near this, on the shelf, was *The Discovery of Discoveries, Climaxingly collated in the Month of Una-and-her-lion (1908) inclusive of August; and Fulfilling "The Message of Ishtar."* The mystery which surrounds this book is insoluble, both on the title-page and everywhere else.

The *Letters to Squire Pedant, in the East* is not a crank's book at all. Its purpose is an odd one, but the author knew perfectly well what he was about. He called himself "Lorenzo Altisonant", which was fully as pleasing as his real name: Samuel Kleinfetter Hoshour. The second edition appeared in Cincinnati in 1856; my enthusiasm is not sufficient to start me on a search for the first edition. Mr. Hoshour's object was to teach the young the meaning of long words, and especially those of classical origin. Probably self-amusement, and a little display of knowledge, were also among his motives. He describes his travels in the Western States in a series of letters, employing no short word where he could help it. Here is his introduction:

Sylvanville, Occident, June 1, 1842.

Squire Pedant,—Dear Sir; At my decession from you; your final alloquy, and concinnous deport laid me under a reasonable obstriction to impart to you a pantography of the occidental domain upon which I had placed my

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ophthalmic organs. I now merge my plumous implement of chirography into the atramental fluid, to exonerate myself of that obstriction.

He visits a Millerite camp-meeting at "Obstreperousville", and begins with a description of the preacher:

"The anteriority of the officiating homilist's existence had been rather sinuous and protean. His juvenility had been maculated with many vicious extravagations. At the termination of his adolescence, he became a fustilarian, a scambler, a literator, and an omnivagant under the profession of a bletonist. By an esoteric and supernal influence he was speedily transformed into a pietist, and he transferred the acumen of his visual powers from subterrene objects, into the cryptic parts of the hagiography. . . . His hierology was on the appropinquation of the empyrosis of this macrocosm, based on the fatidical part of the hierography . . ."

The visitor then looks at the audience:

"In juxtaposition to this, were dualistic departments for the gent, farandly and debonnair auditors; and posterior to these were two for the bisexuous rabblement.

"The male department was fraught with fatours, fop-doodles, boolies, louts, clawbacks, kickshoes, petitmatres, ragabashes, rakehells, rampallions, bumpkins, jackanapes, and wassailers. The feminine department was stocked with jilts, jillflirts, malkins, mauthers, modders, tomrigs, demireps, and gamerstangs! These occupants of the two departments mutually nictated at their lemen, and exhibited the most derisory deport toward the homilist."

The preacher spoke to his disreputable audience in severe terms:

"O! ye faitours, rakehells, rampallions, wassailers, jillflirts and demireps! What hortation shall I import to you? You all lie under the divine execration, and your subastral existence is truly temporaneous. Divest yourselves of your imbonity, incogitancy, and malversation; bonity is impetrable; perpend your longinquity from eupathy, and the inenarrable sequences of your impreparation for the apropinquating catastrophe. O! ye petit-matres, conculcate the fulgid ornature of your persons, and suppress your nugacities and stultioquy, and ye kickshoes, cease your tripudiations; and ye wassailers elide your costrels and denegate yourselves of your vinolency; and ye clinquant jillflirts, abject your elamping and bombycinous habiliments, and your bijous, and cease from your irrational calamistrations . . ."

Six or seven years ago there was published at Wilkes-Barre a long book with the title: *Hadhuch-Anti Hell-War; Monarchy's Victory Constitution's Triumph Tribute's Annihilation.* It will probably leave most of its readers as mystified as Alice after she first read "Jabberwocky", and I was only able to conclude that somebody killed something. It is apparent that the author, G. V. Damiano, had been pondering upon *The Divine Comedy* of his great compatriot, and had boldly essayed something like it, rather rashly choosing to write in a language in which he was not altogether at ease.

He outlines his first chapter in three sections:

1. How God assembled his council and how Legù were commanded to enlist me as imperial militia.
2. How God's respectable federal government announced me the promulgated Authority and how it shown its Universal garden.
3. How Legù surprised and conquered me in Amo's State.

A later chapter is announced in this wise:

1. How I opened the infernal vestibule and entered into the first Bulge.
2. How I been attacked by certain caravans of Cows.
3. How I discovered the first infernal Spy.

The cows, it appeared, were "without horns and with sweet breath. But they were making a terrible bawl in an order to thunder the entire Bulge".

The hero goes on from Rings to other Bulges, in one of which he encounters Dante and Virgil. Much is said about an important personage known as "King Vegy of this Reign". Then occurs an incident which raises the question whether the author's in-

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spiration at this point came not so much from Dante as from Mr. James Branch Cabell: "I met a lady (1) with her hairs (2) dishevelled and naked (3) herself. But an (4) Authority were beating her and saying to her that she would not appear well and making a scandal". (The situation recalls the embarrassing conduct of Miss Wilberforce, in *South Wind,* who used to disrobe at the most inappropriate moments.) Another "Authority were going to fetch a mantle to cover her. In the meantime the two Authorities were begging her that she would look better to cover herself. Then they were trying their best efforts, but they were unable to succeed their scope".

Finally, the hero threatens her with his sword (Mr. Cabell, again?) and she obeys.

Soon—after two or three hundred more pages—the climax approaches, and we read "How Legù instructed me and directed me toward the infernal door". In the eleventh or twelfth Bulge he has a conversation with a Princess: "Hey Princess thou shalt not be joyful of my beautifulness as the nature has performed. Also thou shall not enjoy thyself having me near thee. All the consequences between us are to yield my pass and for this beg thee; otherwise one of us has to get his fate . . ."

In chapter III, he enters "Sensy's Garden", and a little later "Sensy's first fort". Sensy himself "fled into the intern of his camp" and "prepared to refrain my advance". Nevertheless, he seems to make progress, for we find him describing: "How I met the first Angel and how I choiced her". A little farther along on his pilgrimage he had a less happy experience; he "met an Angel of poor quality of feminine sex" and this one, apparently, he did not "choice", for "seeing her insolvency" he "left her there and departed".

Next, we find him appearing before "Poty's Tribunal", for what reason is not clear. There begin to be many references to the "Government of the Universal Cradle".

In the second part of the book, the author tackles the subject of the Universe, and describes its form: "His form is uniformly oblong-globular as that of the actual Egg".

There is a chapter on Reptiles, distinguishing reptiles with "sweet poison" from the others which carry "sour poison", and there are whole sections devoted to "Crasis" "Apocope" and "Euphony".

The author of *Hadhuck-Anti,* like many experienced writers, finishes where he began, and in his last sentence leaves his readers in the same perplexity with which most of them read his opening words. His final advice is to "See Anti-Hell Sensys State".

Edwin H. Tenney addressed the Young Men's Association at Great Bend in 1858. He spoke on *The Romance of Reform.*

Mr. Tenney, I am persuaded, was a maternal ancestor of Miss Gertrude Stein: like her, he loved language as such. The meaning of words did not concern him. The question in his mind was, did they sound well?

He remarked at one point in his speech: "Such a theme needs no epitasis. It needs no amphitheatre with its Ignatius irritating the lions to accelerate his glory. It needs not the inflexibility of a Laurentius—or the suavity of a Pionius for it apodosis". His concluding paragraphs were these:

"Young men are *crowbars* and *minions* at the fulcrum of life—not pigmies or hollyhocks. It is the sinewed intellect, the sympathetic beat and ingenuousness that vamps a nationality, and whets its sensibilities. *You* then head the van whose plasmatic front can sway an universe. You behold in our national flank and rear—Minos and Rhodomanthos—Neros and Domitians beckoning you to the crooked policies of mistaken wisdom—dictating conjectures and issues by desperation and life—sheltering speculations and blemishes behind beauty and hope—and flooding our land with isms of vipers—but to seduce affections and macerate your brains.

"Would you remove these Senacheribs from Amaranthus then become Melanchthons in reforms not Catalines of your country. Better banish—like Lycurgus—politician and poet rather than not tear from our wheels this drag-chain of Romance of fancy and nursery of woe.

"Yes,' be conservative—be democratic—weigh possibilities and conjectures on steelyards of the Union—and when the reviving embers of freedom have luminated with

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halcyon reminiscences your rout to the grave —with 'Non mini sed populo' on your banners—immortality will welcome you as guest in another city where like Mahomet you can exclaim my wounds are as resplendent as vermilion and odiferous as musk."

Collections have been made of Baboo English, the strange writings of the Hindoo with a European education which was still a little imperfect. The whole subject has been attractively presented, with little exaggeration, in Mr. Anstey's *Baboo Hurry Bungsho Jabberjee, B.A.*

To find a serious effort of one of these learned East Indians in English verse, is, however, rather novel. It is called: *A Genial Anecdote, forming an Episode illustrating a mysterious fracas between Royal spouses and peace. By Dr. Ram Kinoo Dutt. Retired medical officer on pension.*

It was published in 1884 at Chittagong.

Dr. Dutt explains at the beginning of his epic poem that

The ancient mugal Emperor Jajandar Shah
Had weded the daughter of a Persian Pasha.

He then describes the charms and accomplishments of the bride:

Her symphonicus poems were admired by all
Her scientific idea had hardly a rival,
Her beauty was standing the best of daylight,
Had shining hue as well as moonlit night.
Her mirthful healthy mouth, teeth, and lips
Were literally dancing when sweet love creeps,
Her languished weast plumper thigh tender tiny feet
Were more atrocious against those once them met.
Her slender fingers were under middle height
Hardly pressed sweet heart with their weight.

The marriage of this prince and princess was very naturally celebrated with what Mr. Tenney would call "Nuptial orgies". During this festival, some one chanted a "Song under native tunes and Dances":

The dadalian deep dalliance
Sooner subdued sombre silence
Succeeded concupiscence well a day
There a ballet helter skelter,
Had a vice-versa encounter
There a laughter proved philter in a vis-a-vis play.

There was also an "Ode":

Morning is dawning in the east
Sun is shining in his golden nest,
Artificial vermilion on the cheeks
Of ladies who are my rare guest,
Surpassed the solar golden hue,
Came on contact along at least
Iced cream crimsoned with rashberries
Made sapid beverage under host,
Having overspread with the blushes
Look them served in the feast
Happiest sovereign moving on,
Jumped and kissed his dearest.

That these lines were sung "under native tunes" seems fortunate, for I should pity the composer who tried to set them to any such music as we understand. The statement that iced cream crimsoned with rashberries made a sapid beverage—either under "host" or otherwise—seems a doubtful statement. If sapid meant what it sounds like, instead of "savory", it would be a better chosen word. Perhaps, however, Dr. Dutt, like Mr. Tenney, relied more on euphony than anything else. The verses which follow seem to indicate that this is true:

Distich

Sing blethely, dance blethely, slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly.
With lower extremities undulating passed lowly, lowly, lowly,
Under sound of music and crankle of fine golden bangles, bangles,
Advancing forward turning backward when each waggles waggles.

This choral celebration of the wedding had a profound effect upon the Imperial bridegroom. As Dr. Ram Kinoo Dutt expresses it, in one couplet:

Imprinting repeated kisses over angelic featured face,
His Majesty collopsed with eloquence and grace.

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THE GIRL INSIDE THE MAGAZINE COVER

By Charles R. Walker

THE American public consumes more automobiles and more magazine fiction than any people in the world. Nearly all the fiction, directly or indirectly, is love fiction. It isn't strange that there should be a beautiful saleslady on the cover of most periodicals to sell and point the way to the merchandise within. The girl on the magazine cover, long before and long after a popular song was composed in her honor, has aroused comment. Before the woman who keeps her schoolgirl complexion came into competition at the railroad sidings and country lanes of America, the magazine cover girl held undeniable first place in the pictorial landscape. But during all these years few, if any, have stopped to examine critically the girl inside.

Since the magazines depend for their livelihood on meeting a public demand, in exchanging a vicarious love, so to speak, for the price of the magazine, there must be some discoverable relation between the magazine love story and the erotic life of Americans. True fiction is said to be "emotional history". Why hasn't Dr. Watson worked out a formula? Any historian knows that one of the indispensable aids in reconstructing a period is advertising and fiction. By reading the love stories one can learn, if not how people make love, at least how their contemporaries thought they ought to.

In a similar way would it be possible to construct contemporary and not historic America—from the magazines? Such an enterprise is more ambitious than the purpose of this casual study. But it is another reason for the interest in the girl inside the cover.

Two hundred and seventy-five million copies of magazines are turned out in America each month—two and a half for every man, woman and child. Of the vast number of these that carry girls inside their covers, it is a great question whether the editor creates a demand for his magazine by putting her there or whether the reader compels the editor to meet his own preconceived ideas. Put in another way, is the magazine love story an impersonal record and instrument of exchange for the unconscious emotional yearnings of millions, or is it a great editorial engine for shaping the inner life of man? Doubtless—like so much American machinery—it is a double acting differential. Throughout history the romancers have been the practical teachers of men in the art and cultus of love. They have had it all over the priests and even the astrologers. I believe today they have it all over all other agencies put together, including the psychoanalysts. The troubadours of today receive several hundred dollars more per heart throb for their work, but their romantic function is the same.

The action of the magazine love story is unquestionably reciprocal, and is so regarded throughout this article. Unquestionably it is a reflection of our unconscious hopes and standards; it is also the instrument of our romantic fate or salvation. According as the hero acts or fails to act, or as the heroine arranges her hair or her emotions in *True Story* so will millions tend to guide their emotional life. No wonder the editors of this popular instructor in love seek the written sanction of clergymen.

I shall have one practical suggestion to make, toward the end of this paper, to creators of the girl inside the magazine cover; but for the most part I shall simply describe her and analyze her adventures. Out of the readings of many years, the principal incarnations in which she appears seems to me as follows:

The 100 percent virtuous and beautiful type, deeply conventional but insulated during the first part of the story by a thin veneer of adolescent frivolity, rubbed off to

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reveal pure gold before the story ends and the girl is twenty-six.

The quiet, innocent, lovely, maternal 100 percent monogamous type, who never changes throughout the story, but from whom the hero is for a time deflected by a shallow but vampish fascinator, till true insight or the timely death of the fascinator reunite him with the faithful monogamist.

The tanned, athletic, reckless, daring, outdoor woman, as beautiful as she is untamed, who wins her mate by defiance or heroism.

The lovely but frivolous pleasure-hunter, burning out her life with cocktails, petting and parties, who is at heart sound and sincere, and fond of little children and animals, and who from the depths of social ennui is lifted by the man she truly loves into the estate of a dignified wife and a happy womanhood.

The ultra-modern girl, who believes in "the single standard" and acts on the belief. This is a new type. As a rule she finds in the end that mother was right, but in certain of the bolder magazines she discovers a good deal of wisdom that mother never knew.

The girl who has been thought plain, but isn't when she takes off her bone glasses—who has passed thirty, given up hope and is looking after poor little blind children, but before the end of the story meets a man who loves her for her soul, and, best of all, after that finds that people think her beautiful.

The married girl of all varieties, who finds it dull washing diapers, and so accepts the attention of the itinerant drummer or violinist in a burst of romance, which she finds—usually before it is too late—is but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals to the reliable orthophonic music of her husband's love.

There are several more, of course, but with these in mind you can readily classify three-quarters of American periodical fiction.

Notoriously classification squeezes out the blood. For, gentle but scoffing reader, in the proper hands any one of the girls registered above will take on the color of life and lead you eagerly through a dozen pages to the final breathless kiss. And then there are the real girls, defying classification, who sometimes, while the author is dreaming over his typewriter, slip noiselessly under the magazine cover.

It is a bad mistake to suppose that the girl in the magazine love story is in incompetent hands. The managers of her conduct and destiny are professional men. They have submitted to a stiff training. They keep their jobs by following the rules in a game where there are a great many good players, all trying to get points on each other. In studying the character and influence of the girl inside the magazine cover it is necessary, I believe, to measure first the full value of the stories that contain her adventures.

First as to the setting in which she is born. Historical fiction is not neglected by the specialist, but the typical American love story is so up-to-date as almost to have a news value. The properties and costumes are as accurate and contemporary as a Pathé News Reel, and so is the emotional mode. Genuine reportorial qualities in the author catch gestures and lingo with real skill, and mesh them into the story with a novelist's talent. Next, when the story begins, you are already in the middle of it, which is as it should be with a short story. Orientation is accomplished with high skill and an astonishing economy. One usually gets the protagonist's status—ancestry if necessary—the "location" and a hint of the first action in a sentence, or at most a paragraph. Action follows action for the substance of the story, unless this is just a "kidding" piece relying on explosive lingo, or the kind that loads up an old house or a grand cañon with scenery, sentiment, or mystery. The latter are less common. Most of the tricks of the short story writer are known to the author, and used at need. A maximum explosion of sentiment or surprise, or both, occurs at the right point in story—usually in the paragraph before the last. Throughout the style is chiefly significant for energy and avoidance of the irrelevant. There are writers who indulge in a dripping sentiment, but none are allowed to get away with "fine writing".

A story by Rupert Hughes called "Shop!", published in *Hearst's Cosmopolitan* for July, to my mind embodies perfectly the virtues of current magazine love fiction. Here is the story:

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The most beautiful girl in the movie world, who is nineteen and already a star, is cast in a picture called "A South Sea Passion" with the handsomest man in Hollywood. They play their first love scene, which is extraordinarily intimate, before they have been introduced. Each is intensely jealous and desperately fearful lest the glory of the picture pass to the other. They play each other for "points" and throughout the most loving scenes grow to hate one another extravagantly. But the picture is a huge success, and they are compelled to play dozens more equally romantic and repellant. As they devise new movie embraces they hate each other with growing cordiality. In the end so great is their success that no individual company can afford both of them. They play in separate companies. To their amazement they find themselves miserable, and their pictures are flops. Returning to each other they discover themselves in love and embrace for the first time for their own, and not the public's, satisfaction.

Here is a story which must have greatly pleased the editor. For the setting, the current mecca of sex mystery: Hollywood; for characters, the current hero and heroine of contemporary romance; for substance, the mechanics of the movies intertwined with the intertwinings of the most beautiful man and the most beautiful girl in Hollywood. For climax, old-fashioned love, marriage, and happiness. What more could an editor ask? Yet executed, because Hughes possesses a highly intelligent and civilized mind, with complete sophistication and originality. Making the protagonists hate each other through all the technical details of love-making in the movies, and crowning the pair with love only when they ceased professional love-making is thoroughly admirable both as human insight and short-story craftsmanship. By keeping off the higher reaches of emotional fiction, by knowing his man, his woman and his movies, Hughes has created a story which—in its genre—is very hard to beat.

But take another competent magazine story, and one which I regret to say is far more typical. This one called "Aesop's Fable", is by Dornford Yates and is published in the *Saturday Evening Post:*

It contains girl No. 4 in the above list. A young man of good propertied ancestry decides to write and take up a gentlemanly residence on an ancient estate in the Spanish Pyrenees. Here he lives happily—but alone, —till the well on the place goes dry. This is a tragedy. He foresees the abandonment of the land, the life, and the solitude he loves. At fashionable Biarritz he meets Lettice, a girl who has accumulated admiration, success and ennui in the higher reaches of society. She loves the Pyrenean hermit, though he doesn't know it till almost the last paragraph. Fortunately she has the diviner's skill, on a visit finds water near the old farm, and at the same time a way into the hermit's heart.

Not an elaborate plot but a perfectly sound plot built upon character. The girl's having the diviner's instinct for finding water is a bit of a hurdle, but the author gets over it with skill. Scenario elements in the story should please: *i.e.*, the fashionable watering places in Spain and America, the romantic Pyrenees, and the dignity of the old Spanish farm. Yet the tale as written has most of the faults of the magazine short story. Here is the romance at its peak and climax:

She was close in the man's arms and looking up into his eyes. As he spoke his voice was trembling. "My darling, my hands are empty (He had a Spanish estate and an income). My fable's all I've got. I've nothing—nothing that I can offer 'the Longwood girl.' "

"You have—you have, Aesop. Don't make me ask right out."

"Oh, Lettice, for what it's worth, will you take my name?"

(A while later he gets protesting again, before the little argument is settled.)

"But, Lettice, sweet, how could I? I mean the gulf I spoke of ——"

"Between you and 'the Longwood girl'? I know. It's immense—not to be bridged. But then, you see, Aesop dear, it's Lettice that's fallen for you—not 'the Longwood girl'; and Lettice has always been on the same side as you."

Do you see? One would have to be very generous to believe that Lettice or Aesop were in love. The emotional requirements

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of the plot were too much for Yates and he —or she—relaxed into false dialogue and sentiment. Yet a genuine love story was attempted in Aesop's fable. That is to Yates's credit. In most magazine fiction love-substitutes are frankly used. A highly seasoned American lingo humor is a common substitute or alloy, with the girl inside the story playing a thoroughly symbolic role. For an example of this see "This Hero Stuff", (*Liberty,* November 26, 1927). Here is a climax after a fight between two men armed with steam shovels and one with an iron pipe:

She looked at me with shining eyes. My heart felt like it was full of canary birds.

"Furthermore," I says in a strong voice, "I do declare the prize of said joust—i.e., Miss Mary Conroy—goes to the winner of the contest—i.e., myself; to be cherished from now on; to be supported in legal matrimony when I get to be more of a financial success. And if anybody has anything to say, let him say it now or forever afterward hold his peace."

I have made a partial list of the other alloys most commonly used in the American love story. They include:

Petting, mild or violent according to the policy of the magazine.

Lower middle-class snobbery and a generally diffused curiosity about people who use butlers and Rolls Royces.

Mother love.

The emotion of loyalty to the *mores* of "hearth and home".

Romantic chivalry, as recorded in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King.*

Sentiments of loyalty, respect, and fear for the Mosaic code.

One of the reasons for the employment of the above alloys in magazine short stories is that they are in actual use by readers in their own emotional life. The European may have worked out the most ingenious sensualist substitutes for love, but the American outstrips him in psychological ones. There is another reason for their prevalence in the American love story. They are far cheaper to produce. The American creator of love fiction, like a good business man, economizes. He cuts down the wear and tear of creation to its minimum. Sentiment is far less of a wrack on the creative nerves than the recollection or creation of a love scene. Sometimes, I find, a slight expenditure of actual nerve energy can be detected, or a trace of feeling at the peak of the story, to insure its acceptability. But in the sweep of the narrative the author's blood is expended with the greatest economy.

In every business there are exceptional persons who are artists. Their motives and methods are different from the rank and file of the profession. These, quite obviously, I am not describing. The magazine girl owes little to their endeavors.

In the contrast of the masters of emotional economy it is only fair to mention a wholly different type of craftsman. In the work of this author one feels that thirty or forty kilowatts of emotion have gone wild, but almost none of it is sluiced into words. The dialogue may be quite bad and the situations wrong-headed. But despite all, the fund of human sentiment and emotion the author was born with—and never did anything about —leaks through. Unfortunately, as such a practitioner continues his technique will improve and his native rapture dwindle to the normal.

None of the characteristics of the magazine girl so far touched on are comparable in importance with her rooted preoccupation with moral sanctity. Above wealth, romance, position, or passion, stands a glowing adoration of the Ten Commandments. This is easily the distinguishing mark of her character. It deserves study, for it is far less simple than it seems. Not the Watch and Ward Society, or marketability, or love story production as a business, quite explains it.

Puritanism, Americanism, may all be offered as partial solutions. But I turn to actual examples as a sound beginning for research. Take "The Uptown Girl", by Viña Delmar, in the July *Red Book.* This is a very high type of magazine story, almost the highest. Here it is:

The young and beautiful wife of a taxi driver is pictured in an up-town New York apartment deftly getting breakfast for her husband at five o'clock in the afternoon.

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They treat each other to affectionate abuse, which produces some of the best younger generation dialogue I have read anywhere outside of Fitzgerald. The taxi driver leaves. He is a night worker. The man occupying the adjoining apartment opens the door and takes the young wife in his arms. The dialogue which follows in its sincere thoughtlessness again compares favorably with Scott Fitzgerald. The young man has rather more visible wealth and good looks than the taxi driver. The taxi driver's wife thinks about this while she is washing the baby's diapers. It is a matter of only a little imagination and a few pages for her to see herself as the neglected slave of a thoughtless man beloved by a gentle knight. The young man from the adjoining apartment encourages this imaginative conception. All arrangements are made for their escape together. Tickets are bought, bag packed; she appears at the door to greet her lover, carrying the baby on her arm. The lover says: "you can't take the kid!" Complete emotional reverse, nicely handled by the author in New Yorkese. She kicks the lover out. Taxi driver returns in time for the curtain, bearing a gift for the baby, and the news that he is going to give up night work.

There is nothing false about this story. It is beautifully dialogued, and all the emotional stuff is pitched in character. One has the conviction that it actually happened. And it probably did. There is much, however, that is false in the fact that only stories of this kind are written and printed in American magazines. After long search I have failed to find a single tale in an American popular magazine (the type is monotonously common in European fiction) of the married man—or woman—who falls genuinely in love with someone not his or her legal partner; in which all the parties are fine characters and the effect of the passion is honestly worked out in all three. In the American story, the husband—or wife—of the protagonist is always a brute—or a shrew—and justifies a divorce or gets killed in a motor accident, or otherwise spoils the story just as it becomes psychologically interesting. Yet *the story happens* in America. It happens, and certain peculiarities of the American temperament make the situation rich in psychological interest.

I suspect that the American *mores* on love and marriage are changing, but magazine fiction hasn't caught up with them yet. Old conventions of romance linger after the spirit is dead which made them. Witness Don Quixote and his Dulcinea. But the change comes at last. It is surely time for a Cervantes to set to work on the girl inside the magazine cover.

If the above conditions applied only to cheap writers for cheap magazines, the lover of honest character delineation in literature could wash his hands of the matter. But the magazines of low price and high circulation, with few exceptions, get the best writers. High-brow magazines printing fiction catch as a rule only the freak pieces and rejected stories.

There is, however, one type of love story now popular that deserves recognition for honesty and artistic perfection—the tale of Suburbis. Scott Fitzgerald and his lesser imitators have perfected a realistic portrayal of temporary, exciting and—generally speaking—unsatisfying sex attachments that is admirable for its honesty and short story finesse. But magazines cannot live on an emotional fare of promiscuity any more than can men and women.

Indeed, the real criticism to be made of the American love story is not that it isn't portraying with accurate realism the whole repertory of casual sex-relationships observable today, but that it rarely tells a convincing story of a love that is not casual. With that attempt comes recourse to the old substitutes: sentiment and convention. Writers of love fiction are apparently caught upon a dilemma of sensuousness and morality. Either they portray a girl who, interested in an exciting repertory of sensations, and having few complications of caste, conscience or property promptly indulges them, or they give us a heroine passionately conforming her emotions to a moral ending. Either might but neither does fall in love. If the reader didn't want a love story terribly and was willing to supply most of it from an excited imagination, the author could never get away.

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Love is irrational, magnificent and terrible. It wrecks lives and builds them. A love story is satisfying when it communicates something of this nature to the story. When it doesn't it fails. People need love stories to catch a glimpse of love. Which is why the bowlderized, morality-mongering versions of high romance that are printed in *True Story* are more popular than a realistic philandering. I have no quarrel whatever with the popular demand for a love story that shall tell about love. My quarrel is with the author who is repeatedly substituting righteousness, moral satisfaction and domestic happiness in its place.

I have one suggestion: Most good love plots are to be found in the cheaper stories. There tremendous sacrifices are made and infinite dangers undergone by lovers for each other. Crudities and falseness abound, but the basic idea is sound—the essential madness and extravagance of love. It is suggested that the writer of superior skill, who has a sense of character and style, mine these magazines for their plots and use them in giving us a fresher and more moving lot of American love stories. The cheaper magazines would suffer no financial loss, and would be happy, I think, to render this simple service to literature.

LITTLE LONELY HOUSE *M. J. Gallagher*

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SIR CHRISTOPHER GARDINER: KNIGHT OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

By James Truslow Adams

IN 1629 things were going badly in England. The great activity of the Elizabethan days, the discoveries and opening of new markets and trade routes, the enormous influx of American gold, had been followed by years of decline. The backbone of commerce, the cloth industry, was going to the dogs. So was agriculture. There was poverty everywhere, not only among the lower classes but among the gentry who were being elbowed on every side by the new rich who had ridden the whirlwind changes and come out with fortunes in their hands. Sturdy beggars swarmed the roads. Old squires were groaning under taxes and poor relief. country estates were rapidly passing from old families to up-start business men. Nobody knew what Charles Stuart might try next. Forced loans were ghosts to comfortable country gentlemen. Then there was the religious uncertainty. Times were bad and worse might follow.

People had been pouring out of England overseas and the flood showed no signs of letting up. By another decade about twenty-seven thousand would have gone to the mainland of America and thirty-seven thousand to the West Indies. Needy courtiers contemplating the terrific rise in the cost of living cast about for means of increasing their incomes. Among them, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, strong at Court, had staked out claims in the New World almost at the turn of the century. Later he and his associates procured a grant of all North America between latitudes 40 and 48. Their colonizing had not been successful, but annoying persons, like fishermen and religious enthusiasts, were squatting here and there all over the place.

In 1629 John Winthrop lost his government office and for some reason his law practice also went wrong. They had helped to sustain his position as Lord of the Manor of Groton and he was much worried over money. He had a large and expensive family. "With what comfort can I live," he wrote, "with seven or eight servants where for many years I have spent £300 or £400 yearly?" Besides, he did not like the religious signs of the times at all. A company of Puritan peers and lesser men had formed a company to colonize Massachusetts. They had received a patent which conflicted with Gorges's claim but they could probably make good against him. Winthrop decided to sell out in England and head the emigration. Plans were made to take several thousand people out in 1630.

Gorges had never succeeded in realizing a shilling out of his half-continent, but this new company, with plenty of capital and middle-class business ability, was preparing to settle in the staked claim. Powerless for the moment to combat it in England, he thought it might be worth while to keep a sharp eye on the interlopers in New England. Their first thousand settlers were to sail in the spring.

* * * *

On some day in January or February 1630 a mysterious party boarded an English fishing boat bound for one of the "stations" on the coast of Maine. These vessels were rough affairs, manned by rough crews, and the unexpected presence on board of the soldierly and much-travelled Sir Christopher Gardiner, Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, university graduate, and nephew, so claimed, of the great Bishop Stephen Gardyner, long since Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor of Bloody Queen Mary, must have caused no little marvelling. He was accompanied by one or two servants and a pretty young female. Whence he came and who he really was we know no more than did the

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fishermen. The incidents of the voyage and what happened next until about the end of April are lost in one of those impenetrable fogs that sweep annoyingly across the path of history just when we most pray for clear weather.

. . .

Somewhere about May Day, Sir Christopher and his household arrived on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, mysteriously turning up from nowhere in particular. He proceeded to build a home, about seven miles from Boston, apparently near the house where the irrepressible Thomas Morton, Gent., of Clifford's Inn, had been carrying on his pretty doings. It was said by the devout Bradford, Governor of Plymouth, that Morton and his parties of squaws sometimes drank ten pounds' worth of liquor in a morning, and his Maypole had been cut down by the scandalized Plymoutheans, but Morton, unchastened, had returned after a short absence to his old "Merry Mount". He was probably one of the nearest neighbors in the wilderness to our Knight of the Holy Sepulchre; but except for the presence of the pretty young woman, the Knight behaved himself with great seriousness and discretion. Nevertheless, the presence of a Knight on the shores of Massachusetts Bay required a deal of explaining. Tongues wagged. Soon Winthrop and his company arrived and Boston was settled and grew rapidly. Still the Knight kept his counsel and maintained his grave demeanor. The leaders of Massachusetts were no democrats, politically or socially, and a Knight was entitled to deference. Still, the puzzle of his presence was becoming maddening. And the young woman? Governor Bradford at Plymouth could throw no light on it at all. He could only answer queries by saying that, a month or so before Winthrop, Sir Christopher had arrived with his servants and the young person whom he called his cousin, though Bradford somewhat quaintly added that he suspected "she (after the Italian manner) was his concubine". The Knight himself, when questioned, replied graciously that he had seen much of men and countries in Europe and the East, that he wished to retire from the troubles of life and was content with his asylum in the wilderness, where he could live a godly life and not lower himself by mean employments to gain a living.

Suddenly, however, things began to happen. Enquiries had evidently been set on foot in London. The colony's agent, Isaac Allerton, had been doing detective work. Information brought from him by Captain Pierce, arriving from England, led Governor Dudley to deliver himself of the startling, if somewhat non-sequential, statement that all the time Gardiner had been fooling them and that he "was no Knight but instead thereof had two wives now living at a house in London". The older one as to wifehood claimed to have been married and deserted in Paris years before. The second, who not only claimed to have lost a husband but much fine linen and good consoling plate, had been similarly treated in London. In their mutual search for the joint husband they had run across each other and combined forces. Not that their objects were identical, for the first wished to have the errant knight return to her in penitent mood whereas the younger called loudly for his total destruction. She seemed to feel more acutely the introduction into the triangle, now become a quadrangle, of the young woman, whom she proclaimed to be no cousin at all but merely Mary Grove, "a known harlot".

Here was a pretty kettle of fish set almost at the door of righteous Boston. Winthrop got his letters with the startling news on the 18th of February. Nothing was done hastily and the matter was discussed privately among the magistrates, but there had been several passengers, including several godly wives, on the ship which brought the incriminating reports, and there was probably much gossip. "Scandalous speeches" were one of the weaknesses of the Saints. Sir Christopher had his own means of getting wind of things which concerned him, as he showed on more than one occasion, and as he gazed over the February landscape from the windows of his home he must have cogitated long and earnestly as to what steps to take, with the two wives behind him in England, the wolves in front of him in the woods, and those meddling, unco' guid in Boston. If only spring would come! Luckily, there was no

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court held until the 11th of March, and then, with no trial or summons of prisoner or witnesses, the magistrates laconically ordered that "Sir Christopher Gardiner shall be sent as a prisoner into England by the ship Lyon now returning thither". It was enough. On the whole, the wolves seemed the least dangerous, and when, a few days later, the knight saw the constables coming he slipped out the back way and disappeared into the snow-filled forest, with gun and compass.

The constables found Mary Grove and the servants, and Mary was promptly carried off to Boston. In court, she proved a recalcitrant witness. She admitted that she and Gardiner had formerly been Catholics but that now they were good Protestants. Considering their relations, this was not without its humor, lost on Dudley. She had heard of a wife, long since dead as she believed; thought Gardiner was a knight but knew nothing of when or how he was knighted; and beyond that and a few other unimportant trifles, refused to commit herself. The court, not without humor of a sort on its own part, then ordered that she be sent to "the two wives in Old England, to search her further". But as we shall see, she did not go. As for Gardiner, the court felt that it need not trouble about him as he would certainly perish with hunger and cold. A reward was posted for his capture and the matter rested.

The knight, instead of travelling northward, as they had believed he would, headed toward the Dutch colony at New Amsterdam. He got as far as about a half-day's walk from Plymouth in the woods back of that coast and there hesitated. He must have had a very unpleasant few weeks alone and without shelter in the cold March and April weather, and then again fortune intervened to clear the situation for him. He was discovered by some Indians who at once went to Governor Bradford at Plymouth and asked permission to kill the fugitive. In his own words the governor "told them by no means; but if they could take him, and bring him hither they should be paid for their pains. They said he had a gun and a rapier, and he would kill them if they went about it: and the Massachusetts Indians told them they might kill him. But the Governor told them, no; they should not kill him, but watch their opportunity and take him. And so they did; for when they light of him by a river-side, he got into a canoe to get from them to keep them off, the stream carried the canoe against a rock, and tumbled him and his piece and rapier into the water. Yet he got out; and having a little dagger by his side, they durst not close with him but getting long poles, they soon beat his dagger out of his hand. So he was glad to yield, and they brought him to the Governor".

Bradford at once sent word of his redoubtable capture to Winthrop, and also of the fact that in a note-book Gardiner carried the dates when he had been received into the Roman Catholic Church and of the university degrees which he held. A guard was sent from Boston, and by the 14th of May Gardiner was back in Massachusetts, practically a prisoner under surveillance. But though the magistrates had him what could they do with him? To be sure, two women in England claimed him as husband; but there had been no warrant sent over for his crimes there, if he had committed any, and in Massachusetts he had behaved discreetly save in so far as there was a pretty young woman living in his house. Heads might shake knowingly, but he said she was a relative and what could be done? From this point on, the two so-called wives in England disappear completely from the story in one of those wisps of fog which so continually obscure it. Were they really wives? One suspects a bit, as one wonders why they never took the action which the Massachusetts magistrates would have been delighted to further.

About the end of June, however, the fog lifts in an unexpected quarter and both we and the magistrates suddenly discover light. A boat arrived from the Piscataqua with a packet of letters addressed to Gardiner in care of, of all persons at the moment, Governor Winthrop. Neither the governors of Massachusetts or Plymouth ever scrupled to rifle the personal correspondence of their citizens, and Winthrop read the letters instead of handing them to their owner. They disclosed the fact that Sir Ferdinando had

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by no means given up hope of maintaining his claim to Massachusetts and that Gardiner was his confidential agent. But this only led the magistrates deeper into the quagmire of doubt. If they drove Gardiner out of the colony or shipped him to England would that not be a new ground for action against them by Gorges, who was already planning to do them all the harm possible in England? Indeed, considering that no crime in Massachusetts had yet been or could be charged against the knight, had they not laid themselves open to most damaging criticism in high quarters at home by what they had already done?

Meanwhile, Sir Christopher continued to live in his house, merely expressing somewhat more freely his opinion of the hypocritical government of the neighboring town. His secret service to Gorges was now no longer of any use, since the secret was known, but he seems to have been in no hurry to go to England—possibly the wives *were* real. Once more, however, fortune stepped in most unexpectedly and decided his mind for him.

A certain Thomas Purchas, who lived in Maine, where life was dull and women were scarce, arrived in Boston. He met Mary Grove, overlooked everything and married her, taking her back to the Androscoggin. Easily adaptable to all circumstances, Sir Christopher went with them, and the trio lived at Brunswick all winter. The only light we get on their singular triple relationship is from the fact that nine years later, long after Gardiner had disappeared into his final historic fog, a law suit was held in Maine. A man claimed that during what we may call the triangular winter Gardiner had bought a warming pan from him, saying Purchas had ordered it, and that the knight had never paid for it. As Purchas, who stoutly maintained he had never ordered it, was yet made to pay for it by the jury, it would seem to indicate a certain sense of justice on their part, and that, in the opinion of the neighborhood, Sir Christopher had spent chaste if chilly nights during his stay. When or why the knight left the hospitality of his friends we do not know. The fog descends again for a time.

In August, 1632, Sir Christopher Gardiner, Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, English gentleman, landed as a passenger at Bristol, England. He had been travelling, and expressed himself freely as to the "traitors and rebels against His Majesty" whom he had found in New England, and of the shameful treatment they had meted out to him, an innocent temporary resident there. Sir Ferdinando Gorges was preparing his heaviest guns to attack the colony and its charter. In December, the Privy Council accepted Sir Christopher's affidavit, title and all, in the proceedings. And suddenly, the fog settles and never lifts again. The knight disappears. His wives disappear; and only Mary Grove, "the known harlot", now Mary Purchas, continues, a discreet, and occasionally historically traceable, housewife, a "respectable married woman", on the banks of the Androscoggin.

. . .

Here history ends and fiction begins, if there is really any dividing line. Whether it is the savage in his naked painted body and feathered plume or the modern American realtor in his regalia as Shriner or what-not, mankind has always loved the trappings of rank and title. Democracy does not do away with them. It only adopts them yet more avidly and in ridiculous form. The early days of Massachusetts Bay were pretty bleak and colorless, and the writers of romance and poetry have clung to Sir Christopher, disguising his name and distorting his story. The first to use this precious treasure trove of a romantic rascal was the literarily prolific Miss Clara M. Sedgwick, who used him as Sir Philip Gardiner in her novel *Hope Leslie, or Early Times in Massachusetts*, published in 1827 and republished in two volumes in 1862. Whittier gave his imagination free scope both as to Gardiner and Mary Grove in *Margaret Smith's Journal* in 1849, inserting a poem supposed to have been written by the knight about his adventures in Turkey, about as different from the one fragment of verse which has descended from Sir Christopher as two births from the New England muse could well be. In the same year, John Motley introduced him in the

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novel *Merry-mount*. John T. Adams, in 1857 wrote a stout little small octavo novel in 473 pages entitled *The Knight of the Golden Melice* in which Mary Grove appears as Lady Geraldine and the Catholic Church is involved in a complicated plot. Perhaps the most absurd handling of the theme is that by Longfellow in *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, in which the utterly unromantic and rather sordid Mary Grove appears as a tenderly sweet "young thing". When the sheriff went out to arrest Gardiner in his "castle"

"No knight he found, nor warder there,
But the little lady with golden hair,
Who was gathering in the bright sunshine
The sweet alyssum and columbine.

And so he

". . . arrested the golden damsel instead,
And bore her in triumph into the town,
While from her eyes the tears rolled down
On the sweet alyssum and columbine
That she held in her fingers white and fine."

One need not point out the rest of the absurdities.

The whole story of Sir Christopher is an interesting case of attenuated history and elongated myth. Of all the "men in the street" whom I have asked what they knew of Sir Christopher Gardiner in American history, not one had heard of him, but every American school child is brought up on the *Rhyme of Sir Christopher* and his "little lady with golden hair".

Note. There is only one veracious account of Sir Christopher Gardiner, that by C. F. Adams in the Mass. Hist. Soc. *Proceedings* for 1884. He first gathered all the scattered references into a coherent and scholarly narrative. An erudite essay of over forty years ago is non-existent for the general public but I wish to express my indebtedness to it.

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TO THE MEMORY OF WILFRED OWEN

(1893-1918)

By Charles Norman

Into the sunset of their youth they strode,
  Resolved to horror splendidly, and brave;
Oh, brave they were upon war's final road
  To bring irresolution to the grave,
Firmly, in the staccato scene of war
  Where the huge guns abode whose speech has blown
To twilight beaches of the evening star
  Since Flanders and the fields of France were sown
With youth, and the sad world forgot to weep.
  Oh, these were lads with singing in their blood,
And lips too fond of kissing love to sleep,
  And loathing their last mistress of moist mud.

These, in the world's far cities, walked so proud,
  Tingling when twilight glimmered, and their eyes
Saw glad-faced girls unto whose eyes they vowed
  The fleet, immortal moments of the wise.
Oh, these were lovers and beloved of many,
  The nights glowed with their ardor, days dawned bright;
Now where they sleep, they are unknown to any;
  The trailing seeds thrust through them toward the light.
And these were song-makers and full of dreaming,
  Who brooded in late hours of endeavor,
Until they saw war's lurid flowers streaming
  In the shocked sky, and shut their eyes forever.

Now, in the streets they trod, the shadows lie
  In deep, spilled heaps of gloom that cats disturb
Probing the midnight and the fleece of sky
  That glitters in the pool beside the curb.
And not their sons walk here, but tired, old men;
  And women old for sorrow of those years
That tried their souls, and will not try again;
  Having but once inured their souls to tears,
Horror and loneliness, and perished dreams.
  Oh, here, before bright bugles called to death,
Lads paused for kissing the entangled gleams
  Of moonlight in girls' hair; their souls drew breath.

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But not for long; for then the summons came,
The glamourous treachery of bugles blowing,
And banners beating in their hearts like flame
That were not on the roads when they were going
In solemn march abreast to stain the ground,
And spill their years for petals' sustenance;
This was the final glory that they found,
In dark or twilight on the soil of France.
And lads fell there that will not ever know
Those seeds they brooded on had come to bud
On barren ground and ground beneath the snow
In the astounding blossom of their blood.

Their hearts, the harps of sorrow, are unwrought,
Are stilled forever, and will sound no more;
And all their visioning has come to nought;
Their ships of dreaming foundered by the shore.
Their songs and stories and their sculpturing,
Painting, and all the arts of their distress,
Blow with the wind from seas of evening,
Beyond the sea-towns of forgetfulness.
And we forget the grandeur of their ways
Before spring labored in the earth to speed
The tragic flowers of these empty days
That bloom upon the highway of new greed.

O slender shadows of the cross that hide
The little grass upon lads' graves, but not
The folly of our elders in their pride
Whose souls are crucified on gleams of thought:
What of the living lads—oh, what of these,
Who face the sunrise of exulting times,
Aware of the bright buds of ecstasies,
Splendor of art, and love that chants in rhymes?
There is no voice that answers, but the moan
Of winds mourning in twilight, and the sound
Of those manoeuvered guns again that shone
When lads before them paced to pave the ground.

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A Portfolio

A PARADISE FOR LAWYERS

By Newman Levy

AS a lawyer I have a professional antipathy against the orthodox concept of Heaven. There is something terrifying in the thought of an eternity of celestial unlitigious peace. "In my Father's house", we are told "are many mansions", but little hope is held out to us that the mansions of the blest will be encumbered by a mortgage however slight, or even the trifling solace of a mechanic's lien.

There must be a place where good lawyers go when they die; where lawyers who have lived a life of professional rectitude, who have never sought adjournments for the sake of delay, and who have never endeavored deliberately to ensnare a trusting judge into committing reversible error, may find the reward to which their virtuous conduct entitles them. Abstract Justice, so dear to the juridical mind, demands it and creates, if I may be permitted to lapse into professional jargon, an irrebuttable presumption in its favor.

The Paradise of Lawyers lies somewhere in the pleasant suburbs that adjoin the infernal empire of Hades. This must be so; there must be a reasonable proximity to the source of all litigation, and, as every lawyer will appreciate, the place must be accessible to clients. Amid a shady grove, near where the waters of Phlegethon and Acheron flow placidly through the muddy confusions of riparian rights, alluvial deposits, easements and rights of way, stand the Inns of the Court.

These buildings are old and weather-beaten. Tangled ivy clings symbolically to the walls. When they were erected many æons ago, following a celebrated action in ejectment (See *In re Lucifer*), they were found immediately to be inadequate for the purposes for which they were intended; there were not enough court rooms to handle the rapidly growing calendar, there were an insufficient number of chambers for the judges; in short, the grand and glorious tradition of court-houses was then and there started, and has been followed ever since.

Beneath the overhanging shade trees wander the shadowy figures of the legal giants of former days. There in the distance, along the water's edge, are Bracton, Glanville, Coke and Littleton in animated—or should it be inanimated?—discussion over some knotty question of feudal tenures. Here are the mighty figures of Blackstone and Mansfield, black-robed and wigged, the scholarly Lord Eldon, the stern and stately Chancellor Kent. Lesser legal lights stand about in groups discussing eternal questions of law and fighting again ancient battles.

Inside the building the courts are in session. The majestic John Marshall presides austerely over Trial Term. A trial is about to begin. Rufus Choate, bland and urbane, rises and addresses the court.

"Your Honor," he says, " the defendant is not ready and requests a short adjournment of five hundred years."

"What does the plaintiff say?" the judge asks.

"Your honor," Lord Broughan rises slowly and bows with courtly deference to the judge, "I hesitate to oppose counsel's request, but this case has been on the calendar for three hundred years ——"

"I think Mr. Choate's application is a reasonable one," says Judge Marshall. "I'll grant the adjournment, but you'll both have to be ready next time."

The newly arrived shade who has wandered into the court room smiles contentedly, for he knows that he is in Paradise.

Across the hall from the court room is the

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library, a long high vaulted room crammed to the ceiling with shelves and book stacks. But this is no ordinary law library, for every one of the million or more volumes contains only cases in point. These books, since the invention of the typewriter and the spread of literacy to judges and lawyers, have been accumulating at the rate of several thousand a day. Even the geographical limits of infinity are beginning to be a bit cramped for shelf space, but it is felt by the local bar association that Paradise would scarcely be Paradise if any restriction were to be placed upon the number and the length of the opinions that the judges might write.

And each opinion in the reports is accompanied by four or five dissenting opinions which explain in restrained judicial language precisely why the learned brother who wrote for the majority of the court is an unmitigated ass who ought to be shoveling coal in the adjacent regions.

At the tables in the libraries, their noses buried deep in the mighty calf bound tomes, sit vague shadowy figures—the ghosts of the brief-writers, the tireless sleuths of the law. These shades are dead but they do not know it. It is said that upon his arrival each one is presented with a paste pot, a pair of shears and a copy of Shepard's *Citations of the Nether Regions*, and is then escorted to the library where he is left and forgotten.

There is a bar association, of course. For several centuries Judge Blackstone has been its president, much to the distress of Bracton, Glanville, Fortescue and other venerable members of the bar who are grieved to see new and radical ideas creeping into the profession. But Judge Blackstone, who is believed by the younger members of the association best to represent contemporary legal thought, has continued to be re-elected despite their opposition.

The association has monthly meetings, but its principal activities are carried on by committees. The Committee on Professional Ethics, for instance, of which Lord Jefferies is the chairman, has been engaged for many generations in formulating an adequate Code of Professional Ethics. The final report has been delayed owing to the inability of the committee to agree on an important question of professional conduct, namely, the correct way to address a judge. Should it be "If the Court please", or "May it please the Court"? Some dissenters believe that there should be no ethics at all in a lawyer's paradise, but they are in the minority.

The Judiciary Committee, which passes on the fitness of candidates for judicial office, is the most important body in the association. In recent years, this committee has adopted the practice of submitting its report after election. It was believed that this plan would avoid the loss of prestige that invariably accompanied having its recommendations ignored by the electorate. Inasmuch as no one has ever paid any attention to its reports, either before or after election, this plan has worked out quite satisfactorily.

The bar association is the center of social life. In the spacious raftered Great Hall with its lofty stained-glass windows the members meet each night at dinner and make merry in a sedate lawyerlike way over tankards of musty ale and goblets of rare old wine. Here are told over and over again the stories of famous legal combats, gay rollicking tales of contingent remainders, and droll anecdotes about the Rule Against Perpetuities and the Rule in Shelley's Case. The Prohibition Heresy will never enter the Lawyer's Paradise. Marshall has written a brilliant opinion, concurred in by his colleagues, demonstrating its unconstitutionality.

And so the ages drift placidly by as the lawyers in blissful contentment await the Final Judgment. On that day, as the trumpet of Gabriel announces through the gardens and groves of Paradise that the Court of Last Resort is about to hand down its decision, I can picture throngs of lawyers with brief-cases and books under their arms, crowding into the vast hall of the Heavenly Tribunal. The venerable Lord Eldon, the spokesman for his professional brothers, advances with slow dignity to the Judgment Seat. "Your Honor," he says, as a thousand archangels rap for order, "I move to set aside the Judgment on the ground that it is against the law and against the weight of evidence, and on all the other grounds set forth in Section 549 of the Civil Practice Act."

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EMERSON AND THE ELDER HENRY JAMES

By Hansell Baugh

TEN years before the publication of *Representative Men;* two years after the appearance of his first published essay, *Nature;* six years after his departure from the ministry of the Unitarian church, Emerson had already become a member of the Transcendental Club, had strung himself on Margaret Fuller's "necklace of diamonds". He had met Bronson Alcott, in whose company, Mr. Brooks says, Emerson's "mind . . . kindled and burst into flame". And he had met a man named James, whose friendship left no recognizable mark on Emerson. The elder Henry James was to another of their contemporaries "a little, fat, rosy Swedenborgian amateur, with the look of a broker and the brains and heart of a Pascal"; but to Emerson, he was always "a true comfort—wise, gentle, polished, with heroic manners, and a serenity like the sun". His keen appraisal of the nascent sage is one of the least known and best founded judgments of Emerson in existence. It is little known because it is buried in a mass of books almost impossible to read; well founded because their friendship was prolonged, and was as intimate as friendship in their time and in their circle could manage to be.

Their friendship goes back to some time between Henry James's twenty-fifth and thirtieth years. Emerson was eight years his elder. The earliest anecdote relates that in January, 1842, Emerson was "taken upstairs" to see the newly born infant who later became known as William James. Already, at that epoch, both men had gone sufficiently far on the way toward their mature characters to establish at once a relation that had scarcely to suffer a variation in the remaining forty-two years of Emerson's survival. This meeting preceded by several years James's first acquaintance with the doctrines that were henceforth to be his dogma. With the dogma of the Presbyterian church he had already found it impossible to agree, as Emerson had found his case to be with the ritual of Unitarianism.

James had at that time reached perhaps the climax of his persistent religious debate with himself upon the question of the nature of man. The absence of egotism ("selfhood" he called it, after Swedenborg; "conscience" after Calvin) was the first noticeable trait in Emerson—a negative one—in the estimate of James. Himself saturated with the conviction of evil in his soul, he beheld this young man named Emerson who had just become known to him, and: "Good heavens! how soothed and comforted I was by the innocent lovely look of my new acquaintance, by his tender courtesy, by his generous laudatory appreciation of my crude literary ventures!" His very appearance seemed to James an indication of his total unconsciousness of any personal struggles with the idea or the conviction of evil; there appeared to be something unmistakably "virgin-born" in his manner.

James would go to see Emerson time and again, would lock himself up with the avatar in his sacred bedroom, making a solemn vow to "uncover the secret of his immense superiority to the common herd of literary men" before the door was opened. But James found that he might as well have locked himself up in the room with "a handful of diamonds, so far as any capacity of self cognizance existed" in Emerson. Before their acquaintance had survived its first week, it dawned upon James that the breath-taking superiority he had attributed to his friend consisted exactly in his friend's charming social behavior, even in his personal appearance, and did not consist in any extraordinary intellectual capacity. More brightly it dawned upon him that this superiority came to his friend "by birth or genius, like a woman's beauty or charm of manners; that no other account was to be given of it than that Emerson himself was an unsexed woman"—woman symbolizing for James the equally unsexed divine complement of man's human nature. And though his friend continued to exercise the same

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charm for him, James felt at once that Emerson's "intellectual prestige" had been permanently damaged by the narrowness of his understanding. On the whole, says James,

". . . at first I was greatly disappointed in him, because his intellect never kept the promise which his lovely face and manners held out to me. He was to my senses a literal divine presence in the house with me; and we can not recognize literal divine presences in our houses without feeling sure that they will be able to say something of critical importance to one's intellect. . . . Any average old dame in a horse-car would have satisfied my intellectual rapacity just as well as Emerson."

Whenever his until-lately-Presbyterian friend fell back into ecclesiasticisms, Emerson merely relaxed the muscles of his admirable face in a benign smile—the Emersonian equivalent of derision: his only feeling on the burning question of the church was one of polite antagonism: "he was to all appearance entirely ignorant of the church's existence until you recalled it to his imagination; and even then I never knew anything so implacably and uniformly mild as his judgments of it were".

The same "implacable" mildness was evident in Emerson's responses to all the questions on the mention of which James invariably rose with vigor to attack or to defend. He was equally lukewarm, equally incredulous, about the State: "Judge Hoar and Mr. John Forbes (the father of Emerson's son-in-law) constituted his spontaneous political conscience; and his domestic one, equally spontaneous, was supplied by loving members of his own family—so that he only connected with the race at second hand". Since he was thus relieved of all the material business of existence, all the voting, all the tax-paying, all the church-going, his life rolled along as smooth as his own Olympian brow, which never became ruffled except in commiseration of his less serene friends. It was only in his later years that he took any interest in the ardent political theories of James, whose last published book during his own lifetime was a complicated account, scarcely an "elucidation", of long-cherished ideas about a social redemption for mankind; and James adds his regretful doubts that Emerson's interest even at that late day was very serious.

This profound indifference of Emerson to the problems that James considered to lie unresolved at the base of civilization—whether "worldly" or "spiritual"—seemed explicable only through an utter lack of conscience, or "consciousness of himself as either good or evil". Translating these terms into more acceptable ones, James urged that Emerson's intellectual life was not lived at all in the passing of judgments, either on himself or on other men, or even on the world in which they all existed together; but it was lived entirely on the plane of perception, which, Henry James declared, "is an altogether lower or less spiritual faculty". And yet:

"No man could look at him speaking without having a vision of the divinest beauty. But when you went to him to hold discourse about the wondrous phenomenon, you found him absolutely destitute of reflective power. He had apparently no private personality."

As for James in his personal relation with the sage, the distinction between perception and judgment takes on a greater clarity for the reader of Emerson's writings with longer acquaintance. There is a circumstance in Emerson's "private life" which is illuminating: he is said to have written his essays to the tunes of an Æolian harp played on by stray airs entering his study window. Thomas Carlyle's comment is worth remembering:

"The sentences . . . did not always entirely cohere for me . . . they did not, sometimes, rightly stick to their foregoers and their followers; the paragraph not as a beaten *ingot*, but as a beautiful square *bag of duck shot* held together by canvas!"

It is permissible to wonder what that day will be like when a reader may approach these splintered fragments with the hope of finding in them the beauty or the squareness that Carlyle found; it will not be necessary ever to approach them again with the expectation of finding a conceptual system or even a sustained attitude: it would scarcely be possible ever to have approached them

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with that hope with which the elder Henry James approached their author's person—the hope that he would infallibly clarify some perplexing "difference between law and gospel in humanity—between the head and the heart of things—between the great God Almighty, in short, and the intensely wooden and ridiculous gods of the nations".

FEWER AND BETTER WORDS

By John Macy

THE noble Oxford scholars and printers have finished the New English Dictionary and put into our possession nearly half a million words with two million illustrative uses. This vast thesaurus probably contains sufficient words and phrases to express our most profound and original thoughts. It seems a proper time to put to sleep for a long, long rest some words and usages which are very tired or were crippled or feeble-minded to start with. I suggest a preliminary list for a Dictionary of Dead Words:

Culture. More than fifty years ago Dr. Edward Everett Hale recommended that this word be put on the shelf for an indefinite period. He did not live to see what a bore it has become.

Crass, wedded to *Stupidity.*

Keen, as applied to sense of humor.

Intrigue, as a verb in the French meaning: *donner à penser.* The N.E.D. gives no example of such a use in English.

Meticulous, in the sense of exquisite, delicate, careful. The word means timid, so that the connotation of it is derogatory. There is authority for the secondary meaning, but our younger writers are working it to death. As a publisher's reader I hereby promise to reject any novel in which it appears more than once.

Lurid, used apparently as if the writer thought it meant something like vivid or highly colored. It really means pale yellow, wan, gray, quite the opposite of highly colored. A good word to put in the morgue.

Terse, in the sense of short and snappy, concise. It means polished and has no suggestion either of brevity or of length.

Hokum, a word utterly ruined by Mencken and his imitators. It is probably one of those comic popular words whose sound suggests the meaning, like Hocus-pocus.

Subconscious. A cant word in the current psychological mythology, to be eschewed in fiction and everywhere except in a technical discourse.

Complex, as a noun, especially when mated with *Inferiority.* Same comment as for preceding word.

Slay, in the sense of Murder. Murder is unlawful slaying. Slaying is any kind of violent killing, including the most honorable and righteous. Some kinds of murder, by poison for example, are not slaying. The current use of the word is due to the writers of newspaper headlines whom the exigencies of space compel to find short words. Newspaper English is often vivacious, vigorous, close to life. It is quite as often corrupt and corrupting. *Slay* and *Slayer* are perfectly used in Emerson's *Brahma:* "If the red slayer think he slays, or if the slain think he is slain".

Buxom, in the sense of plump, physically robust. The word applies properly not to physique but to disposition, and means jolly, cheerful, hearty, as in Milton's

"A daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe and debonair."

The radical first meaning is yielding, unresisting, and an obsolete secondary meaning is amorous, wanton. This suggests what the old masculine makers of the language thought a buxom lady was likely to be. The word is hopelessly spoiled for present use and may be put in the ash-can.

Winsome, used, by a mistaken assimilation of sound, to mean winning. It means joyful, delightful, and of course the qualities suggested by those words are winning, attractive. But the word is spoiled, currently misunderstood, and may go to the dump with Buxom.

Poignant. This word is not misused, but it is used too much and is so weary that it

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can hardly keep its once sharp eyes open. Let's give it a vacation.

Convincing, as applied by reviewers to works of fiction. When a critic tells me that the plot and characters of a novel are convincing, I suspect that they are not and that he is belaboring a foot-sore word. The N. E. D. will give him some fresh verbal beasts to carry the burden of his weighty thoughts. For while I am pleading for fewer and better words, I am of course pleading for more and less trite words.

But I had better stop giving advice and look alive to my own vocabulary. Every writer must decide for himself what worn words to throw into the discard.

DEDICATION TO MYSELF

When I was three years old I read a poet—
Pellucid primer to a sallow youth!—
Whose aromatic dint upon my throät
Left me the hiccoughs in default of truth:
Her delicate syllable, in my straitlaced error,
Appeared to deviate from my infant standard;
Profuse, ignoble was the arrogant mirror
In which my iridescent language wandered.
But this my shame of long ago emblazoned
Becomes munificent to ingratitude,
My proper ear by this is better seasoned,
And I will give you beautiful for good.
For that my innocent eye would still beguile me,
Daily I'll scan the verse of Elinor Wylie.

T. S. Matthews.

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Sights and Sounds

ARE WE SOPHISTICATED?

By Ernest Boyd

THE question of American sophistication versus the imported variety occurred in bewildering succession during the past month to one who was nominally merely in search of the evening's entertainment in the theatre. Obviously a proof that Ibsen and Shaw have won. We must take the theatre seriously, or rather, take ourselves seriously to the theatre. At least, I suspect the authors and producers leave that delicate choice to us. They, being men of the world, know exactly what they are up to, and all of them are not necessarily serious all of the time.

First, there was "Eva the Fifth", in which Kenyon Nicholson and John Golden invited us to contemplate the dramatic possibilities of a company of troupers who have been playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the tank towns under adverse circumstances. Another play of the "Broadway" vintage, we muttered, after "Excess Baggage" and "Burlesque", once more the secrets of backstage are unfolded, even if the scene be a troupe car on a siding at Hiawatha, Kansas. It is not necessary to come as far as Times Square in order to be initiated into what goes on behind the scenes. A flattering thought.

Well, hearts as true beat in the K. of P. Hall, Centralia, Kansas, as back-stage in any night club or burlesque theatre in New York, and are wrung by the same conflicting emotions of love of one's girl and duty to one's profession. Miss Claiborne Foster had wrought us up to an appropriate state of sympathy as we beheld her sacrificing her career as the fourth in her family to play Little Eva, and also her man, when suddenly the diminutive Lois Shore, of Grand Street Follies fame, emerged as the Fifth Eva, and was expertly and astoundingly juvenile. Then we realized that what was happening was a nice burlesque of the death of Little Eva. Humor combined with pathos. What could be unfairer than that? Gloom amongst the critics, but expert predictions of popular success. The general public, it seems, is not sophisticated.

But, wait! What about "The Phantom Lover", the translation of Georg Kaiser's *Oktobertag,* by Herman Bernstein and Adolph E. Meyer? Here is indubitably one of the worst translated plays that have afflicted the ears of those accustomed to the normal charms of the tongue that Shakespeare spake. It is likewise one of the most commonplace and dreary and least dramatic situations ever regarded as the nucleus of a play. An apparently looney young female acquires a child and names as its father a man whom she has only seen at a distance. Of course he is not the parent. One has only to listen to a portion of Act I to realize it acutely. Who cares how this imbecile came to conceive either the idea or the child? Everyone talked about it in awed whispers, as if the corpse of a beloved someone were just being laid out for burial. Something of that hush softened the criticism. Kaiser has been produced by the Theatre Guild. I possess a bulky tome in German devoted to his life and works. He cannot really have written such piffle as that? But he did. Who is sophisticated now?

Hold! Perhaps Arthur Richman can tell. He followed Herr Kaiser's masterpiece with a light comedy entitled "Heavy Traffic", in which Miss Mary Boland, A. E. Matthews and Reginald Mason, old hands at the game, capably showed how the sophisticated classes live. That is to say, they have done so in what are known as English drawing-room comedies, the authentic sources of all sophistication, where every whiskey and soda (count them) and every adultery pleases, and

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only marriage is vile. Mr. Richman, in other words, had a good production.

In fact he had a good play of this kind. A cynical husband, completely aware of his craven and selfish wife's infidelities, finally decides to act when he discovers that he can start all over again with another girl who happens to be the honorable but devoted sister of his wife's latest flame. He catches his wife in a trap out of which even she cannot wriggle, which permits the author to expose contemptuously the type of female in question. There are the proper ingredients of amusingly cynical dialogue, with a sentimental interlude, and a serio-comic couple in the throes of a nagging love affair. The cynical husband, as befits the type, turns out to be a kind-hearted fellow. He will not get free by naming as corespondent the brother of the girl he loves. But before the curtain ends there are distinct hopes of his doing so without any psychic pain to the deserving family into which he is so anxious to incorporate himself. In brief, a very fair specimen of the modern drawing-room comedy, *à la* Coward, Lonsdale, Somerset Maugham. Alas, there was a tendency to remember that, despite the English actors, the author is an American. His dialogue could not be quite so brilliant. Haven't we all been in an American drawing-room? People don't talk that way. Whereas abroad . . . That's different.

Let us see? Who is really sophisticated? Is Arthur Hopkins? In a certain sense he is, as his production of Sophie Treadwell's "Machinal" proved. Her play, whose title is presumably the French word for "Mechanical", under any other name and in any other presentation would not have seemed so deep. But, there is a little uncertainty as to the pronunciation of that title; it was expected that this would be a melodrama based on the Snyder-Gray case; there was that and something more. Essentially, it was the Snyder-Gray type of murder. A woman who loathes her husband, kills him under the impulse of her passion for another man. There are no intellectual complications; just that bare fact.

How do Miss Treadwell and Mr. Hopkins present this material? In two parts and ten scenes, of which the first seven are intensely interesting. The first with its picture of the human machines in their office, repeating mechanically their formulae, at the switchboard, the typewriter, the adding-machine. The second with the daughter vainly trying to get into some human relationship with her mother at home. The third, a powerful tableau of a honeymoon with the boss, leering, chuckling, furtive even in his legitimate relation. Then the hospital; the unwanted child; the electric riveting; the mechanically sympathetic nurses and doctors. Next, a speakeasy, shown for the first time in its dramatic possibilities: the various couples in all stages of the human search for pleasure, from the elderly gentleman praising wine and first editions to the couple who are just having a swell time getting drunk. Here the woman meets her man. The next scene, in its way the most pathetic, is their romance in a furnished room. Her first and last experience of something in life that is not mechanical, of what she takes to be a grand passion.

The man has adventured in Mexico, he can sing a Spanish song, he has even killed a man down there, but he is not the glamourous hero she thinks him. He even tries to bring her down from the clouds to the realities of this world, which is not so mechanical and dreary if one knows how to take life. The woman's only gleam of joy, of playfulness, is brought out in this scene with superb effects. Then comes the scene in her own drawing-room (not a sophisticated one). Her husband is uttering his inane chuckle, kind, coarse, intolerable. Outside a barrel-organ plays the Mexican song the other man once sung. In a phantasmagoria there passes before her eyes her relationship with that man and the possibilities of killing a man.

The last three scenes show us the court-room, (the only scene which is a prolonged emphasis upon one incident) the prison, and then a darkened stage which gradually lights up in a rosy glow, completely empty. Played in a purely realistic setting and set forth in the conventional three or four acts, this play would not have arrested the attention or excited the comment which it did. To some it actually seemed too "arty" for popular suc-

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cess, that is, to those who presume to foretell box-office results. Yet it must be evident from even this outline that here is nothing "arty" save the settings and the use of scenes instead of acts—hardly an innovation, but sufficient, apparently, to lend an air of sophistication to an otherwise commonplace narrative.

Frederick Lonsdale's authentically English comedy, "The High Road", provided an opportunity for observing what can be done with a certain manner—a certain *cachet*, as one used to say when learning French. If I were to say that some Unknown Warrior had written a play about a titled youth who announced his engagement to an actress and then discovered that his family disapproved; that the obscure playwright has his actress come to stay with the noble family and that she conquers the ladies by her sweetness and light, the gentlemen by more time-honored methods; that the Unknown's actress begins to seem a lady, but that he shows that gentlemen may not be gentlemen; and that his actress leaves them all and goes back to the stage: if I were to say all that, in behalf of an unknown dramatist, and that moreover Pinero and his friends used to present this material heart-rendingly, who would scent the presence of the last word in English sophistication?

Yet such was in substance the play by Mr. Lonsdale, which was at once accepted as being proof that one must not expect subtleties from the mere native. To be sophisticated is apparently not a state of mind but an acquired condition of tailoring and accent. Not that Mr. Lonsdale has failed to write a most diverting comedy. But so has Mr. Richman. So have others, only to be buried under brutal summaries of their elementary plots, or harsh reproaches about their innocence of modern metropolitan life. The nobility and gentry of England have by this time accepted sterner facts than that devised by Mr. Lonsdale as the axis of his play. In fact, transferred, shall we say, to the Back Bay section of Boston, such a play might even seem a brilliant study in contemporary American realism; that is, if contemporary American realists ever go in for being brilliant.

Can it be that the familiar can never be sophisticated? Distance must lend enchantment to that view. New York has welcomed for the season a distinguished British dramatic critic, St. John Greer Ervine, whose work on the London *Observer* has brought him into the front rank. One of the first plays which the new arrival saw was "Night Hostess", by Philip Dunning, a work received with genuine but not excessive applause. It is an effort in the "Broadway" manner to dramatize the so frequently assailed profession of a night-club hostess and the entertainers. Mr. Dunning relieves them of the charges brought by a committee of busybodies some months ago.

Mr. Ervine wrote a lengthy and most appreciative article which must have somewhat astonished those of his colleagues who complained of its hackneyed plot and compared it unfavorably with "Broadway". However, with all that, Mr. Ervine further declared that he never went to night-clubs, loathed the people who did, and would be darned if he would ever associate with such a crowd as Mr. Dunning depicted to the critic's evident enjoyment. Some of his colleagues might argue that this denunciation of night-clubs and cabaret life detracted somewhat from the warmth of Mr. Ervine's encomiums. He answered them in anticipation by saying that the play seemed to him "imaginatively true", or words to that effect. Just as Sean O'Casey has explained to W. B. Yeats that it is not necessary to have been in a war to write a good war play.

Still pondering over the mysteries of sophistication, I decided it must mean what is imaginatively true. Therefore, the dramatist should beware of offering, as sophisticated, scenes and dialogue that can be criticized at first hand by too many people. Hoofers may convince Park Avenue of their authenticity, but how can the process be reversed? That is why it is probably safer, if unfairer, always to import from London one's sophisticated drawing-room comedy. Americans sit in parlors anyhow, don't they, or didn't they?

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"BALLADS, SONGS AND SNATCHES"

By Abbe Niles

CONSTANT readers, if any, of this department will recall that in THE BOOKMAN for last April I issued a public appeal for the text of a venerable American song whose existence was indicated only by that of various other ditties, sung, according to the credits below their titles, to the "tune of 'Few Days'". To that tune, for instance, were sung the Dartmouth class of '58 song, "Come, Brothers, Drive Dull Care Away", and the old Amherst song "My College Course Must Have an End" (for both of which see *Carmina Collegensia*, ed. 1876); and to the same air there still are sung the hill-billy nonsense verses known as "Was an Old Fish and His Name was Whale" (*American Mountain Songs*, by Richardson and Spaeth, Greenberg, 1928), as well as the favorite Psi Upsilon catch, "Come, Brothers, and a Song We'll Sing". The Psi U's likewise employ this air against their rivals, thus:

The bright-eyed maiden said to me
(Psi U, Psi U)
"I don't give a damn for D.K.E.!"
(Psi Upsilon)

and those rivals, in their uncouth way, return the compliment with such verses as

Little monkey up a tree,
(Psi U, Psi U)
The more he climbs the more you see.
Psi Upsilon.

Finally, "Few Days" furnished the tune for the Frémont song in the campaign of '56, reproduced in this place last April.

Here, then, was a prime example of the song which as verse quickly dies the death, while its air, to other words, achieves something like immortality. For another instance, how many readers have ever seen a single stanza of "My Lodging Is On the Cold, Cold Ground", which furnished the tune for "Fair Harvard" and for "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms"? "Few Days" is so nearly lost that my appeal has brought not a single reply, and under the circumstances it is not without some complacency that (having just unearthed it for myself) I now present the reply to my own advertisement:

"FEW DAY'S" *

Words and Music by John H. Hewitt.
The only correct edition
Sung by Harry Lehr
of
Kunkel's Nightingale Opera Troupe
Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1854 by H. McCaffrey in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Maryland.

* Spelling and punctuation as in the original.

BEST SELLERS IN POPULAR MUSIC

The following list as of September 26th, in order of popularity, is furnished by a leading New York jobber. ("W" indicates waltzes.)

My Angel
Jeannine (W)
That's My Weakness Now
I Can't Give You Anything but Love
Girl of My Dreams (W)
Get Out and Get Under the Moon
Little Mother (W)
Out of the Dawn
Memories of France (W)
Roses of Yesterday
Old Man Sunshine
Chloë

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Solemn.

This world is coming to an end, Few Day's, Few Day's!
I'll leave it for I have no friend, I'm gw'ine home!
I'm gw'ine to run clear out of sight, (Few Day's, etc.)
And leave these noughty diggins quite (I'm, etc.)

(Chorus)

Fo' I've a home out yonder, (Few Day's, etc.)
I've a home out yonder, in old Tennessee.
And I can't stay in the wilderness (Few Day's, etc.)
Can't stay in the wilderness, I'm gw'ine home.

They tell about Maine Liquor Law,
*It makes the folks all drink the more.***
Nabraska's gw'ine to be a State,
Cuba, too, will come in, wait.

Everything is done by steam,
Leather taffy—chalk Ice Cream.
Railroads, Steamboats, Telegraphs too,
Though all things change, there's nothing new.

The Shanghai fowls so tall they grow,
The people cannot hear them crow.
The Turkeys too are on the stir
They'll strip the Russians of their fur.

There's sin and folly everywhere,
Enough to make old people stare.
I'll sing my parting song once more,
And then I'll pass over Jersey shore.

The above is taken from the original sheet music as published by Henry McCaffrey, 179 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; a slightly different version is to be found in Geo. Christy & Wood's New Song Book (also 1854). The thanks of the Department of Ballads, Songs and Snatches is extended to the many clients who would have furnished this information, had they been in a position so to do.

** See next verse, last line.

New Phonograph Records. *Singing Negroes:* Clarence Williams, like the white Willard Robison, does everything, and does it well. If Handy is Father of the Blues, Williams is their uncle. He writes his own words and music, sings, plays the piano, and leads two distinctive orchestras, the Washboard Five and the Jazz Kings. His clear and engaging voice is upraised this month in "My Woman Done Me Wrong (So Far as I am Concerned)"—a noble title—and the somewhat reprehensible "Farm Hand Papa", both with Jimmy Johnson's elegant piano accompaniment (*Columbia*); and you may hear Williams's equally clean-cut and effortless piano playing in "Wildflower Rag" and "Organ Grinder Blues" (*Okeh*) . . . The following are called to the notice of connoisseurs: the fine, harsh, wild harmonies of the Birmingham Jubilee Singers in two spirituals, "I Heard the Preaching of the Elders" and "Where Are You Runnin', Sinner?" (*Col.*), of which the first may be found in the Johnsons' second collection, while the second is, I believe, unpublished. Also for connoisseurs, the extraordinary guitarist Blind Willie Johnson, apparently a religious fanatic, singing "Mother's Children Have a Hard Time" and a Samson fantasy called "If I Had My Way I'd Tear the Building Down". (*Col.*) Another oddity is "Uncle Joe Gimme Mo' " and "Sweet Like a Sugar Cane", an adaptation of Spanish rhythms to West Indian Negro accents, sung by Wilmoth Houdini, evidently a rare bird, to the music of Clark's Iéré String Band (*Ok.*) . . . *White man gone black:* "Blue Yodel No. III" and "Never No Mo' Blues" (*Victor*), sung by Jimmie Rodgers, whose singing and guitaring are as easy and lazy as ever, but who needs a gag-writer, for he's running short of verses. *Self-improvement department:* "Pay Your Furniture Man" and "Women Spend Too Much Money", sermons by Rev. J. M. Gates, assisted by Deacon Leon Davis and Sisters Jordon and Norman, all colored (*Ok.*) . . . *Excavations department:* "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me" and "Silver Threads", sung by Jenkins and C. Robison (*Ok.*); and Leo Boswell applying his tender tenor tonsils to "Two Little Girls in Blue" and "The Fatal Rose of Red" (*Col.*) *Vocalist, white:* Ukulele Ike (who is listed as a comedian but can give cards and spades to the whole gang of heart-song singers at their own game) in "Chiquita" and "All of the Time" (*Col.*). Ike knows what the regulars don't: that no matter how the singer's

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heart-strings are being torn, slurring is not the way to indicate the fact. . . . *Southern mountain song-dances:* "Cheat 'Em" and "Ain't That Skipping and Flying", sung to a remarkable accompaniment of guitars, banjoes, kazoos and whatnot by the Allen Bros. (*Col.*) . . . *Orchestral records for listening purposes:* Paul Whiteman playing (as in his famous first Aeolian Hall recital), Victor Herbert's suite of Four Serenades (*Vic.;* 12 inch record). Like all Herbert's later work, these are quite hollow; but they are colorful. Also hear an imported recording of "The Beautiful Blue Danube" by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Weingartner (*Col.*) . . . *Middle-aged tunes, Steinached:* "Whispering" and "There'll Come a Time", as foxtrots by Red Nichols (*Brunswick*), and "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "Darktown Strutters' Ball" in pompous Publix arrangements by Vincent Lopez (*Br.*) . . . *Foxtrots in hot jazz:* Duke Ellington has done his famous "Black Beauty" with "Take it Easy" on Brunswick and Vocalion records, and with "Jubilee Stomp" for Victor. "Take it Easy" as Ellington did it for Okeh is, however, the finest of all hot records. Also not to be missed is Ellington's version of Handy's "Yellow Dog Blues" and Spencer Williams's "Tishomingo Blues" (*Br.*), though they hardly suggest the originals. That remark also covers the Original Wolverines' interpretations of "A Good Man is Hard to Find" and Clarence Williams's "Royal Garden Blues" (*Br.*). Refer to the Wolverines also for "Shi Me She Wabble" and "The New Twister" (*Br.*); they are remarkable for a fine single-string guitar player, and unusually complex trap work. Miff Mole's Little Molers, who sound more like canines, have hot versions of "You Took Advantage of Me" and "Crazy Rhythm" (*Ok.*), and Venuti's of "Crest of a Wave" and "Pickin' Cotton" (*Ok.*) are the best yet of those Scandals songs. Ellington, again, has the final word on "Diga Diga Do" and "The New Low Down", from the Negro show "Blackbirds" (*Ok.*). *Politer foxtrots:* Arnold Johnson, who plays them in the show, doing "What D'Ya Say?" and "Crest of a Wave" (*Br.*), the former being the prize number in the Scandals score. "10 Little Miles from Town" with "Out of the Dawn" by Paul Ash (*Col.*), or with "Driftwood" by Olsen's (*Vic.*), or with "If You Don't Love Me" by Sam Lanin (*Ok.*); here I choose the Tall Ash of Lake Michigan. For the excellent "Just Imagine" just released from "Good News", I prefer Jean Goldkette's record (*Vic.*), with "My Darling". Harry Reser has sportive renditions of two vivacious things, "When Eliza Rolls her Eyes" and another Scandals piece, "What a Night for Spooning" (*Col.*). See also Paul Whiteman play "Out of Town Gal" and "Driftwood" (*Col.*), and Arnold Frank's, with nice piano and guitar effects, in "You're a Real Sweetheart" and "How Could Anything so Good be Bad?" (*Col.*). *Waltzes:* "Memories of France", by Goldkette's, with the foxtrot "Forgetting You" by The Troubadours (*Vic.*); "Jeannine" and "Grieving" by Ben Selvin's (*Col.*).

Sheet Music. See above—and also *The new musical shows: "Hold Everything"* (DeSylva-Brown-Henderson) has one exceptional song, "Here's One Who Wouldn't", while for heat, "Heel Beat" rivals "The Varsity Drag". *"The New Moon"* (Romberg) is weak, with the march "Stout Hearted Men" as its most promising number. *"Just a Minute"* (Harry Archer) is a very strong score; don't miss its "We'll Just be Two Commuters", and listen to "Pretty, Petite and Sweet" and "The Break-Me-Down". *"Chee Chee"* (Rodgers) has the most distinguished song of the late summer, "Moon of My Delight", while "Singing a Love Song" is also good. Notice to Mr. Whiteman, who jazzed "The Man I Love": Don't jazz "Moon of My Delight", Sir. In *"White Lilacs"*, wherein Chopin is massacred, I have nothing to recommend. "The Dagger and the Rose", from the Cellini operetta of that name, is a fiery and stirring song in march tempo, by Eugene Burton. *"Luckee Girl"* (Maurice Yvain) has "Magic Melody", which will do; although Kern's piece of that name still has the edge. Harry Ruby's "Some Sweet Someone" and "I Wanna Be Loved by You", in *"Good Boy"*, are below his best, but B-plus. Harry Tierney's "Dream Sweetheart" and "Right Out of the Moon", in *"Cross My Heart,"* are pretty.

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EMIL LUDWIG: A CHARACTER SKETCH

By George Sylvester Viereck

"I BELIEVE in great men. I do not believe in princes. Great men who shape the destiny of nations rise from the people. They are not born to the purple. Napoleon, Goethe, Lincoln, Edison, all were sons of the people," remarked Emil Ludwig, biographer of genius, journalist de luxe, lecturer and author, clenching his well-shaped hands emphatically.

Seated in the Fifth Avenue home of Otto H. Kahn, we were facing each other like duelists. We had crossed swords at various times on the subject of William II. Ludwig was his enemy, I was his champion. It was only natural that our discussion turned almost immediately to the subject of the royal exile in Doorn.

"You must forgive me," Ludwig exclaimed, "if I abstain from any debate on the Kaiser which may reverberate beyond the confines of this room. In the two months that I have been in the United States, and in the three years that have elapsed since the publication of my book, I have imposed this limitation upon myself."

"It seems to me," I remarked politely, "that I have seen a number of interviews with you in which you discussed the Emperor."

"One interview which appeared in a Chicago newspaper was invention from the first word to the last," Ludwig replied, somewhat heatedly. "I have written a book of five hundred pages about the Kaiser, which was published in eight languages and broadcast throughout the world. If I were to indulge in reiterations of the same theme on a smaller scale I would be accused of continually harping on the same string.

"I am happy," Ludwig went on to say, "that my book on the Kaiser has achieved only one-fifteenth of the circulation of my book on Napoleon in the United States. My book on the Kaiser was written only for the Germans. This is a fact which I should like to have recognized throughout the world."

"But your portrait," I replied, "has been discussed in every country of the world. It has strengthened the prejudice against the Kaiser and has given ammunition to his foes."

"My book," Ludwig excitedly shouted, "may have injured the Emperor, but it has served the cause of the German nation. For more than ten years I and my friends have condemned without mercy the old German Government, because this was the only method at our disposal to demonstrate to the world that the maligned Germans were completely innocent as a people. The Germans were efficient, honorable and excellent, but they were misguided and misled.

"If precedent were needed I could evoke one great example. In March, 1871, Victor Hugo, addressing the French Parliament at Paris, declared with fiery eloquence: 'We are grateful to the Germans because they have freed us from our Emperor. To express our thanks we shall some day free them from theirs'.

"You see," Ludwig continued, "that was a noble utterance. It was spoken like a Roman."

"To the friends of Germany in foreign countries the Emperor was the symbol of Germany. The myth of Germany's guilt was so closely associated with his person in the minds of his foes that an attack on him was an attack on his people."

"You are mistaken," Ludwig replied. "The defenders of the old régime and its head, who refuse to discriminate clearly between the German people and the German Government, perpetuate the prejudice of the world against the Germans. They attempt to becloud the splendid German deed of November, 1918. They should hail with pride the resolve of the German people to emancipate themselves from ancient shackles and to assume a man's estate among nations."

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"Niemann and others look upon the German revolution in a different light. However, whatever our attitude on that subject may be, the fact remains that to the world at large the Kaiser stood for Germany. To the well-wishers of Germany in foreign lands it seemed hardly fair for a German like myself to join in the attack of his enemies."

"Do you know," Ludwig retaliated, "what a relative of the Emperor in England said to me? 'Nothing has been as effective as your book. Now at last public opinion in England realizes that William was not a "Hun", a "Mad Dog" or a "War Lord", but an unfortunate human being who attempted to conceal his weaknesses by braggadocio and thus, entirely contrary to his will, precipitated the ruin of his country.'

"Two other relatives of the Emperor have said to me: 'We regret the publication of your book; unfortunately it is only too true'."

"It seems to me," I replied, "that the persons who made such a statement have no understanding of the Emperor's psychology. If his maimed arm affected the development of his character, it was not a source of weakness but of strength. It taught him to overcome his handicap, to wrestle with himself until he had mastered his soul."

Ludwig shook his head sadly. "He seems to me the tragic embodiment of what Adler calls 'the over-compensation of an inferiority complex'. I owe this wisdom entirely to you," Ludwig continued, "for I borrow the expression from your review of my book, in which you attempt to convict me of being the victim of an inferiority complex. I have never read either Adler or Freud, and I only learned from you that I suffered from an inferiority complex."

"It seemed to me," I replied, "that you were concealing your racial forebears under a pen name."

"Never," Ludwig said, "have I attempted to conceal my origin. I am proud to belong to the race which gave birth to Jesus, which gave us Spinoza and Einstein."

"Your change of name?" I asked.

"I never changed my name. My father, realizing the handicap imposed in imperial Germany upon any Jew, however patriotic and however able, legally altered my name before I was one year old. Emil Ludwig has been my name ever since under the law. I could not legally adopt any other."

"I deeply regret," I replied, "if I have wronged you unwittingly. My remark was not provoked by any possible prejudice against the Jews, a race which I have always admired and to which my sympathy goes out. It merely seemed to me that it was psychologically of importance if you were denying your origin.

"I received my information from one of your intimate friends. Friends are not always the most reliable sources. In fact, I pointed out that your own book was all the more biased because you drew so largely upon the so-called friends of the Emperor. I will admit that when I wrote about you I did not quite visualize your personality. I treated you as an abstract problem, not as a human being."

"But I am a human being!" Ludwig exploded. "I have no objection if a critic questions my style, but he has no right to challenge my honor, to question the integrity of my motives."

"Did you," I remarked, "when you wrote the book about the Kaiser, consider that he too was a human being, that he might read your book and that it might cause him pain?"

"I," Ludwig replied, "am an author. The Kaiser is a historical personage as well as a man. I considered it my duty to draw his portrait as I saw him, to prevent the German people from ever placing so much power in the hands of any hereditary ruler."

"Then your book is, after all, a political document?"

"In a larger sense, perhaps," Ludwig admitted. "My primary motive was to voice the bitterness of my own feelings. I had to write the book. I did not think that it would make a sensation. My publisher printed only a small edition. The book was made by its enemies. When it was attacked by partisans of the monarchists it became the book of the German Republic. Some of those close to the Kaiser were enraged by my book, not because my portrait was not true, but because it was too true."

"Many of those who are close to a great character," I replied, "do not always see him

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in the proper proportion. No man, it has been remarked, is a hero to his valet, not even Napoleon."

"Something of Napoleon's greatness appears even in the accounts of his valets. Napoleon was a great man. Even his friends can hardly claim the same for the German Emperor."

"It seems to me," I observed, "that you do not appreciate sufficiently the constitutional limitations imposed upon the Emperor by Bismarck. Bismarck made the post of chancellor to fit his gigantic stature. He made the Emperor impotent politically. The Emperor could not act without a chancellor. It was his misfortune that he did not find a Bismarck."

"If," Ludwig remarked, "Germany had produced another Bismarck, he could not have lived in the atmosphere of the imperial court."

"That," I rejoined, "is a hypothesis which it is impossible to discuss. Was not," I added, "the conflict between the Kaiser and Bismarck due largely to the fact that the Kaiser championed liberal labor legislation and opposed the so-called exception laws against the Socialists? My own father was a Socialist member of the Reichstag who was expelled by this legislation from Berlin, as a young man."

"The Kaiser," Ludwig admitted, "was spasmodically a liberal. He was right on the Socialist question. It was the Emperor's misfortune to be right only in matters of comparative unimportance. It was Bismarck's genius to be right on all matters of large importance."

"Can you deny," I remarked, "that the Kaiser constantly strove for peace, that he maintained the peace of Europe for twenty years?"

"He strove for peace," Ludwig replied, "but he talked war."

"Are you," I said, "opposed to a just war?"

"I agree with your own Benjamin Franklin, that there never was a good war or a bad peace. I told you before that I was not a politician. There is only one thing in which I ardently believe, which I crave with all my heart—peace. I am first of all a pacifist."

"A pacifist," I said softly to myself, "who glorifies Napoleon."

Ludwig, whose hearing is as keen as his intuition, caught my phrase. "Napoleon was a genius, not because of, but in spite of, his wars. After his thirtieth year, war was forced upon him again and again by the monarchs of Europe. Napoleon foresaw the dream of Pan-Europe. He first envisaged a League of Nations."

"The present League of Nations," I replied, "seems to me largely a *plunder-bund* formed by pious robbers who desire to perpetuate their plunder."

"Even the present League," Ludwig retorted, "is a great beginning. It is an experiment, however feeble, which points the way to world peace."

"But peace, world peace, as the Kaiser once remarked to me, is impossible while God creates men and not rabbits."

"A new age is rising. It may be slow, its aspirations may still be inchoate. Nevertheless the new spirit is perceptible. It appears even in the din of diplomatic controversy. I can see it even between the lines of bloodthirsty newspaper editorials. I know well enough that at heart we are all close to the savage. Civilization is our attempt to overcome the savage within us.

"The other day I stepped, in my Italian garden, on a lily snail, a snail which destroys our most beautiful flowers, and which serves no useful purpose whatever. My little son, who watched the incident, said to me, 'Papa, won't you lend me your shoes the next time when we see one of these snails? I would like to crush it'.

"I cannot deny that I committed murder in this case. I cannot deny that the murder lust existed even in my little boy, brought up on the doctrine of pacifism. I am not yet prepared to urge, like a Hindu philosopher, the absolute denial of man's right to take any life. Nevertheless, I am opposed to those who urge mass murder in the name of patriotism or in the name of economic necessity. The very fact that the murder urge lurks within is a reason for combating it to the limit."

"Now," I remarked, "you are talking pure Freud."

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Ludwig seemed to resent this suggestion. "Permit me to repeat that I had no acquaintance with the doctrine of psychoanalysis before writing my books. After their publication I met Freud once and had it out with him. We talked for three hours. I respect his age and his achievements, but he is the very antithesis of the things for which I stand."

"For what do you stand?"

"I am a pupil of Goethe. Goethe anticipated Freud by a century. In Goethe I revere the great personality, the great humanitarian, the genius of letters and of life, who achieved his greatness not by inheritance, not by a fortune, not by robbing others of their birthright, but by a painful struggle with himself."

"Goethe," I said, "like yourself, bowed before Napoleon, but he also gave his allegiance and his services to his native prince."

"You cannot," Ludwig remarked, "compare William II with Karl August, the Grand Duke of Weimar. In those days princes were still a necessity, an aid to culture. Today they are a hindrance. Evolution sweeps them away."

"Like yourself," I remarked, "I am not a monarchist. Nevertheless, I believe that the Kaiser's greatest misfortune was the fact that his personality was too great for his job. He is a far more complex, a far more gifted personality than is realized by his enemies or by his friends. Neither you nor I can determine his ultimate standing. I think that history will confirm the justice of my contention."

"A great man," remarked Ludwig, "does not run away."

"Frederick the Great," I remarked, "carried poison which he intended to take in case of defeat. He, too, considered flight, even flight from life! Napoleon deserted his armies in Egypt and in Russia. The Emperor's decision to leave Germany, based upon the advice of Hindenburg, was a sacrifice, the supreme sacrifice he could make. It would have been much easier for him to die."

"Great men do not reason thus. They know how to live and how to die. They never turn a deaf ear to the summons when destiny calls."

"Yet," I remarked, "Professor Ernst Jaeckh, a democrat like yourself, in his lectures on the New Germany says, 'This indeed was the best he could do, for his departure averted civil war and saved Germany's union'."

Emil Ludwig shook his head. "I do not know what Professor Jaeckh writes, but I prefer a genuine royalist to a pseudo-democrat."

Before departing I asked, "Do you look upon yourself as a man of letters or as a journalist?"

"It is difficult," Ludwig replied, "To make a distinction between the two."

"Count Keyserling," I said, "in a conversation with me, referred to you as a 'retrospective journalist,' a journalist who writes of the past in the same manner in which other newspaper men write of the present."

"This opinion," Ludwig remarked with a sarcastic smile, "interests me solely as a symptom. I do not wish to engage in an intellectual wrestling match with Count Keyserling. Like all his opinions, his statement lacks originality. I have encountered the same point of view half a dozen times in criticisms of my works. Repetition does not transform falsehood into the truth.

"When recently I had the pleasure of meeting Gilbert K. Chesterton I was delighted that he stressed the fact that he was a journalist. If the smallest penny-a-liner considers himself an author, it is only just if so great an author should call himself a 'journalist'! Unfortunately we Germans have no word like 'writer' or *écrivain*. The word *Schriftsteller* is a verbal monstrosity."

"It may amuse you," I interrupted, "that Arthur Schnitzler, to whom I recently talked in Vienna, puts the 'poet' at the top and the 'journalist' at the bottom of the literary scale."

"Such an arrangement," Ludwig remarked, not without amusement, "is typically German. In other countries a poet may intervene in the arena of politics by writing articles on issues that stir his people, without staining his laurel with the dust of the street. In France, for instance, there is hardly a poet left who confines himself to his lyre.

"In England, the greatest creative spirits

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divide their work between prose and verse. Byron, Wordsworth, Swinburne, Hardy, did not disdain to take a vital part in the discussion of great political questions.

"The most representative spirit of our times, Bernard Shaw, told me that he is proud of being a journalist in the sense that he writes for the day. Voltaire's plays and poems are largely forgotten but his pamphlets and his forensic discussions live, for it is to these, together with a few other books, that Europe owes the French revolution.

"It is extraordinary that I am reproached for being a journalist chiefly by journalists. Among such journalists I also number the Baltic Count. This attitude exemplifies an 'inferiority complex'." Ludwig slightly bowed to me as he used this expression. "It springs from the unwarranted feeling that an author loses caste if we call him a journalist!

"I was the first of all German authors of my generation to make the leap into journalism, even before the war—in the spring of 1914. I realized that something was lacking in my equipment which the lonely woods I had made my home could not supply. I went to London as the correspondent of a daily paper. Up to that time, my thirty-fourth year, I had never seen an editorial room from the inside. I had never sent a news item over the wire. I had never even contributed a single 'stick' to a daily paper.

"My experience in four years of active newspaper work was greater than my accomplishments. To be a newspaper correspondent is the best means for a young poet to see the world and to educate himself by new contacts. It resembles the 'grand tour' which, in the eighteenth century, was essential to complete the education of great nobles and princes.

"I stuck to my post for four years but I was never active in an editorial room. I was not made for the co-operation required by this type of work. When I quit newspaper work, I wrote my plays and a novel. Until I was thirty, I had never written a word of prose!

"I confess in every country on every possible occasion how proud and glad I am to have won my spurs as a journalist. However, my work of today is essentially different from my journalism. Journalism enabled me to see the world, to meet men and to understand the under-current of politics; today I attempt to create full length portraits of great characters, drawing whatever ability I possess to a large extent from my experiments with the drama.

"It is hardly possible to compare my books—books of seven hundred pages or more—with journalistic performances. A copper etching may be worth more than a huge painting. A classic *feuilleton* of the Vienna school, an essay by Alfred Polgar, may be worth more than my 'Napoleon,' but there is no basis of comparison between the two types of work.

"I visited six universities in the United States. I found that the majority of specialists were with me. The young men at the American universities are not so deeply imbued with snobbery, arrogance and pedantry of office as to mistake dryness for profundity, like our German know-nothings. In America it is still permissible to be entertaining. It is no offence to coin an epigram. An author may write well without forfeiting the respect of scholars.

"In Germany it is the privilege of professors to be heavy and unreadable. They mistake muddiness of expression for depth. Yet not one of those dry-as-dusts has been able to impeach a single word in my four elaborate historical portraits as false! In vain a learned society in Berlin devoted an entire session to my book on Bismarck. The mountains moved and brought forth not even a mouse! The culmination of their argument was a narrow-minded manifestation of anti-Semitism.

"If journalism means to produce an immediate effect upon one's contemporaries, then I plead guilty to being a journalist. Both Chesterton and Shaw glory in this description. I, like yourself, follow, however humbly, in the same path. If," Ludwig's dark eyes flashed, "I may claim fellowship, however remote, with such matters, I feel that my labors are not in vain."

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THE QUALITY OF READABILITY

A Comparison of Some New American and English Novels

By Gorham B. Munson

VERY often, in spite of old John Fortescue, comparisons are not odious. For the main business of the mind in its usual degree of development is just the making of comparisons, and to say that comparisons are odious is therefore to say that the mind is odious. If we wish not simply to feel about literature but to think about it as well, we must compare one author with a second, one national letters with another. And when literatures are so closely related as are English and American, how can we decline the invitation to see where the younger literature stands in comparison with that of our elder cousins?

Nevertheless, we have largely succeeded in avoiding comparison. We used to be colonial and servile in our literary taste. "That an American book could, by any possibility, be worthy perusal, was an idea by no means extensively prevalent in the land," remarked Poe, "and if we were induced to read at all the productions of our native writers, it was only after repeated assurances from England that such productions were not altogether contemptible." Then we became arrogant and blindly patriotic, perhaps never more so than in the last decade. Poe also nailed this type of provincialism when he wrote: "We are becoming boisterous and arrogant in the pride of a too speedily assumed literary freedom . . . and thus often find ourselves involved in the gross paradox of liking a stupid book the better, because, sure enough, its stupidity is American".

Deliver us, O Lords of Olympus and Parnassus, from cringing and from swaggering! Help us to remember that in our youth we have shown strength and need not be ashamed: help us to realize that our youth is not maturity but a time for acquiring the powers of the prime. Lead us, Apollo and Dionysus, into the way of comparison that we may learn our strength and our weakness and what it is necessary for us to do to excel in all the exercises of the Good Life.

* * *

Let the prayer stand for a mood to govern the extensive occupation of matching British and American literatures with each other, and now to the lesser chance business of the moment, which is the reading of four novels by American citizens and two novels by British subjects. I have before me *The White Robe,* by James Branch Cabell (McBride, $7.50); *The Boy in the Sun,* by Paul Rosenfeld (Macaulay, $2.00), *The Children,* by Edith Wharton (Appleton, $2.50), *Pilgrims of Adversity,* by William McFee (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50); *The English Miss,* by R. H. Mottram (Dial Press, $2.50); and, saved to the last because I suspect it is the best, *Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island,* by H. G. Wells (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50).

The Cabell tale comes first, and it relates how Black Odo as a lad made a pact with the Dark Master and coursed in the shape of a wolf, how his wolfishness put him into difficulties with the authorities and he was committed to a monastery, how he grew in grace and ecclesiastical pomp, and how eventually he died and to his great astonishment sailed up on a cloud to the very Heaven he had preached about and never believed in. Read *The White Robe,* I advise, after the repletion of an excellent dinner. Ensconce yourself in an easy chair, light your favorite expensive cigar or open your box of chocolate creams, and then read it. I however read it by the lakeside on a bright morning, and the butterflies made me intolerant of languid art.

Forgetting the patient growth of Mr. Cabell's reputation for twenty years and for-

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getting those who have fought for him, I found a fancy fluttering in and out of my mind. I yielded and dreamed that *The White Robe* was a first novel by a quite young man, for did it not show all the stigmata? The false archaic speech: the love of *double entendre*: the "beautiful" repetitions: the delight in naughty slyness: the bookishness: the pretentiousness? Was this not a young man who had just escaped from his early church training and with the aid of a popular exposition or two of psychoanalysis was now revenging himself by satirizing religious institutions and their devotees? How easy the little trick of recording some episode of human suffering and then passing it off with a polite flippancy, persuading the reader that it doesn't matter and thereby putting him into an unreal atmosphere . . . but was it the veritable atmosphere of Romance or only the used air of the great Romancers? In short, I had but a moderate opinion of this first work of a very young man: *The White Robe* was talented but sophomoric. . . .

I read in Plato "The business of mankind is not worthy of great seriousness, yet there is a necessity upon us to be serious, and this is our misfortune". That was it! All the structure of the apologia for his works in Cabell's *Beyond Life* was subsumed in Plato's first clause and then swept away in the second and third clauses, leaving the spectacle of Cabell wasting with the malady of cleverness and going through the motions of a gallantry that is the essence of sophomoric "wisdom".

The Boy in the Sun, by Paul Rosenfeld, is a first novel. Its author heretofore has been engaged in rhapsodic appreciation of the arts of music, painting and literature, and now, I am glad to notice, has turned to the composition of fiction. The cause of my gladness may seem a little cryptic until the hard saying, "It is better to paint a bad picture than to appreciate a masterpiece", has been rightly understood. For *The Boy in the Sun* is overclouded with faults. One is a failure to unfold clearly the psychology of the leading character, David Bauer (at first called Divvy). We cannot see what is really going on in him because of the rainstorms of metaphor that every crisis in his childhood and youth evokes from Mr. Rosenfeld. Another fault lies in the style. This is more restrained than in his essays, but still on the whole blunderingly ornate. For instance, Mr. Rosenfeld cannot say that little David automatically joined in the school song but the next instant he almost gave way to tears. No, it must be: "A fire-department horse at the gong, the song tried to sing in Divvy, too. But saltwater threatened to take a shorter line to the air". At his mother's grave David did cry, or as Mr. Rosenfeld says: "An instant still he was amazed to find liquid well voluminously up through the caked mould". Instances need not be multiplied but space must be conceded for the mention of the lady David met at a ball: "Lovely touches had made her; but her expressed volumes were precisely one quarter of an inch in diameter". A third fault, and this mars the form of the book, is due to Mr. Rosenfeld's disdain for transitions. In short, *The Boy in the Sun* calls for a certain determination to keep going in the reader.

The theme of the novel is young David's conflict over being Jewish and the straightening out of his emotional relations to his mother and father. These feats are accomplished psychoanalytically, as the "copy" on the jacket leads one to expect, and so we are not amazed when we read that "David wondered how he had failed to know that he had always wished his father dead". In the end David has a Vision of Life. The Cathedral of Chartres taught Henry Adams not to import a single motive of his own into its mysterious design, but from pictures of the Cathedral David learns that "there was no sin. Only a white going". In the next chapter he learns about *"the not himself . . . It . . .* something beyond them all, indifferent, blind, relentlessly doing".

Let me not, on these matters, make direct comment beyond saying that it has always seemed to me that Mr. Rosenfeld's rich emotional awareness of life has so far failed to find a discipline and a body of ideas that could convert it from energy into

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force. I think that had I read *The Boy in the Sun* in 1920, I might have been moved to defend it against violent attacks, but since that date some rough things have happened to psychoanalysis and to the more diffuse varieties of religious feeling; Mr. Rosenfeld apparently has not noticed.

There can be no supposing-this-were-a-first-novel game about Edith Wharton's *The Children*. The book is too plainly by a hand kept steadily in practise for the last thirty years. Although *The Children* is not by the inspired Edith Wharton who wrote that finest of New England tragedies, *Ethan Frome*, it is a characteristically competent Wharton product, and the sun of Henry James, once refracted, still brings out the polish of pages that regret the decline in manners and record the new vulgarities.

But her people of breeding, Martin Boyne and Rose Sellars, are too tepid! Judith Wheater, the fifteen-year-old girl who leads the six children in their revolt against being separated by each fresh divorce, is better blooded and almost becomes a vivid portrait. She might have, were not Mrs. Wharton's interest elsewhere: it falls upon a social problem of the lighter sort, namely, what happens to the castabout children of parents rich enough to afford many divorces and remarriages? No solution is presented for this problem: that would be "inartistic" —in this particular novel, at any rate.

But it is no wonder that *The Children* was serialized in a large woman's magazine. Here is an international divorce problem which to the homekeeping readers of such publications is "spicy". Attacking it from the angle of the children adds the sentimental appeal. And the master stroke is to make the bachelor, Martin Boyne, so fatherly, such a dear guardian of the little Wheaters; for who appreciates the appearance of such improbable virtues in a man more than feminine readers who have missed the full measure of devout self-sacrificing paternalism in their husbands? Not in disparagement or praise, but merely for placement, let it be said that Mrs. Wharton has written a fine serial for a certain type of audience.

Thus far, the American contingent has been writing rather disappointingly for the comparison with the English authors we propose to institute. Our hopes should go up, however, when we spread open *Pilgrims of Adversity*, by William McFee, who conveniently links the two groups since he was born and bred in England and has settled in the United States. Our hopes, however, rise only to drop in the first part of this tale of a Scotch sea-going engineer whose principle of conduct, "Stand by the ship", gets him safely out of a Central American revolution and the bewildering passion of a "Costarauguan" beauty. The drop is caused by a kind of wastefulness in Mr. McFee's writing. Pleasant as it is to find oneself once more afloat in a spacious "old fashioned" novel, it can become quickly boring too if the author is slack enough to write concerning an actress, "the beauty of her hands, which were white, and the friendliness of her eyes, which were a particularly dark blue", a bit of description that will scarcely assist the reader to visualize sharply. Nor will the reader feel that "the sibilant hiss of footsteps" is a correct observation, and he will wish that numerous platitudes were less sententiously and more economically tucked in. He will not think that "it is a strange thing to say of military discipline, but it creates in the breasts of some men an intolerable spirit of revolt". Matters are of course not improved by Mr. McFee's monotony in rhythm.

But after Part One the story warms up and the momentum keeps one going through a maze of political, business and amorous intrigue that sometimes seems to get quite out of the author's hand. There is a kind of Conradian atmosphere laid over all and Conradian shadows in human conduct are hinted at. One character is very well drawn, Reid B. Claxon, a human variation of George F. Babbitt who is down in "Costaraugua" with the determination "to clean up and clear out". But on the whole one decidedly wishes that Mr. McFee had stayed longer with his story, compressing and refining its substance and burnishing it to the point of high readability.

* * *

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The quality of readability! Our two English novelists, Mottram and Wells, have it; the first sufficiently for his purposes, the second eminently for his. With some justice Mr. McFee can claim that I have slighted the color, the background, the richly assorted characters, the meanings of his novel to pick on the looseness of his style, but a chance inspection of a number of English novels on a corresponding plane of seriousness should raise the question: what does it profit a writer if he gain all the themes of the world and lose the attention of his reader?

As for this word, readability, it was once a hateful word to me. I suppose because it was never defined and was a handy term for lazy people to use negatively when confronted by difficult books which were dismissed as "not readable". But readability is not synonymous with easy reading. It refers rather to that management of the reader's attention which insures his subservience to the author's intentions. In short, an author should not, contrary to the belief in some quarters, be intent on "expressing himself", for that is what the bore does. The bore forgets his unhappy audience, whereas an author has no one by the button-hole and must compete for an audience. He is writing for somebody and he must be aware of the psychology of the somebody he aims to attract and hold.

R. H. Mottram chooses for himself an intelligent audience. In *The English Miss* he adopts a quiet cultured tone, urbanely ironic at moments, which he never violates. He is scrupulous in observing his intended reader's word-associations, his sensibilities and his prejudices: the result is a neat, engaging, very readable novel showing how emotional crises shook the psychology of an English miss who grew up during the war. His leading character, Marny, is an individual who in actual life is no more than a type, yet he makes us accept the type as a person. Trained to be boy-like and to love games, trained not to reflect and not to show emotion, Marny finds that the world is too strong and variegated a source of stimuli for the pattern of her education. Death, lust, poverty, dirt, hardship, suffering and love hammer at her sociological shell.

The English Miss is just a rather good novel, but in *Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island,* by H. G. Wells, we have an extraordinarily good novel. It sweeps the boards so far as this particular lot of books under review is concerned. There is in it an intensity of feeling about the senselessness of man that rebukes Mr. Cabell's lassitude toward his perceptions of universal human idiocy. There are in it crises of existence that make the questions about life which are posed in Mr. Rosenfeld's novel seem tertiary and make Edith Wharton's preoccupations with manners, old and new, seem trifling. McFee is outdone when it comes to giving an impression of shipboard brutality and Mottram is far less powerful in handling war.

Wells is too often thought of as a facile ingenious planner of Utopias, and the terrible gleam of his "carbuncle of genius" has been ignored. Otherwise the early novel, *The Island of Dr. Moreau,* with which *Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island* has affiliations, would not be so obscure. "Hope dies only with life for life and hope are the same" is a sentence to inspire fear when it comes from one who has spent his writing career in trying to arouse readers to take advantage of their plasticity. For against the hope of man is arrayed, as Wells shows with almost Swiftian force in this novel, depths upon depths of savagery.

Briefly, the story shows how Mr. Blettsworthy's Victorian world-view is hideously smashed up and how he is plunged into an interpretative reverie (the Rampole Island phantasmagoria). He recovers to find that the world of civilization (so-called) is at no great remove from the Rampole Island of his madness. By a kind of stoical resignation he manages to live on, saying at the close: "I wish I had lived and I wish I lived now to more effect". And that appears to be Wells's reply to all the liberal optimism that has survived the war.

I intended to draw all the ends together for a comparison by way of a summary of these books, but Mr. Wells has in fact abolished the comparison. In theme and in readability he obliges us rather to make a contrast and *that* perhaps would be odious to our patriotism.

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MEN OF GENIUS

By John Carter

A YEAR or so ago the muse of biography leaped into the center of the literary stage, performing a mixture of the Charleston and the *danse de ventre,* oozing with "it" and generally behaving like a movie scenario director's conception of the private life of a Vassar undergraduate. To shift metaphors, the heavy artillery of an Emil Ludwig supported the detonation of various decades, as inaugurated by Tom Beer's famous study in mauve, and biography for a time competed with fiction for the first honors in best sellerdom.

Looking back on the incident we can see that it was a false dawn—if not a false alarm—and that fiction, whether as metaphysical as *The Bridge of San Luis Rey,* or as poetic as *John Brown's Body*—that extraordinarily moving Civil War novel done in verse—was still the queen of battles so far as the public is concerned. Biography has been edged away from the limelight and is disporting herself rather more decorously than in that period when she had sniffed the heroin of fiction and had taken for a temporary motto *"se non è vero, è ben trovato".*

Six specimens of the autumn's offerings of biography, taken pretty much at random, at least suggest that biography is coming back to earth but is, fortunately for us all, trailing clouds of glory from the realm which she so rashly invaded. Three of these books are by Americans. Of the others, one is by a German, one by a Swede, and one by a Frenchman. One American writes of Tamerlane, the terrible general of the Tartar Horde who defeated Bayazid, the Grand Turk, inspired Marlowe, and imported the pointed dome into Muscovy. The second writes of Emile Zola, the stern naturalist of nineteenth century French letters, the fiery Dreyfusard, the man who was for a moment the conscience of mankind. The third writes of Jim Fisk, the financial buccaneer, the partner of Jay Gould in the Erie fight and the heroic attempt to "corner gold". Of the non-Americans, the German woman writes of Garibaldi's vain but glorious defense of Mazzini's Roman Republic in 1848-49. The Swede writes of Fouché, the head of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic police, the man whose work had as much lasting effect upon French civilization as that of Bonaparte himself. The Frenchman, characteristically, writes of Robespierre.

These were all men of genius. Tamerlane was a genius of warfare whose exploits have never been equalled. As Marlowe remarked, "Is it not passing brave to be a king and ride in triumph through Persepolis?" Tamerlane never attacked a fortress which he did not take, never waged a campaign which he did not win, never fought a nation which he did not conquer. Zola's literary genius needs no explanation. Jim Fisk likewise was a genius of the stock exchange, a bluff, genial, coarse-fibered, attractive pirate. Among other things he exposed the scandal of the *Crédit Mobilier*—the Teapot Dome of Grant's Administration. Garibaldi was a genius of Italian revolution, an incongruous mixture of courage and theatricality, a virtuoso of martial emotion and a master of guerilla warfare. For weeks he held an unfortified city with improvised troops against the finest and best equipped army in Europe. Fouché was a master of police in the European sense. To the Anglo-Saxon, the policeman is a traffic policeman. To the European, the policeman is a political instrument. The unique blend of brutality and tact which has made the French police a power more abiding than republics, monarchies and empires, is the result of Fouché. He gave France five years of internal calm in the midst of a generation of war. Robespierre, too, was a genius—a genius of disinterested intellectuality. He was The Incorruptible of a corrupt age. He held the French Revolution true to its course and

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was pitiless in his extirpation of the Girondist parlor-pinks and the Communist demagogues alike. All men and all men of genius.

And their genius was one largely of intuition—if, indeed, all genius is not simply the ability to act on intuition. Tamerlane's mastery of war was due to his intuitive discovery that the characteristic tactics of Tartar border warfare had created a military system without equal in the world. The combination of mounted archers with men-at-arms was one which has never been excelled for mobility, fire, concentration and shock tactics. If you can imagine a modern army consisting almost entirely of one-man tanks, mounting machine guns, capable of moving across broken country at thirty miles an hour, you have a conception of the formidable character of his troops. Few more dramatic strokes of intuition have ever been made than Zola's realization before writing *J'Accuse* that the famous "Secret Cahier" by which Dreyfus had been supposedly convicted contained nothing. For constructive intuition, *J'Accuse*—written without knowledge of the facts—is without equal in literature. Jim Fisk's strokes were based on intuition. He anticipated the outbreak of the Civil War and he anticipated the fortune to be made in cotton. He also anticipated the end of the war and would have made a colossal fortune if he had not been thwarted by double-dealing on the part of his associates. Garibaldi's leadership was far more intuitive than military. He had a sense of the appropriate, indissolubly linked to the possible, that turned Oudinot's anticipated military picnic to restore the Pope's temporal power into a first-class "little war". Fouché was not only able to say with Siéyes of his role in the Revolution, "I lived"—he held high office, under the Convention, the Consulate, the Empire and the Restoration. Although he had voted for the execution of Louis XVI, he served the Bourbons under Louis XVIII. Although he had been one of the creators of Napoleon, he was not destroyed by the Corsican. He had his finger in every pie that was cooked, he anticipated correctly every change of government and he had friends in every camp. For Robespierre the summoning of the Third Estate was the golden moment. A failure at the bar in Arras, he got himself elected to the Convention and by sheer persistence backed by high intensity of purpose he made himself the arbiter of French destiny and the purge of the Revolution. Almost without a friend, he was immensely popular and with his death the First Republic fell mortally ill.

Alike as all those great men were in their essentials, their biographers have chosen entirely distinct methods by which to convey their characters. Harold Lamb's *Tamerlane: The Earth Shaker* (McBride, $4.00) is a glowing and at times exciting account which only occasionally betrays the necessary paucity of sources. It is a vividly written biography in the old manner but with the new spirit. Like his *Genghis Khan* it is a vivid piece of literature in which the biographical apparatus is discreetly hidden by the colorful verbiage and the tense virile style. *Zola and His Times,* by Matthew Josephson (Macaulay, $5.00), on the other hand, is a "monumental work", thoroughly documented and with appendices and scholarly notations. Yet it is not the stodgy, pedestrian tome which these words suggest. The author has retained his enthusiasm and admiration for Zola but has refused to let it dictate his facts. Zola's story is itself dramatic enough to carry the freight of patient and scholarly research which Mr. Josephson lavished upon it. The late Mr. Robert H. Fuller, who died before he could correct the final proofs of his great book on Jim Fisk—*Jubilee Jim: The Story of Colonel James Fisk, Jr.* (Macmillan, $3.50)—adopted a very pleasant device. He puts his narrative in the hands of a companion-observer of Fisk—Rufus Phelps, Fisk's friend and publicity agent. He is able in this way not only to lend greater vitality to his story—which thus assumes the character of an historical novel—but can introduce stimulatingly new interpretations and opinions, where in a sober biography he would be compelled to quote chapter and verse and to wade through a bog of controversy to reach every debated fact.

As a matter of fact, Henri Béraud's life of Robespierre—*My Friend Robespierre* (Macaulay, $3.00)—follows exactly the same

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method. Béraud writes as the boyhood friend and legal colleague of the Pea Green Incorruptible. He describes his home life, his career at the bar of Arras, his Parisian activities, his death and his execution in a more sympathetic manner than would be permitted a more conventional biographer. Granted the initial scholarship and fairness of the author, it is difficult to imagine a more acceptable approach to a debated character. The fact that it can easily be abused and that abuses can swiftly be detected prevents it from being more generally employed. On the other hand, Ricarda Huch has adopted a method quite similar but less suspect in her first volume on *Garibaldi and the New Italy* (Knopf, $3.00). She recreates the entire age and episode so vividly and so accurately, that her book is a "novelized history" rather than an historical novel or a biography in the usual sense. A wealth of learning and an unusual degree of perception are indispensable to this technique. To write a history that reads like a novel, but where there is no effort to heighten dramatic effects, to shape incidents or to interpolate events, is a very difficult achievement. She has produced so compact and yet so gracious a work that while none but a special student of the history of the Risorgimento would be capable of finding flaws in the structure of the book, no one could feel for a moment that Fraülein Huch is pandering to the love for sugar-coatings on the pill of information.

Nils Forssell's study of *Fouché: The Man Napoleon Feared* (Stokes, $4.00) is, as it happens, the only one of these six biographies which is written in the old style and without airs and graces. The author has made an exhaustive study of Fouché—who happens to be one of the most baffling subjects in history; he swallowed his footsteps; he never left fingerprints; he was all things to all men; he turned his power on and off like a hose, as circumstances demanded; and he had an irritating habit of guessing right. To him, more than any man, is due the survival of the essential work of the French Revolution, and almost nothing (aside from the barest sort of details) is known of him, while his character is completely shrouded in mystery. M. Forssell has set down all he has been able to learn of this strange man—incidentally he quite fails to substantiate the fact that Napoleon feared Fouché, though Napoleon actually did—and has set down some temperate and well-considered conclusions.

The perfect blend of fact and fiction, of learning and imagination, erudition and poetry, has not yet been discovered for biography—at least not this year, and not in these six books. They all deal interestingly with men of genius, whose names echo in the hearts of the human race. Yet they do not quite strike home. Harold Lamb's *Tamerlane* is somewhat heavy with facts but Kit Marlowe's *Tamberlane* will probably survive it. Zola's works will continue to tell more about Zola than can Mr. Josephson. Jim Fisk, the "Prince of Erie" and even "Black Friday" are fading from memory; and in another generation, Mr. Fuller's entertaining yarn will have only an antiquarian interest. The legend of Garibaldi will last a good bit longer than Fraülein Huch's book about him. Fouché's police technique will immortalize the man Napoleon feared long after Fouché's name and even his existence are forgotten. Robespierre, the symbol of the bloody ideologue, will remain a symbol for all that Henri Béraud can write. There is not here one book which has taken a dead man and given him life as Boswell's biography gave life to Samuel Johnson, a pig-headed, bullying, free-lance writer of the Georgian era who might well have been forgotten with no great harm to the human race.

This, in fact, is the lasting criticism of the current biographers—not, of course, that they are not Boswells; no one would expect them to be—but that they give far less than they take. Their books are palatable, good reading, and represent great effort and sacrifice. The books even live—but it is on life borrowed from the subject, not given to it. For all that it is the least attractive, and most laborious of the lot, Forssell's life of Joseph Fouché comes closer to real biography than do any of the others—not because it is written in the old manner but because it breathes some transient vitality into a great man whom history has misremembered and legend never knew.

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THE REVOLUTION IN PSYCHIATRY

And Its Influence on the Theory of Culture

By Benjamin Stolberg

SCHIZOPHRENIA (DEMENTIA PRAECOX), *by C. Macfie Campbell, Smith Ely Jelliffe, Adolf Meyer, A. A. Brill, Wm. A. White, and others. Paul B. Hoeber, Inc. $7.50.*

UNTIL not so very long ago psychiatry was a method of classification, like Linnean botany. The lunatic was gauged and sorted, his fluids colored to betray their biochemistry, his speech resolved not for its content but for its form of craze, his behavior observed not for the inner trouble but for the proper label. The art of healing was practically correlated to the physician's peace of mind. If the patient was depressed, he was depressed. If he thought himself Jesus or Napoleon the joke was treated kindly. If he was excited they soothed him with water cures. If he was obstreperous they tied him into appropriate knots. If he was violent he lost the fight, usually on a foul. Visiting a lunatic asylum was like visiting a weird and morbid zoo: the curators, the keepers, strange names for stranger sights; only the animals were, but for the grace of God, ourselves. It remained for the new psychiatry to disillusion us about His grace by pointing the relative brotherhood of human madness and the cultural diffusion of its patrimony.

All this does not mean that the older psychiatry, the period from Pinel to Kraepelin, was dull and brutal. On the contrary, this period was essential and, within its limitations, extraordinarily fruitful. For one thing, it finally emancipated the conventional lunatic from the police. And mainly, its highly sophisticated toxonomy laid the foundations in the modern biology and chemistry of madness, without which psychiatry is but a species of demonology. But unfortunately the majority of mental victims do not suffer from lesions but from psychoses. They are not insane because their brains gave way, or any other parts of the system regulating personality. Their minds gave way under the shock of certain emotional strains or frights. The maddened life is peculiarly a nexus of personal experience, grotesquely socialized. At least such is the shrewder hypothesis for diagnosis. What was wrong with the older psychiatry, if any stage in any evolution is ever wrong, was the ancient sin of disregard for the individual with its complementary ignorance of the forces which had individuated him. It viewed the patient as the carrier and agent of a theory of sickness, of what Kraepelin called the *Krankheitsbegriff*. The lunatic's behavior was punctiliously abstracted to fit a general philosophy of crazes. Diagnosis moved entirely within this scholastic pathologic. Prognosis in each instance was the correct induction from it. And in time psychiatry became the jesuitry in the fatalism of mental illness. The obvious fact that what ails the insane patient is an individualism *ad absurdum*, that he is far more queer than typical, was completely disregarded. Not the man but the fatality of his disease was the object of the cure. And since the fatal is incurable, a revolution was inevitable; for the motive of medicine is therapy.

This revolution may be said to have begun (if such things ever have beginnings, which they haven't) in the consultation room of a very wise physician as he was listening to the mumblings of an insane but intelligent girl of twenty-one. He listened with such anxious understanding that he actually began to *analyze* what she was saying. And as he followed her fear-dissociated mind he caught the pattern of a recurring fancy, ineffably shy and sad and guilty, sneaking back through the forbidden passages of memory to the sick-bed of her father, where her anxiety cleared sufficiently to restore tempo-

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rary lucidity. The patient was a hysteric. And through the primitive method of hypnosis, Dr. Breuer began to guide her, with brilliant sympathy, in her stealthy retrogressions to the beloved invalid. In time the split in her personality—the struggle between filiality and secret passion—closed and healed. In essence, the guidance of the doctor lay in gently backing up the memory to re-associate experience—unashamed, uncensored, and unwitting—until it hit the original trauma, which gradually disappeared under the exposure. The falsity of the original anxiety evaporated by the patient's appreciation of its falsity. She understood the miraculous source of her illness, and the miracle took flight.

This discovery in the life of reason was one of the most monumental discoveries of man about himself.

It was Sigmund Freud who grasped the full significance of this discovery and traced it to the bitter end of its revolutionary implications. By an almost inevitable psychological summation, he placed sexual infelicity at the base of all our psychic and social difficulties. The attendant characteristics of intellectual revolution soon developed. The medical pharisees protested their indignation. The medical liberals made the various Freudian "complexes" more amorphous and called them by sweeter names. The half- and pseudo-educated grew opinions and mouthed the sexy jargon. To some, psychoanalysis was a metaphysics of morbid obscenity. Others were glad to discover that goodness is promiscuous, truth immoral, and beauty sensual; none of which propositions is necessarily true. The only one who seemed to keep his head was the lunatic himself, for all he had to do was to speak his mind, which under the psychoanalytic dispensation was gospel truth. He talked profusely and rather carelessly. He put his "dirty" thoughts into our views, which we resented (or enjoyed) with morbid interest. He placed in the secret ventricles of our soul hidden lusts and memories. He traced perversity in our most legitimate affections as well as in the dark sins which we had conventionalized beyond our own recognition into totems and tabus. He chastized us with phallic whips, and our wincing merely furnished psychoanalysis with masochistic stuff. He tore down our gods, from the most ancient to the most "modernist", as mere childish wishes for papa's help against the real world. And, incidentally, Papa did *not* love Mama.

Being unwell he exaggerated. His sickness being a mental grotesquerie he was grotesque. But the exaggeration was a grotesque searchlight which played upon our secret wishes, whose fantastic veritableness we recognized. As the folk had always sensed, the madman's mind was the crazy mirror, significantly distorted, of all of us. The world considered his talk as a sort of scientific blackmail, which it feared for the truths it told. And after talking for forty years, through his interpreters, the lunatic won the day. The older psychiatry had to accept the psychoanalytic contribution, which was both complementary and revaluative. With victory psychoanalysis modified its original hypersexualism, its earlier anti-neurological cynicism, its skepticism of what is normal, which after all is a helpful concept. And with the reconciliation between the old psychiatry and the psycho-analytic method came the period of reconstruction.

The collection of monographs under review, under the general heading of Schizophrenia, is a landmark in this reconstruction in American psychiatry. Among the contributors are the holders of our great chairs in psychiatry, the great clinicians and practitioners. The belief in the fatalism of mental illness is definitely abjured. The hopeless term *dementia* is widened into *schizophrenia,* which introduces the more curable concept of the split personality even into that group of mental aberrations which have a structural or functional etiology. For 1933 we are promised a companion volume on the great class of the panic psychoses, the manic-depressions, which are even more specifically subject to the analytic therapy. This review strictly follows the spirit of the brilliant papers on the Schizophrenic Type, by Professor C. Macfie Campbell of Harvard, and on "The Language of Schizophrenia," by Dr. William A. White, that extraordinarily shrewd and philosophical physician.

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The purely neurological sections of the volume complement the psychoanalytical discussions. The physiologists' conditioned reflex is of course implicitly accepted. Dr. Watson's naïve noise that the *conditioned reflex* negates the *complex* is dismissed by mere omission. The new psychiatry nowhere denies psycho-physical parallelism. All it says is that a psychosis is caused by shock. Far from being a neo-vitalist philosophy, psychoanalysis is a purely mechanistic doctrine, believing profoundly in the scientific unity of all life, in the associative continuity of memory, in the intelligibility of the dream life, in the significance of the unconscious, in the rational theory that the lies we live by are the truths we fear. And its very therapy lies in the search for the misconditioned reflex, misconditioned to a life of reason.

Indeed, as a therapy psychoanalysis suffers from an over-refinement in scientific imagination. It calls for an extraordinarily complex simplicity, which presupposes in the average practitioner a far too precious insight. It is almost an ineffable technique for the literal probing into the ganglions of the human soul, where reason is frightened by unrecognized emotions, and memory balks from a return to its stubbornly forgotten secrets. The psychosis cherishes its illness far more than its cure, and is notoriously skilful in defying interpretation. The education of the doctor, as in the case of most of us, is apt to be an expensive sophistication of his native limitations. It is in most cases more an elaborated ignorance than an aid to insight. Psychoanalysis had to gain its recognition first in psychiatry, for there must lie the source of its authority. But so far it has been far more persuasive and illuminating as a theory of society than as a therapy of personal maladjustment, just as the corrections of the General Theory of Relativity are far more important as a philosophy of mathematical physics than as a guide in laboratory methods. Paradoxically, the psychoanalytic method, for all its original interest in the individual patient, has made its largest contribution towards the understanding of social mechanisms, and the reasons for them, towards the formation of cultures with their various arts of appreciation and of living, and their complex patterns of social ignorance, disorder, and disease.

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CAMPAIGN PANEGYRICS

A Discussion of the Books About the Candidates

By Silas Bent

ALFRED EMANUEL SMITH would be disquieted if he knew one of his admirers was trying to get votes for him by quoting Walter Pater. Nor would he be reassured to know that the quotation was enshrined in covers dainty enough to clothe a sheaf of David Morton's sonnets. But, even though the Governor be warier far of silken syllables than of shillelahs, he may as well reconcile himself to them. Not even a Happy Warrior may hope to escape them: not if he be the leader of a major party in a Presidential year. This is the open season for classical quotations. I find another biographer drawing freely on Robert Browning to glorify Herbert Hoover. Why, then, shouldn't a Victorian stylist contribute to the sublimation of a Tammany sachem?

We are engaged now in the quadrennial ritual, and very democratic it is, of consolidating public legends. The legends are created by word of mouth, in song and story, through the motion picture, the radio and the press; they are crystallized in a library output ostensibly of the non-fiction variety. These books are written, and some of them are distributed by political committees, in the triumphant belief that they will affect the November fates. I doubt very much whether they will do anything of the sort. I doubt whether even so much as one dollar in a thousand, of the millions spent on parades, speechmaking, ballyhoo and fanfare, electric lighting, newspaper advertising, time "on the air", free publicity, street signs, billboards, badges and buttons, brings a return of ninety cents. As for the sweat and tears and blood that have gone into the stack of volumes on my desk, I fear me most of the travail will count for no more in votes, when the leaves begin to redden, than the slaughter of Greeks at Thermopylæ or of the Six Hundred at Balaklava. But 'tis a noble way to bleed and die in authorship; yea, it *is* heroic, even though the electorate has quite made up its mind back in August, at the behest of ward leaders or in lonely cogitation or in private gossip; yea, though these books be but a fraction of a vast sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Signifying nothing, or very little, I mean to say, in pluralities or electoral votes. But these books are signficant, even to the fifty percent who usually stay from the polls, as a phenomenon of government with the consent of the governed, and as the visible substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. They are significant because they exhibit the issues of this campaign, and because the issues are new. The old shibboleths have gone by the board. We will hear something of the tariff, to be sure, but the orator's heart won't be in his work. We will hear something, in connection with prohibition, about State rights, but everybody will know that Al Smith can't do much to assist nor Herb Hoover to prevent the blowing of foam from the stein in speakeasies. The real issues of this campaign are religious, racial and economic. We have a Quaker pitted against a Roman Catholic, a farm-bred candidate against a New York East Sider, a descendant of pioneer stock against a man of Irish immigrant origin, a Cabinet member who believes in the private development of public resources against a Governor who stands for their continued public ownership.

Observe, now, certain evidences of the realignments which these unique issues are forcing. Our best Puritan publicists, descended from the stock which used to cut the ears off visiting Quakers, are strong for Hoover as against any Catholic, since they are the heirs of a superstition about the Vatican; it was Thomas Jefferson who maintained that only in a community of farmers

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could democratic processes find sway, but it is the Republicans who are loud in praise of rural virtues as against the city-bred; although the first permanent settlers of this country were Virginians, the Solid South will vote as a bloc (mark my words!) for the standard-bearer of immigrant newcomers; and although it is the corporations which are lustiest for the private control of utilities, the head of one of our mightiest utility corporations is campaign manager for Al Smith.

Realignments such as these have got to be justified and rationalized. The output of the library spellbinders is therefore larger than usual. The word "spellbinder" came into our political vocabulary, I believe, after the campaign of 1888, when Cleveland, although he had a plurality of some one hundred thousand, was defeated by Harrison; aware of the inequities of the Electoral College, I am not so much surprised that its operation in this case defeated the registered will of the majority as I am that two such stolid figures as Cleveland and Harrison should be linked in verbal history with a word so colorful and useful. Since their day we have had some lusty weavers of spells good and evil on the stump. Only now is the art achieving its full flower on our bookshelves. As I survey the volumes in front of me, I cannot for the life of me make up my mind whether to award the spell-binding palm to William Hard's *Who's Hoover* (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), to Oswald Garrison Villard's *Prophets True and False* (Knopf, $3.00), or to William Allen White's *Masks in a Pageant* (Macmillan, $5.00).

It was Mr. Hard who quoted Browning, which would seem at once to remove him from the spell-binding category; not, of course, if he had used the only Browning line generally familiar to the electorate, about God in His Heaven; he did not turn to that, but to an obscure (to me) thing beginning, "Shall I sonnet-sing you about myself?" And his sole purpose in so doing, believe it or not, was to show that Herbert Hoover "flinches in almost physical pain" even from the most sympathetic revelation of his personality. Only his "external achievements" are privileged. As one not unfamiliar with the methods of publicity, I am curious to know why Mr. Hoover's apologists should be so persistent in the broadcasting of this myth. Myself have long been lost in admiration for the skill with which his personal press-agenting is managed. I know of only two men in American life, Andrew Mellon and Henry Ford, who are as well served in that regard. But the word seems to have gone out that Mr. Hoover, who really is a shy man in personal contact, must seem to shrink painfully from the calcium glare. If it is true, he should by all means avoid the White House. Think how he would suffer there from that quality which Mr. Hard calls his "essential unassuaged loneliness".

In *The Presidency vs. Hoover* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), Samuel Crowther disposes of prohibition more neatly than any other man in this phalanx. "Just now," he says, "it happens to be the fashion to violate the prohibition laws; it could easily be made the fashion to respect them." And I learn from him, as from Mr. Hard, that according to certain definitions Mr. Hoover is a politician. This Mr. White stoutly denies. He says Mr. Hoover is "a vestal virgin in politics". In *Strange Bedfellows* I set this observation down to irony, because it isn't quite seemly to remind Mr. White of the reputation vestal virgins wore during certain periods. They were—how shall I say it?—sophisticated; rakishly.

Mr. White and Mr. Hard, who were doughty Progressives in the Armageddon days of 1912, have gone over body and soul to the Grand Old Party. It is interesting to remember that, like Mr. Villard, they are incorrigibly Puritan. As between the deep blue sea of Conservatism and the Devil of Catholicism—! None of them makes this an explicit part of his legend; I must say in fairness that it is my own interpretation. But here is Mr. Villard, who has no objection to wetness in Senator Reed of Missouri (indeed, he likens Mr. Reed to Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln), and yet who can't "go" Al Smith, so he says, because the Governor is a wet, running on a dry platform. *Prophets True and False* illumines afresh the truism that none is so illiberal as the professional liberal. Mr. White himself links the Governor with "Big Bill" Thomp-

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son of Chicago. Do I see Puritanism again?

One of these books, Henry F. Pringle's *Alfred E. Smith* (Macy-Masius, $3.50), must be set outside the realm of panegyric. Mr. Pringle may have his weakness for the Governor, but he conceals it, at least from my eyes. He makes no bones of the fact that as a young legislator Al Smith voted consistently with the Tammany crowd. He comes as near giving us a life-size portrait of the politician, Governor and (at many high moments) statesman, as ever I have found in a political biography. For that reason I am free to own that his book seems to me better calculated to win independent support than the "authorized" *Up From City Streets* by Norman Hapgood and Henry Moskowitz (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). The Governor, I do think, is the most romantic figure in contemporary politics, and I see no need for gilding him, either, with a legend. (What's the use of gilt, when Mr. Villard is spattering the image with backstairs gossip that "the number of his cocktails and highballs [daily] is variously estimated at from four to eight and more". Fancy the Governor with a cocktail!) But perhaps our candidates enjoy the sense of outward gilt; perhaps it is one of the stage properties of politics.

The Governor's addresses and State papers, ably edited by Dr. Moskowitz in *Progressive Democracy* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00), embody his political philosophy and fling down unmistakably the gage of battle in regard to water power, state and national. This is a major issue. Mr. Hoover's biographers tend to skate lightly over Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam; but they do make clear his approval of private initiative and his opposition to Government in business, save as an umpire.

While I was talking about the Hoover biographies I purposely refrained from mentioning Will Irwin's *Herbert Hoover* (Century, $3.00); because Mr. Irwin—for quite different reasons—is no more a spell-binder than Mr. Pringle. A panegyrist, perhaps, and a legendist, but not a spell-binder. Mr. Irwin roams with morning thoughts amid the dew of reminiscence. To him Mr. Hoover is still "a slim, shy Quaker lad". Not even an Odyssey of achievement can dim this Freshman's tender reverence for the Senior at Leland Stanford. His first impression was of "some great impersonal force"; I gather that later it was not quite so impersonal, when Mr. Hoover was performing his prodigies at home and abroad. Here is a legend-builder who is also a master reporter, and who has made this book the cup of an honest, restrained and unaffected emotion. Although I have my doubts about the uses of a standardizing, engineering mind in the White House, I must say that Mr. Irwin's book made me feel most kindly toward his hero. It is a bang-up book. So, for the matter of that, is another book which I have treated, I'm afraid, a little shabbily, Mr. White's *Masks in a Pageant*. You will find here the most discriminating, just and penetrating estimates of Bryan and Harding in a year's journey. It is only when Mr. White's Puritanic feathers are ruffled that he gets out of bounds.

Now let us look at the slenderest and most elegant booklet of the lot, Thomas H. Dickinson's *The Portrait of a Man as Governor* (Macmillan, $1.00). I would have expected to find Mr. Dickinson in the other camp, since his talents as a writer were at Mr. Hoover's service for four or five years in the Food Administration and Belgian Relief. But no, here he is saying: "Smith is indeed an artist in a new and very democratic sense, the sense that applies to public affairs that trenchant discovery of Pater's that 'The way to perfection is through a series of disgusts' ". What in the world can our author mean? Is he referring brazenly to the series of public disgusts at Tammany's Crokers and Tweeds? Apparently not; he is talking of artistry, remember, and sails cerulean atmospheres miles removed from anything so gross as the Tiger. "Smith's line of disgust," he explains, if indeed it be an explanation, "his sense of over-plus, is keyed very low." This is the author who told us, just a moment ago, that a man like the Governor "creates a public legend", by which "are revealed the statesmanship of the man, his disinterestedness, his absorption in duty, or his chicane, his venality, and his absorption in his lesser self". . . . Do our public legends indeed reveal all that?

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MISS DANE AND OTHERS

By Norah Meade

PASSABLE taffeta is being made every day with the aid of tin, and synthetic bootleg colored to pass for old port. The taffeta, submitted to use, cracks, of course, and the port often gives us more than a bad headache. But at least we have had an illusion of riches beyond the reach of our purses or possibly our patience, and that is much in a world eager for quick action. That our literary tradespeople should take a cue from the purveyors of our physical comforts is not necessarily cause for complaint against them. Good shoddy has its recognized place in almost every sales department, so why not in that devoted to books? If money is burning in the pockets of those anxious for a bonfire in their stomachs rather than a bouquet in their mouths, why not meet the demand with an adequate supply? The publishers, being business men, do, naturally, and we have here a fair assortment of the styles current in the fall displays.

Jim Tully's *Shanty Irish* (A. & C. Boni, $2.50) leaves one breathless, though not with awe. "A beautiful fragment, she longed for motherhood and recoiled from men", he writes of a waif who strayed casually into his mile-a-minute narrative. She gets sixteen thousand dollars, however, out of a breach-of-promise suit against her wealthy lover. You must fill in the interstices in this character study for yourself. Mr. Tully has no time. His theme is family biography, and he is of the new aristocracy, the proletariat. His grandfather was an "old mick wit' a drame that broke in his head"; his father read *Madame Bovary* in a paper cover and dug ditches for a living, and his mother was the best of a queer lot. She told him stories about how the fairies put the sap in the sugar-maples, importing them from Ireland, where sugar-maples do not grow. Mr. Tully gets his effects quickly—not a doubt of it. Good literature, however, like good liquor, cannot be made in a couple of evenings.

Miss Clemence Dane goes one better than the popular magazine which gives the reading time for each story. She gives the writing time of hers. Between June, 1926, and September, 1927, she recorded the history of a family covering two centuries. *The Babyons* (Doubleday, Doran, $5.00) are too inbred, with evil effects on their brains, one would say. Miss Dane transfers the effects to their spirits, the sort that hover in an Oliver Lodge ether. They return to plague their descendants in the form of drafts that blow out candles and fingers that clutch warm hands icily. In the end through the medium of automatic writing they kill the last Babyon, still unborn. Miss Dane is extraordinarily irritating, because her work is at least good enough to provoke a question. If, instead of dragging her infernal gods from their tin machines, she let the larvae laboriously spin the cocoon in her brain, would she not produce good silk? The answer perhaps is that she wouldn't, because she doesn't. She owes a debt, however, to her publishers, who have bound her family chronicle in four very pretty volumes set in an equally pretty case. They will make an ideal Christmas present which need not necessarily imply a doubt of the receiver's literary taste.

To class John Metcalfe's *Mrs. Condover* (Liveright, $2.50) as shoddy is to a certain extent unfair. This book is sincere, and has sound workmanship in the creation of character. Mr. Metcalfe knows his London suburbs and their indigenous human fauna, and he has written an original love story, the episodes of which are spun out of good psychological stuff and not, like Miss Dane's, out of a bag of tricks. Yet the book leaves on the mind "a sort of peculiar confusion", to quote the author's own words. The confusion is not about the characters but about

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Mr. Metcalfe's attitude toward them. It led his publishers to declare, for example, that he "wafts the intangible tragedy of doom over the heads of the young lovers" and to say that his dénouement is not "in the essence of human nature" but "in some unnamed doom that hovers in the sky of human destiny, above human beings themselves". Which is balderdash, with all due respect to the blurb-writer. What Mr. Metcalfe appears to me to have attempted is a Brontësque welding of his characters with their physical surroundings, and the effort led him to write passages like the following apropos of an evening trip on the Thames taken by his hero and a girl:

"But Brenda's words . . . disturbed him less than something which had seemed to make itself their medium. Carrying them or carried by them on the flowing tide, soundless, seen in the yellow, hanging moon. Something more powerful, less tangible, disabling as a fate, and somewhere, turning at its center, a slow fright (sic). . . . He would leave, he would change his digs, never see anyone again."

The real tragedy of the hero's mood in this case is that his creator has become inarticulate—or over-articulate, if you prefer. Certainly he appears to be striving for effect rather than for clear expression of something clearly conceived. But, despite his publishers, Mr. Metcalfe has human essence in his book. He may have a tendency to deal with manic-depressives, but why not, since they are all about us in these hysterical times? He has an intuitive knowledge of their ailment, the origin of which is not in "some unnamed doom" but deeply imbedded in their physical system, and he has a fine perception of the tragedy of the hypersensitive, if not always a sure touch in depicting it.

Robert Nathan's *The Bishop's Wife* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.00) is very amiable satire. He uses a legato bow in playing on the language, which is a relief to ears tortured by the prevailing pizzicato of those none too true of finger. His archangel who completes a triangle of which the other sides are the bishop and his wife is very small beer after the potent brew of an Anatole France. He is the mouthpiece of Mr. Nathan's irony, which includes jabs at America as "a land where those who do not enjoy anything make laws to deprive others of their pleasures". The book, however, offers a pleasant few hours' reading.

Mathilde Eiker's *The Lady of Stainless Raiment* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is decidedly demodée. In it southern gentlemen "who would not mention a lady's name are not above besmirching by innuendo an impoverished girl's". The hero in the early chapters feels "himself alone in the midst of a great awareness" with the heroine, and whatever that is leads him eventually to France, optimistic of divorce. Ladies of sixty may find themselves titillated by the numerous triangles, but certainly not ladies of either sixteen or thirty-six. They will require a smarter sheen on their synthetic silk and a stronger kick in their pseudo-divine afflatus. They will get it elsewhere, all they can stand of it—which, to repeat myself, is no charge against its publishers. After all, the real thing in literature is rare, and its quality something elusive, something only to be desired and recognized by those whose inner need demands its creation and publication.

PHILIP LITTELL'S EDEN

By Robert Morss Lovett

THIS WAY OUT. *By Philip Littell. Coward, McCann, $2.50.*

THE Fall is the most significant episode in the Christian mythology. Like the doom of the Atridæ in the Greek, it is the most striking instance of the dealings of the higher powers with man. Milton found in it the theme of the great Christian epic into which, however, he imported the leading conceptions of his time, so that *Paradise Lost* is

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not only a monument of popular theology but a compendium of the intellectual interests of the Renaissance. Similarly Mr. Philip Littell, with the lighter touch of the modernist, has treated the biblical narrative in the spirit of our own day—a spirit realistic and scientific rather than theological, with leanings toward comedy rather than tragedy. In *Paradise Lost* we find references to the new astronomy and geography, a session of the English Parliament, a conference suggesting the Westminster Assembly, a battle in heaven with artillery and explosives, a theory of marriage. In the same fashion Mr. Littell reminds us constantly, though unobtrusively, of the problems of the present, such as etiquette, education, sex appeal, style, golf, traffic control, the press, and the labor movement. It is an evidence of the inspired origin of the grand old story, and of the authenticity of its human characters, that they assume with such facility the coloring of widely different periods.

Mr. Littell follows the pattern of Milton's story, but with somewhat different emphasis. Adam and Eve, finding themselves in the garden, are at once preoccupied with the exit, to which they should walk, not run, in case of catastrophe. Moreover, they are beginning to realize the pathos of the hymn

O Paradise, O Paradise, 'tis weary
waiting here.

To them enter three fallen angels, Apollyon as the parrot, Beelzebub as the stork, and Lucifer, the master mind *in propria persona.* They come with the sinister intention of tempting Adam and Eve to eat of the forbidden tree, but the charm and innocence of our first parents win them, and they try instead to avert that fate. Adam, for his part, would have forgotten all about the forbidden tree but for the visits of the heavenly archangels to remind him. To divert his mind Lucifer gives a public lecture explaining how he and his colleagues were expelled from heaven for organizing the heavenly host in a movement for the performance of adoration in eight hour shifts, instead of twelve. He also teaches Adam to play golf; but when the latter becomes so expert as to make every hole in one (here Mr. Littell lets us suspect the finger of Jehovah) he loses interest in the game. In the end Lucifer sees that the kindest thing he can do for Adam and Eve is to stand aside and let reason and the will of God prevail.

The characters in Mr. Littell's version, like the plot, have a modern tinge. Adam and Eve represent the late Mr. Howells's view of conjugal relations. Eve is all for the decencies of life. She persuades Adam to walk upright, and to lose his tail by atrophy. She breaks him of his habit of eating between meals, which she reduces to three. At the same time she is delightfully girlish. In the program for Lucifer's lecture she is chiefly interested in the article "What Fallen Women Will Wear". Adam is of sterner stuff mentally. When Eve would give to every animal and thing a proper name, he insists on the importance of generic terms as a net to catch and hold knowledge. He stands Abdiel on his head with his reasoning that to distinguish obedience as good implies a knowledge of good and evil which is by hypothesis impossible without disobedience. Raphael is a kind of heavenly Warren G. Harding, ponderous and unctuous. Lucifer is the intellectual friend of the people, a journalist like Norman Hapgood. And Apollyon, the parrot—when we are told that "a voice, cultivated, undulated, brought the pregnant silence to bed" whose voice do we expect to hear? Surely Mr. Littell's. In the parrot's genial tolerance there is his author's own special note—the supreme insolence of perfect kindness. And the parrot shows other notes of Mr. Littell's wit, for example, the rejuvenation of outworn and vulgar phrases by freak application. "How did you learn to talk?" asks Adam. "Without obligation on my part," replied the parrot cryptically. "In my spare time. By mail." There is his happy neatness of antithesis in defining the difference between work and play—"If the end justifies the means, it's work; if the means justify the end, it's play". Finally, the parrot's introduction of Lucifer, on the occasion of his lecture, is in what I am told is Mr. Littell's best manner. But the whole book is in his best manner and that manner is incomparable.

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THE COMPLETE CYCLE OF A LIFE

By B. Charney Vladeck

HERE in four books from as many publishers, is the founder of a world movement, the fountainhead of a new Faith, Lenin. Whatever he lacked in humility and intuition he made up in power of personality, in leadership, in readiness for martyrdom, in devotion to his principles. He spread his shadow across the world. His name became synonymous with all that is good and all that is evil. And while many question the merits of his cause none doubts the purity of his motives. He lived for decades in a world of books and abstract thoughts to become the leader and soul of a Great Revolution and to die prematurely amidst the very chaos that he commanded.

In *Lenin: Thirty Years of Russia* (Macmillan, $5.00) Mr. Valeriu Marcu attempts to portray the life of this man against the background of his time and his country. In many respects his portrayal is incomplete. There is in it much of what Lenin thought and did but too little of what he was. We know that Lenin with all of his asceticism and saintly simplicity was human, even as you and I. He was a devoted companion; he loved children and funny stories; he had an artless laugh and even patted friends on their backs. The rapidly growing literature on Lenin in the Russian language is full of the little things that made him understandable and loved by the most ignorant of peasants. Ruthless as he was as leader of the Bolshevik Revolution, he was no spiritual descendant of Ivan the Terrible. He did not resort to violence for its own sake.

Mr. Marcu was seemingly too overwhelmed by his task, too awed by his hero to see him entire, but he has in many ways rendered a real service to the memory of Lenin and to the story of his time. By reducing the history of Russia for the last thirty years to a gigantic duel between Russia and Lenin, he has made it possible for the layman to grasp the tortuous idiosyncrasies of the most tragic and most heroic struggle in the annals of the world. He knows how to temper conclusions with facts. On the broadest canvas a biographer ever chose for his labors he succeeds in giving a complete panorama, lacking perhaps in details and little truths but substantially correct and instructive.

Marcu's Lenin may not be entirely human, but he is simple and plausibly clear. His character was formed in the shadow of the gallows upon which Alexander strung up his elder brother. The Marxian theory of the inevitability of the Proletarian Revolution became his sustaining power for decades of exile and misery. His muse was not democracy, not freedom, no abstract principle of social justice, but Victory—victory over the hordes of Czarism and all they stood for.

Then came the Great War, the *débâcle* of the Czarist armies, the attendant horrors of famine and pestilence, the fatal mistakes of Kerensky and the rising tide of Red Revolt. The exile of Cracow and Geneva, the professional revolutionist and conspirator became the Great Autocrat, the New Little Father of hundreds of millions of peasants. He took no personal pride in his triumph. His fate was not to ride the wave but to command it. And he devoted himself to the work of reconstruction with a courage and a tenacity that only great men possess. But the very laws of history which he deified, the very same historical process which was his guiding star during the years of the Long Wait began to work against him. He had to give up the Border States to unify the revolution, and he had to order a futile advance against Warsaw (and against his military leaders) to unify it again. He had to sanction Military Communism in order to crush the middle classes. And he had to establish the New Economic Policy to save the loyalty of the peasants. The man who was hunted by the spies and gendarmes of the Czar had to resort to an even more elaborate system

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of spies and gendarmes to protect his victories; all his life he preached the power of The Idea and then he was compelled to surround The Idea with bayonets lest it go against him. "The autocrat", Mr. Marcu tells us, "made an end of bourgeois freedom because it refused to revolve around his truth, because it was incomplete. He also made an end of proletarian peasant and petty bourgeois freedom; he made the end of every sort of freedom; freedom was now dead and could make no more mistakes."

This is pure tragedy of the highest sort. However, to the powerful Bolshevik party that he called into life he was now worth more dead than alive. When Lenin was the leader he could change his policies, as he did on many an occasion to suit the Truth as he saw it. To a really great man power is only an instrument, not an end. Lenin was great, perhaps even greater, without power than with it. But to his disciples and apostles power is the only thing to sustain them. So the tragi-comedy follows. Over the tomb of the throbbing, tireless, sceptical Lenin there blossomed out Leninism. One does not deal any more with ideas but with dogmas. Religion has become a Church, the Sermon on the Mount has become a text. In the collection of speeches and papers by Joseph Stalin, the official successor to the crown of Proletarian Dictatorship, which is now tendered to the English reading public under the name of *Leninism* (International, $2.50) one comes across the following:

"He (Zinovief) wants to ignore the resolution of the Fourteenth Party Conference after it has been confirmed by the Plenum of the Central Committee. Thus he involves himself in hopeless contradictions, shows his lack of faith in constructive Socialism, wanders away from the road of Leninism and acknowledges his defeat."

Or, "To deny this undisputable fact is to deviate from Internationalism, *to deviate from Lenin*".

All problems of Revolution and Reconstruction now hinge on abstract formulas, on interpretation of Leninist texts. To students of scholasticism, Mr. Stalin's book will prove most interesting as a novel adaptation of the methods of Thomas Aquinas; it will prove so also to students of the psychology of social movements. But to students of history and economics it is nearly worthless. Lenin deserves an abler and more honest St. Paul.

It is worth noting that while Stalin speaks only of Leninism, Leon Trotsky, in *The Real Situation in Russia* (Harcourt, $2.50), speaks only of Lenin. To Trotsky also the revolution is more than a heritage of power. He lacks Lenin's sense of reality; he is too romantic and too impetuous to win victories, but he is strong enough in his faith and confident enough in his cause to lead armies. If Stalin is the Requiem of the Great Revolution, Trotsky is its Wedding March. He believes that the honeymoon of the Revolution can be kept up forever. He is too trained a journalist and too intelligent a Socialist not to try to marshal facts and statistics in support of his opposition. But somehow one is more impressed by his zeal than by his science. His speech before the meeting of the Central Committee at which he was cast out from the governing body could be compared in boldness and self-confidence to the speeches of Socrates before the Court of Athens. Mr. Max Eastman, who is both translator and sponsor for Trotsky says in his own preface: "They (the opposition) are defending scientific thinking against dishonest political big-talk, demagogism, juggling of statistics, Jesuitry and a deliberately adopted campaign of All-Russian and International lying."

So with Lenin sanctified and crucified by Stalin, and with Trotsky in exile, the Revolution winks with one eye and cries with the other.

But the cycle is still incomplete. Tragi-comedy must be followed by sheer comedy or perhaps by farce. With *The Trotsky Opposition* (Workers Library, 35 cents) Mr. Bertram D. Wolfe properly appears as clown. He defends Stalin against Trotsky with the same zeal with which he would defend Trotsky against Stalin if the former were the Great Dictator. To Mr. Wolfe, Trotsky is nothing more than a dangerous heretic to be burned at the stake, the more so because of all that his name implies. And he burns him with a whooping and jeering that is repulsive.

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A Shelf of Recent Books

A TENDENCY YEARBOOK

By Allen Tate

THE AMERICAN CARAVAN. *A Yearbook of American Literature. (Edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, and Paul Rosenfeld. Macaulay, $5.00)*

THE new *American Caravan* is larger by a hundred pages than the issue of last year, but the number of contributors is reduced by nearly half. The new volume is less indiscriminately representative; the contributions are on the whole less fragmentary, and each writer shows something of his full stature; the miscellaneous character of the previous issue is definitely replaced by a discernible order and direction. It is more skilfully edited. *The American Caravan* is likely to become an institution in contemporary letters: it now seems, after the initial experiment, to have gathered about it, perhaps unintentionally, the kind of writer it wishes to represent; in short, to have made up its mind whither American literature is bound. There is a certain type of writing that prevails in the book, but that the editors were unconscious of it is easily attested by the minority representation of a spirit running counter to the spirit of the book as a whole. I refer to the work of John Gould Fletcher, Robert Penn Warren, Jonathan Leonard, Yvor Winters, and a few others. The inclusion of these writers is due to no weak intention on the part of the editors to be liberal; I am convinced that every piece in the book got there because they believed in its quality. Yet much, perhaps most, of the 865 pages is inferior in quality.

The Caravan, as a yearly phenomenon, will become an indispensable document, and yet this is surely not the intention of the editors. I infer that they intend, without wishing to undertake any special plea whatever, to publish and to encourage new American writers, or to publish the best writing that they can find by writers known or unknown. The fact that they do exhibit a single tendency in American literature may only mean that this tendency actually dominates the scene; in any case, it does not discredit their avowed intention or render it wholly unsuccessful. There are, in the new *Caravan*, interesting writers, both new and familiar. Most of these, it must be said, are poets. Of well-known poets, Mr. Frost contributes a poem the sole interest of which is his authorship; Mr. Fletcher appears with one of his most accomplished lyrics; Mr. Mark Van Doren, with a poem considerably below his usual perfection; Mr. Conrad Aiken writes the most distinguished of his long poems. Of the newer poets, Saville Clark, appearing in print for the first time, displays the most spectacular gifts in a poem of some length entitled "Corporal Trim"; it is written in a crabbed, brilliant, epigrammatic style which presents a group of symbolic figures whose conversation is a satire on modern America. One would like to see more of his work: at present it is confused. A new poet, Lincoln Fitzell, contributes three lyrics, two of which are perfectly written; this stanza, from "A Day of Earth", defines a distinguished, limited talent:

> Ruins of silence rest your feet,
> Breath is a wide and ringing grave
> And thought like shadow on the wheat
> Describes cloud-threatening the stave.

Mr. Yvor Winters writes two experimental sonnets: what he is trying to do will be clearer later on. And, finally, Mr. Hart Crane's "The River" contains some of his best writing, but is deficient in organization. A good deal of the poetry is ordinary or worse.

The prose is on the whole inferior to the poetry: it is ambitious and undisciplined. It is the prose which furnishes to the book its documentary interest. For when editors and critics, otherwise competent, convince them-

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selves that inferior writing is good, they usually do so because they are sympathetic to the subject-matter: the work expresses some of their feelings or beliefs. Running through most of the prose in *The Caravan* is a set of beliefs about America, about general experience, about the nature of literature. These assumptions are of great interest, and, except to the persons who hold them, they are not difficult to derive.

"They [Americans] have experienced," says Jean Toomer in the most competent prose in the book, "nothing to cause profound transformation of their souls." There is a powerful tendency in American letters which tells us this repeatedly, and yet, so far as I can see, there is nothing intrinsically wrong with the judgment. It may be true; it may be false. It is true of Europe in the last six centuries, up to 1914; nothing had transformed the soul of Europe. However, what Mr. Toomer is really voicing is the widespread assumption that the subject-matter of literature should be religious conversion, and there is abundant evidence that the leading incentive to write in this country is the conviction, coming suddenly upon the writer, that he has glimpsed the true epiphany.

This is almost the sole theme of Mr. Sherwood Anderson; it is the inverted theme, miraculously derived from Calkins's textbook in biology, of Mr. Dreiser; and Mr. Crane, vastly different from these writers in his superior craftsmanship, supposes that he articulates reality through a private apocalypse. The almost universal conviction of the pseudo-religious mission of the writer—which is distinct from the unconscious religious situation out of which major literature grows—this conviction, which is rationally corrupt and is made possible by the decay of organized religion, has turned our writers from their true business of craftsmanship. The poet must express his soul; he must bring something out of himself; his responsibility is no longer the writing of excellent verse.

There is much evidence of this attitude in *The American Caravan*. For some reason —and the reason is more complex than the disciples of Mr. Brooks have found it to be —self-contained Americans, since the generation of John Jay Chapman, have seldom become writers. The pseudo-religious conversion is the rationalization of social discontent. I do not pretend to judge how far, in a given case, social discontent may be justified. But it is not an adequate equipment for writing.

Most of the prose and some of the poetry are based, explicitly or by implication, upon two related images which appear again and again. The metaphor for life, for growth, is pregnancy. The symbol of experience at its intensest is the sexual act. (In Mr. Mumford's spiritual biography, this act, when the swooning preciosity of the style is reduced to its lowest terms, is the most significant in the hero's life, and the reader is not surprised at the intellectual feebleness of his turning for sustenance, in a crisis, to Shelley.)

Miss Latimer's version of the pregnancy image, in a well-written "Confession", is the "deep, rotten knot" inside her; in a moment of exaltation she says, "My stomach is a rose". We are rendered solicitous, almost painfully speechless, by the meaningless truth of the suffering that the heroine of Miss Gertrude Diamant's story endures; the story is called "Pregnant".

Are we to infer from the prevalence of generative and parturitive symbols that in America something is about to be born? It would be no less absurd to infer that such symbols are due to the influence of Mr. Waldo Frank, who, I take it, first issued them. They go deeper. Taken together, they form the compensative symbol of sterility and death. Yet we are told that these writers are full of vigor; that, for all their faults as composers, they are alive.

Their values are dead. There is not a story in the collection that grows, realized in intense objectivity, out of some local scene (no literature can come out of "America" because America is an abstraction); there is not a single character in them all who moves in a real world and exists for his own sake. The characters are smothered in the "perceptions" of the author, or, when the author is hero, under the burden of miscellaneous sensation; in either case, the mere

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vividness of experience emerges disordered, uncontrolled; it has no meaning. Tragic situations are not resolved; they remain painful or (diffused in impressionism) picturesque. Historically the contemporary writer must be vindicated; there is an inevitability in his predicament; and yet, morally, he evinces a faulty character. He celebrates his bankruptcy in disordered hysteria; he cannot face his own scene, for this would subdue his vitality, and make him tragic.

Upon the present moment, as it is condensed in *The American Caravan,* two comments at least are rationally possible. First, these writers must not be expected to take a heroic stand against their age; must not, in fact, be held personally responsible for the bankruptcy of their talent. Secondly, their predicament and the social situation it implies are not necessarily to be deplored.

The real problem lies elsewhere. Mr. Gilbert Seldes almost touched it last year when he said *The Caravan* suffered from the lack of a sympathetic criticism. While criticism cannot, as he seemed to believe it can, produce literature, it can clear the air. Not even a fundamental criticism can effect salvation, but it can preserve our integrity. There is a degree of moral irresponsibility in the present position of American criticism. The followers of Mr. Brooks hold the field, and remembering the treason of Henry James, they tell us in one breath of confused impressionism that America is a sympathetic scene, and in another breath of confused, if formal, criticism that it is hostile. That is beside the point. Our deficiency is the lack of a radical philosophy of literature, which would in the end neither encourage nor discourage writers, but would tell them plainly what they are doing.

Our present bias, hatched in the most barbaric city of America (New York), favors the expression of the sub-rational, i.e., of the megalopolitan, currents in American life. The failure of our criticism consists, in the end, in the fact that this tendency remains unconscious of itself, that it is a blind assumption. At the moment, there is in the contemporary American belly a God-smitten homunculus that clutches at a dithyramb.

H. G. WELLS, COMMITTEEMAN

By Philip Littell

THE OPEN CONSPIRACY. *By H. G. Wells. Doubleday, Doran, $2.00.*

BELONGING to Mr. H. G. Wells's generation, and also preferring books to other kinds of reading, I cannot help owing him a debt which is too large to pay, and which I should like to pay a little of, if in no other coin, then at least with thanks and praise. It is a piece of good fortune to have lived in the same age with such an eager and generous spirit, so resolute not to take present or past on trust, so impatient of poverty and muddle and elderly superstitions, so adventurous and brave. And if his courage chooses now and then the form of biting off more than one man can chew, at any rate Mr. Wells chews hard and disinterestedly, with a prolific faith that so and not otherwise can he give our human story a happier turn.

Is *The Open Conspiracy* an occasion for some of this praise and thanksgiving? I think I should have liked the book he meant to write, revolutionary, subversive, religious. I think I should have liked to hear him on "the whole destiny of man, and the whole duty of man". He thinks this is the subject of *The Open Conspiracy,* but he is mistaken. Its subject is apparatus. It is process. It is committees *ad hoc,* it is group meetings (competently modernized) for "mutual reassurance, confession and prayer", it is groups which "may easily have an athletic and recreational side", it is organization. "Through special *ad hoc* organizations", so Mr. Wells lets us know, "societies for the promotion of Research, for Research Defence, for World Indexing, for the Translation of Scientific Papers, for the Diffusion of New Knowledge, the surplus energies of a great number of Open Conspirators can be directed to entirely creative ends . . . ." There is a lot of this emphasis on apparatus. There is so much of it that I, who took up the book with hunger and thirst, with longing to be saved and subverted, am as angry as Naaman

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the Syrian when I come upon a suggestion that Sunday "may well be the day for group gatherings", or upon advice to begin by seeing "that desirable literature is available for sale in the local public library". My servants, to be sure, may come near and speak to me, and say: "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? How much rather then, when he saith unto thee, Join a committee *ad hoc*". But they have not said this yet. Good servants are few.

In the World Commonweal, to which the Open Conspiracy will lead, there will be no war, and no waste and no property. There will be control of births, leisure, control of staple commodities, happiness, creative activity, perception (for the first time) of "the full beauty of this world". All of which sounds all right to me, who am dismayed by only one thing in this future, namely, its inhabitants. They are too deliberately grave for my taste, too long-lived, too self-dedicatory, too altruistic. They will do nothing, ever, that is not for the good of somebody else or of everybody else. I turn away and recall with relief and joy what Mr. Justice Holmes has said: "With all humility, I think whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, infinitely more important than the vain attempt to love one's neighbor as one's self. If you want to hit a bird on the wing, you must have all your will in a focus, you must not be thinking about yourself, and, equally, you must not be thinking about your neighbor; you must be living in your eye on that bird. Every achievement is a bird on the wing". In Mr. Wells's World Commonweal every achievement will taste of self-dedication.

AMERICAN CULTS AND CRAZES

By James Truslow Adams

THE STAMMERING CENTURY. *By Gilbert Seldes. John Day. $5.00.*

THE chief actors in the drama portrayed in this volume are the "fanatics and radicals and mountebanks" of America in the nineteenth century. The century and the country were both full of them, as they are today, and it is only a selected group which finds itself assembled here. One cannot but wish that they all might have met thus in life for one stupendous evening of talk and that one might have listened in! Here are Father Rapp, Lorenzo Dow, Charles Grandison Finney, Robert Mathews, Noyes "the perfect Communist", Bronson Alcott, Adin Ballou, "Gloriana" Bloomer of the celebrated "bloomers", the Mesmerists and the phrenologists, the Fox sisters, Carrie A. Nation, the New Thoughtists, Dowie of Zion City, and a host of lesser cranks and radicals.

In the present day, with such a crew as subject matter, one would expect to find the book a quagmire of Freudianism or a broad farce. It is neither, but serious and, for the most part, unpsychological in treatment. The author has deliberately had it so and has written a much better book in consequence. It is plain narrative without preconceptions and almost without theory. The only lapse into the theoretical is the author's attempt to trace the fertilizing of the field for all these cranks back to Jonathan Edwards and his revivalistic preaching. This is to simplify too much.

The idiocy of the entire American public cannot be traced to one man. It is a more probable hypothesis that the field was fertile because it was empty and fallow, empty of thought, of joy, of self-expression. It all goes back to a wise observation made by William Bradford when unexpected and unpleasant things began to happen among the Pilgrims at Plymouth. He consoled himself with the thought that when a stream was dammed its waters would come to the surface in the most unanticipated places. Puritanism, hard work, love of money had dammed the American stream of life, and strange waters began to gurgle up all over the place.

If the author has not been happy in his one theory he has been more successful in his main deduction, which is that we cannot attribute all these isms to the "booboisie" but that "the astounding thing about almost all the quackeries, fads, and movements of the past hundred years in America is that

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they were first accepted by superior people". The careers of the bibulous, spirit-rapping Fox sisters (one of whom married Elisha Kent Kane), is an interesting example. By the time that they themselves confessed their hoax, they had got such a wide following among the respected that in self-defense their recantation was not accepted and attributed to drink.

It is indeed an extraordinary picture of America which is here presented. One is impressed less by the unbalanced crew of cranks than by the enormous number of people ready to fall in behind any of them. In any society individuals may become unbalanced but that they can invariably secure hosts of devoutly believing followers points to a staggering amount of intellectual wreckage floating about.

There is further point that although the book is in the past tense it throws a lurid light on the present. It is all about the nineteenth century, but the twentieth gets a bit uneasy and shame-faced when it reads. We may smile, albeit uneasily, when we find Alfred Russel Wallace predicting the great future for phrenology as the true science of mind. In 1927 we can heartily agree with John B. Watson when he says that phrenology passed out of the interest of scientific men several decades ago. But when he says that neurology has taken its place and when we consider some of the utterly nonsensical drivel that Mr. Watson's own followers accept from him today, we no longer smile but ask with intellectual agony, "How long, Oh, Lord?"

Mr. Seldes pretends neither to great original research nor to a complete inclusiveness. Brook Farms, the Mormons and plenty of other experiments and isms are left out, but he has performed a genuine service in his book. Reading it one seems to be looking at American life in a distorting mirror. The devilish part of it is that one is not. Mr. Seldes has exaggerated nothing. It would be an interesting if somewhat invidious task to draw up a list of the dramatis personae for a similar book to be written in 2028. Whom will it include?

CONFUSION IN THE ARTS

By Thomas Craven

THE AMERICAN RENAISSANCE. *By R. L. Duffus. Knopf. $4.00.*

THE task assigned to R. L. Duffus by the Carnegie Corporation was to investigate the condition of art in America, and "to find out", as he puts it, "if there are signs of an aesthetic revival, and if so what forms it is likely to take and what the typical American approach to the arts may be". Mr. Duffus is an impressionable and optimistic journalist who has made a good showing for art; he gives his report the imposing title *The American Renaissance,* not only implying but specifically stating that "America, having expressed herself politically, mechanically and administratively, is on the point of attempting to express herself aesthetically". His book, as a true indication of the state of the arts in America today, is superficial, misleading and untrustworthy: at best, it is only a swaggering tribute to the magnitude, methods and distribution of the cultural plants now operating in the various parts of the country. When a critic of literature desires to set forth the condition of letters, he analyzes contemporary books, their quality, circulation and value; similarly, the dramatic critic discusses the significance of plays and the tendency of the theatre; and the critic of music devotes himself to concerts and performers. Mr. Duffus, strange to say, ignores the artist completely. Who are our artists and what are they doing? How does it happen that most of them paint like Frenchmen? What are the art schools actually accomplishing? Is there any demand for pictures? Can an intelligent painter make a decent living in America? Do we have any intelligent painters? Is culture necessary to art? What is the nature of the pictures which Americans hang in their homes? What becomes of the army of art students? These questions do not concern him in the least. He is occupied exclusively with the elaborate equipment of our universities, museums and academies. He believes that all things are good, and that a Renaissance is coming!

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Mr. Duffus reminds me of the American capitalists who hurry through Italy, enjoy, in the company of Mussolini, personally conducted visits to subsidized factories, and return with the poisonous misinformation that the Italian people are on the threshold of an industrial Renaissance. He has enjoyed personally conducted tours through our leading universities and art schools, and, carried away by the grandeur of our educational machinery, has concluded, without knowledge of the deadly effects of academic instruction on imaginative youth, that we are in a fair way to behold "an American Renaissance skeletoned in cement and steel". If he had only thought to add the number of artists and art students in America, and the enormous sums expended annually by our millionaires for European plunder, he might have boasted that our interest in art exceeds that of all the rest of the world put together, and his case for culture would have been even more impressive.

The problem has a darker aspect. Unfortunately, art does not proceed from culture, and nations do not express themselves politically and mechanically, and then blossom into aesthetic enlightenment. During the diseased and bloody Middle Ages, Europe produced the Byzantine churches of Ravenna and her great Gothic cathedrals; the magnificent painting of Florence appeared in the early and middle Renaissance when the city was a money-grubbing community—the rendezvous of political assassins and the scene of endless factional uprisings—and not in the cultured tyranny of Lorenzo de' Medici; rigorous Colonial America gave us our finest furniture and domestic architecture; there is abounding creative vitality in modern industrial America, that is to say, in literature, architecture and the theatre, but not in the plastic arts. To be sure, there are thousands of art students and thousands of registered artists, but very few of them serve any useful purpose. Many are moulded into commercial hacks, popular illustrators, and fashionable portraitists by the Chicago Art Institute; the majority are taught to imitate the French, and to regard art as a romantic and snobbish pastime. The average American artist is anti-social and superfluous. He is dead to his own civilization and his work commands no intelligent response for the simple reason that he is cursed with foreign ideals, and that he has no zest for the life and multitudinous energies of his own people. Timorously he falls back on the conventions which have done duty for art throughout the last hundred years, or belligerently he adopts the eccentricities of the Parisian radicals of yesterday. He has nothing to say and no excuse for painting except that he has been trained to paint and the habit has developed into a mania. If Mr. Duffus thinks that America is ripe for a Renaissance of the fine arts, let him look into the wholesale frustration of genuine talent, and better still, let him examine the lives and works of our most eminent painters and sculptors.

LEONARDO da VINCI

By Carl Zigrosser

THE MIND OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. *By Edward McCurdy. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.*
LEONARDO THE FLORENTINE. *By Rachel Annand Taylor. Harper. $6.00.*

THERE are few artists around whom legends have crystallized more generously than around Leonardo da Vinci. The universality of his genius as artist and scientist and man, the memory of his beauty and his grace, the paucity of his works, due to his own digressive temperament and the fatal ravages of time, even the notoriety of the passion of an insane man for the Mona Lisa —all combine to endow the name of Leonardo da Vinci with a magical fragrance. How is it possible that a man with so little concrete achievement could have held the respect of succeeding generations even up to our own practical minded age. Is it because he was both engineer and artist, or is it due to the unconscious admiration of mankind for the superman, the universal or whole man?

This passion for self development and self fulfillment seems without question to be the keynote of Leonardo's life—the basis of his insatiable quest for all knowledge and all human experience. In the course of this passion for self development

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he would expend prodigious efforts, and yet be indifferent whether he gave his experience the final concretizing touch. "To devise," he wrote, "is the work of the master; to execute the act of the servant." It was enough for him that he passed through the herculean labors leading up to the final conception; they were real enough to him and sufficed his purpose. Such was the attitude of the man who wrote: "You can have neither a greater nor a less dominion than that over yourself".

Contemporary and near contemporary records testify to the impression of wonder that he produced on the men of his day. Cellini records a conversation he had with the French King Francis: "He said that he did not believe that there ever had been another man born into the world who had known as much as Leonardo, and this not only in matters concerning sculpture, painting, and architecture, but because he was a great philosopher". That this vast knowledge was not pedantic but was distilled into a wisdom that carried over into personal relations is made evident in another contemporary record: "With the splendor of his countenance, which was most beautiful, he made serene every broken spirit, and with his words he turned to yea or nay every violent intention".

Such were the estimates of his day, and our age is gradually coming around to a similar point of view that Leonardo the universal man was superior to any of his separate modes of expression. Osvald Siren, in the recently published French translation of his work (*Léonardo da Vinci, l'Artiste et l'Homme,* three volumes, VanOest, Brussells, 1928), admits that if he were to write his book over again he would devote more space to Leonardo's activities in other fields than art.

Two good books have recently appeared in English which stress the all-around man rather than the artist. Both of them give an adequate picture of the genius who was at once painter, sculptor, draughtsman, architect, musician, courtier, philosopher, military and hydraulic engineer, and the savant who made researches in anatomy, optics, mechanics, mathematics, geology, palaeontology, botany, cartography, astronomy, aviation, city planning, folk lore, the philosophy of language, and many other things. Mr. Edward McCurdy's book, *The Mind of Leonardo da Vinci,* is an admirable supplement to his previous and indispensible work, *Leonardo da Vinci's Notebooks.* The main section of the book is a record of Leonardo's manifold interests, chronological in form, and interspersed with biographical data and quotations from the manuscripts. There are also chapters on his painting and sculpture, and on the manuscripts, especially as they relate to his religious beliefs, his travels, and his researches in aviation.

Contrasted with Mrs. Rachel Taylor's work, Mr. McCurdy's book seems a little pedestrian, even if thoroughly accurate and scholarly. Mrs. Taylor's biography scintillates and flashes with vivid imagery and bursts of poetic prose. But to be pelted with jewelled phrases and involved in complex and intricate patterns for over five hundred pages does become somewhat exhausting even though there are compensations in discovering phrases and ideas that vibrate with a superb and splendid rightness. And values are often distorted by the lack of contrast in the style: the fabric of Leonardo's life becomes nothing but purple patches. However, the book gives not only a vivid picture of Leonardo's background at Florence and Milan but also an indication of his inner or psychic life. It is a brilliant and provocative work.

STUART SHERMAN AND OTHER CRITICS

By Johan Smertenko

SHAPING MEN AND WOMEN. *By Stuart P. Sherman. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.*
AMERICAN CRITICISM. *By Norman Foerster. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.*
THE HOGARTH ESSAYS. *Compilation. Doubleday, Doran. $3.00.*
AS THEY SEEMED TO ME. *By Ugo Ojetti. Dutton. $2.50.*

THE dominant tradition in American criticism has been to seek the good in art rather than the beautiful. And, in the main, our critics have cheerfully, almost unconsciously, accepted this tradition. Stuart

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Sherman was one of this native majority. "We [Americans] all hanker after perfection," he confessed in the keynote essay of *The Main Stream;* and in one of his first contributions after accepting editorship of "Books", the literary supplement of *The New York Herald-Tribune,* he bravely undertook to lead us to this perfection in the realm of letters. He joyfully donned the nursemaid's uniform to prove that by tactful precept and attractive example he could change the diet of that lusty esthetic infant, which he believed America to be, from the stirring inanities of Zane Grey to the inanimate speculations of Brownell.

Partly through the humanizing influence of New York and partly through the need of justifying his work as a reviewer Sherman soon admitted that this moralistic attitude toward art was not altogether right. He proceeded to extend the scope and purpose of criticism. "The first duty of a commentator on current literature," he wrote in *Critical Woodcuts,* "is to present a fairly full and veracious report of what is going on. He will have his own convictions regarding the permanent value of various parts of the contemporary spectacle; and, inevitably, they will 'show through' in his report. But his first duty is not to exploit his own predilections; it is rather to understand the entire 'conspiracy' of forces involved in the taste of his day." Such sentiments caused jubilation in the camp of the Expressionists, who claimed that Sherman had surrendered to their viewpoint—and, indeed, the difference, if any, between the above quotation and Benedetto Croce's "criticism is the serene historical narration of that which has happened" is extremely slight. To this Sherman offered rebuttal in *The Main Stream* with a statement that greatly modified his original position. "We value our critics," he wrote, "in proportion to the soundness and abundance of their preconceptions and in proportion to the adequacy of their ulterior purposes."

Now we are presented with a volume which is incomprehensible as literary criticism without a knowledge of the above-mentioned works. *Shaping Men and Women* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is a posthumous collection of odd essays, lectures and addresses written during the last quarter-century, more closely concerned with academic than with literary themes, yet, like everything Sherman did, basically related to literature. It is markedly inferior to the other books, but it is far more important as a study of the man once we have the key which they offer. For they are the chronicles of his vacillation in critical precept and practice, whereas this work contains his various and contradictory testaments.

In it we read "As a literary critic, I sometimes think I have done with dividing books and authors into classical and romantic, realistic and naturalistic, good and bad, moral and immoral. Those divisions of things interest me less than they did. I see things more simply now. All books to me are either quick or dead". Here again we are told "Wordsworth's revolution in literature opened the doors to the common man, to the plain people, gave their lives and hopes literary expression. That is why Wordsworth is the most important figure in English poetry after Milton". And finally, here we find corroboration that the one principle which Sherman held consistently through his course as teacher and critic was his tolerant theory "that patient search usually discovers some refreshing virtue wherever there has been exhibited any unusual display of energy". This tolerance, admirable in the man, invalidated his work as a critic so that even in the case of Mr. Mencken, where a healthy animosity to all that the writer was and stood for stamped his reaction, Sherman is incapable of complete condemnation.

In his introduction to *Shaping Men and Women* Professor Zeitlin ignores Sherman's compromises with esthetic dogmas; he considers it more important to offer his hero's opinions on the teaching of English to college freshmen. Yet if Sherman has any fundamental importance at all as an American critic, it is precisely in this respect that he is significant. For he is the first of our literary moralists whom the pressure of a differing public opinion forced to doubt the temperamentally and traditionally acceptable theory of virtue as an esthetic standard. Those of his academic contemporaries who

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still hold to it are too conscious of their own righteousness to be sensitive to their error; whereas his predecessors, backed by the popular approval of an evangelist nation, naturally had nary a qualm about it.

Sherman's conversion is the sweet revenge of our times on the autocratic rule of the past. When Poe and Lowell tried to follow a theory of esthetics which differentiated between the virtuous and the pleasant, they were immediately subjected to a species of persecution by the moralists who felt far more dogmatically than Sherman "that it is rather specially the 'function' of critics to be engaged in quest of 'the good life' ". Poe, poor devil, dependent as he was on reviews, literary odd jobs, and editorial loans to lead any kind of life, was forced to trim and modify his theory on many an occasion. Lowell could not be influenced but he could be disprized and so he comes down to us, right down to Professor Foerster's book, *American Criticism* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) as a frivolous dilettante.

What Mr. Foerster does not recognize in his study of the great figures of American criticism is that in coming to his subjects with the prejudices of the early moralists he must inevitably arrive at the same or similar judgments. This troubles him. He would like to make his work one which incorporates and adds to modern thought; yet he feels that he is rehearsing an old lesson. Hence the tone of melancholy confusion that prevails in the book.

Professor Foerster consciously undertook the unpleasant task of pedantic pioneering in the belief that a number of monographs on special periods and problems would furnish the necessary preliminaries to the history of American criticism. He chose Poe and Emerson, Lowell and Whitman for his subjects and, though they are not precisely virgin soil, he has brought forth a good deal of original material. But like almost every American pioneer Mr. Foerster found his hardest work in making use of the copious resources which he discovered. I believe a good deal of his difficulty is due to the fact that he is not only earnest, but also certain of virtues and values; moreover, he is impelled to set that earnestness and certainty above the consideration of his material. For that reason, it seems to me, the material is inadequately considered.

No better antidote for Professor Foerster's work could have been given a reviewer than *The Hogarth Essays* (Doubleday, Doran, $3.00). Here is conviction but no certainty; arguments abound but no insistence on "ideals", "purposeful discourse", "high achievement". In eleven essays as many critics concern themselves with the broad and the minute problems of art and literature almost to the point of triviality. The outstanding contributions are made by Virginia Woolf, who discusses character portrayal; Robert Graves, who gives lucid if not original expression to the modern view of poetry; and Roger Fry, who studies the artist in the light of such misconceptions as the psychoanalysts have added to this befuddled theme.

Pompous or modest, lucid or muddled, facetious or serious, there is still a saving sanity, a sense of relativity about these authors. Dealing with the most fundamental problems that confront the contemporary writer they nevertheless avoid the oracular utterance and the sweeping dictum. How different they are from Signor Ojetti! This sentimental scribbler does not set down a single one of his journalistic sketches and interviews without thinking of them as "an aid to posterity".

For the life of me I cannot think Ojetti's book, *As They Seemed to Me* (Dutton, $2.50), a degree better than its worst paragraph: "One door of his study opens on to a dark room. As I go away I turn to look at it. 'It is my mother's room, left untouched since her death' ". Yet that is unfair. For in the sketch of Rodin he does give us a glimpse of a great spirit and in another essay he sadistically exposes Papini. (Papini is another Italian genius who three or four or five years ago was acclaimed by our critics as an immortal commentator on Christian civilization.) In the others, however, he offers the pathos and bombast of an American "sob sister" concerning D'Annunzio and his lesser gods. And the modest Gabriel reciprocates with an introduction which is nothing short of a trumpet blast to his own glory.

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AMERICA ATTEMPTS AN EPIC

By Max Eastman

JOHN BROWN'S BODY, *by Stephen Vincent Benét.* Doubleday-Doran, $2.50.

STEPHEN BENÉT has the true gift of poetry, and he has a scope and energy of ambition that is rare among poets in this practical age. Next to Walt Whitman's proposal to make a book that would not be a book but a man, *John Brown's Body* is the biggest thing ever attempted in poetry in America. It is an epic of our Civil War—an American *Iliad,* to adopt the language of those who are selling it, although it is less like Homer than anything else in the world. It is superior to Homer in this at least, that its action is free from the perpetual childish interference of gods. Instead of these frivolous beings hovering above the combat, Benét shows us the real people of the earth trying to live their bewildered lives of love and egotism while this bloody and roaring storm goes across them. His poetry is at times entirely compelling. It contains lines and passages that one would gladly remember forever.

"You do not feel
The inexorable stairs of the flesh ascended
By an armed enemy with a naked torch."

Even where Benét's poetry is not so fine, it is sustained by a fine sincerity—by the poet's own heart honestly feeling all that is felt—and it is adorned with interruptions of excellent lyrical song. All these virtues compel one to judge *John Brown's Body* by the standards of great art. And as a great work of art, I think the book fails. It fails because of certain faults which are characteristic of modern America, and which have their cause.

The book is long out of all proportion to its content of intense poetry. It is prolix to the point of sloppiness. And this is but one more work of the old enemy of all art in America—the profession of journalism. Writing as a business paid by the word has reached heights of excitement and profitableness in this country never before dreamed of. It has reached heights of skill that make it not always easy to distinguish from art. The distinction is always there, however. I do not mean to accuse Stephen Benét of a commercial motive in putting out a good fat book that will command a high price and make money like a novel. I merely perceive that he is swimming in the general stream of American journalism, and his book suffers from it. It lacks altogether the incisive and breathless concentration that great poetry must have. It lacks rapture and perfection. Akin to its prolixity is the layness of its rhythm. It is written for the most part in blank verse—or rather it is written partly in blank verse, partly in ordinary talk skilfully fitted into the formal pattern of blank verse. Fitting ordinary talk into this pattern without making it sound stilted or unnatural is, throughout many pages the sole occupation of the poet's skill. Benét's speech not only never does sound stilted and unnatural in this pattern, but it often sounds commonplace and undistinguished beyond belief. This for instance about Wendell Phillips:

"Being strong and active, in all ways shaped
like a man,
And the cause being one to which he professed devotion,
He spoke. He spoke well, with conviction,
and frequently."

This is not a new departure in the art of writing blank verse. It is kicking that art around the back yard. For my part I would rather read most of Benét's story printed, like Sandburg's *Lincoln,* in good honest lines running out to a regular margin. I would rather not be asked perpetually to pretend to sing.

The absence of any point of view or passionate judgment about his subject is another thing that makes Benét's poem seem to me at least more like exalted journalism than great art. It is the fashion of contemporary famous writers to avoid saying anything with their writings, and Benét follows the fashion. Or rather he carries it a step farther. He paints on his vast canvas the most appalling thing in our history—the stern fierce god-invoking liberty ideal of the prophet, John Brown, the torrent of hatred

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and horror that it touched off, and how there rose up out of the blood-soaked ground nothing of what John Brown loved—not liberty, nor peace, nor excellent human relations—sky-scrapers and machines and a mechanical civilization based on "dollars and initiative". It is the real American tragedy, the tragedy of America's simple-hearted great hopes, and her complex and fantastic failure to realize them. Yet out of this supremely important act of retrospection the poet gets no wisdom. He not only has no judgment upon it, no attitude, but he explicitly advises us to have none.

"Say neither . . .
It is deadly magic and accursed,
Nor 'it is blest', but simply it is here."

That is the end of his book. That is the moral of his tale.

I intend in another article to discuss the prevailing fashion of writing literature without saying anything. For the present I will merely add that I am not myself—like Upton Sinclair—a saintly madman in the other direction. If Benét had written his tale with childlike simplicity and quietly stopped when it was done, I should have asked nothing more of him. Some of the early epics were written in this way, although I think their inimitable simplicity derived from the fact that the poets were historians. They had an earnest concern, but it was merely to tell how it happened. There is no such concern in Benét's poem. A child could read his book through without getting an idea how anything happened. It is a sophisticated book, an intellectual book, full of complicated, diverse and extremely up-to-date ideas. Only as a whole it lacks idea. It lacks attitude. It lacks the unity that is imparted by an intention. In short Benét has outgrown the whole-hearted objectiveness which gave grandeur to the earlier epics, and he has not attained the deeper grandeur which flows in Dante and Milton from their impassioned attitude of will. His book is neither childlike nor mature enough to be a great epic. It is neither John Brown's body, nor John Brown's soul.

The Son of Peer Gynt and the Troll King's Daughter—Illustration by Elizabeth McKinistry for Doubleday, Doran's Edition of "Peer Gynt"

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Co-operation with the Public Libraries of America

Of the new titles appearing this month, one was inevitable, in view of the movie-stimulated popularity of Capt. Wren's previous books. The appearance of "Bad Girl" reflects, among other things, the liberalization of the public library censorship. Time was, and not so long ago, when few libraries would have offered their patrons the opportunity to read it. That is true, of course, of many other books which are the products of a time so different in its outlook upon life and literature that it hardly seems possible that a bare ten years should have made such a change. Milder books than "Bad Girl" were banned by librarians who regarded themselves as broadminded, before the Armistice; I remember one big city library refusing to buy a copy of Arnold Bennett's "Pretty Lady".

Had you noticed that Richard Halliburton's "Royal Road" is beginning to challenge the endurance records for popularity? —*F. P. S.*

FICTION

1.	The Bridge of San Luis Rey	*Thornton Wilder*	A. & C. Boni
2.	Swan Song	*John Galsworthy*	Scribner
3.	The Greene Murder Case	*S. S. Van Dine*	Scribner
4.	Wintersmoon	*Hugh Walpole*	Doubleday
5.	Beau Ideal *	*P. C. Wren*	Stokes
6.	The Island Within	*Ludwig Lewisohn*	Harper
7.	Two Flights Up	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	Doubleday
8.	The Age of Reason	*Philip Gibbs*	Doubleday
9.	Bad Girl *	*Vina Delmar*	Harcourt
10.	Brook Evans	*Susan Glaspell*	Stokes
11.	Death Comes for the Archbishop	*Willa Cather*	Knopf
12.	Kitty	*Warwick Deeping*	Knopf

GENERAL

1.	Mother India	*Katherine Mayo*	Harcourt
2.	Strange Interlude	*Eugene O'Neill*	Liveright
3.	Disraeli	*André Maurois*	Appleton
4.	Napoleon	*Emil Ludwig*	Liveright
5.	Trader Horn	*Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis*	Simon
6.	Safari	*Martin Johnson*	Putnam
7.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	Bobbs
8.	My Life	*Isadora Duncan*	Liveright
9.	The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Capitalism and Socialism	*George Bernard Shaw*	Brentano
10.	The Glorious Adventure	*Richard Halliburton*	Bobbs
11.	Skyward	*Richard Byrd*	Putnam
12.	Bismarck	*Emil Ludwig*	Little

* This title has not previously appeared in the Monthly Score.

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News Story Contest

COMMENT ON AUGUST PRIZE AWARD

By Julian Mason

Editor-in-chief, N. Y. Evening Post

FROM the newspaper stories submitted in this, my second judging in THE BOOKMAN's contest, I did not get quite the favorable reaction that came to me on the first occasion. Then, although I gave the decision to a metropolitan paper, I was amazed and strengthened by the display of high craftsmanship made by writers from the smaller cities. This time, as luck made the exhibits run, the men from the East stood head and shoulders above the West and South.

I give first award, unquestionably, to the court appearance of Miss Texas Guinan written for the New York *Telegram* of August 6th by Mr. Courtenay Terrett. It is a glistening bit of that hard, cool "patter" writing which is done so well in New York nowadays. Furthermore it is a news story, not a feature.

And the winner of next place is like unto the first, at least in style. Mr. Carl Helm of the New York *Sun* deserves at least second mention for his story of August 10th on Lefty Riley, the former Bad Man of the Bowery. The restraint in treatment is as excellent as the sophistication.

Two stories, of almost directly opposite character from the New York offerings, are worthy of recognition.

For the San Francisco *News*, Mr. Arthur S. Garrett, its music critic, wrote on August 25th the straightaway account of his test of the theory that a 10,000 foot airplane dive relieves deafness. He found that it did not, and he relates his experience with a quiet reality that makes his tale absorbingly interesting.

Another low-keyed bit of realistic writing is found in the picture of the sailing of Byrd's first Antarctic ship, written by Mr. W. A. Macdonald for the Boston *Transcript* of August 27th.

Exhibits submitted from a member of the staff of my own paper I tactfully though regretfully declined to read, turning them back to THE BOOKMAN with the recommendation that they go over to the mercies of a less partisan judge next month.

PRIZE STORY FOR AUGUST

MISS GUINAN CHATS OF RAIDS IN COURT; 40 OTHERS ABSENT

Federal Judge Orders Warrants Issued for Arrest of Those Missing, but Cancels Them on Promise to Have Defendants Appear

BY COURTENAY TERRETT

From *The New York Telegram*
August 6, 1928

Miss Texas Guinan was awakened at 8:30 this morning by the singing of a bird. The bird is named Addie and was born in middle Harlem twenty-seven years ago. She gets $35 a week, which is more than any canary can claim.

Shortly after this occurred Miss Guinan got up. She spoke to her mother. She nearly always speaks to her mother. There is no one she does not speak to.

The next two hours were consumed in victualing and caparisoning Miss Guinan for an expedition to the United States District Court, one of Miss Guinan's favorite resorts, where Judge Meekins wanted to ask if she were guilty, or not guilty, of selling night-club liquor until June 28, when several Federal employes interrupted.

The Telegram cannot do more than merely

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chronicle these intimate facts, but it may be added, pardonably, that the eating did not take more than five minutes and that Miss Guinan's bathroom is lined with blue taffeta.

Texas' Outfit Complete

When she was dressed the naked eye could discern these items of costume:—

One black straw hat, the brim faced with black silk.

One rope of pearls. She said they were pearls.

One lace-edged black veil, last used at Valentino's funeral.

One black dress, the hem trimmed with black thingummies.

One pair of gray silk stockings, both without holes.

One pair of patent leather slippers, with rhinestone buckles extending almost to the knees.

One pair of white doeskin gloves, very refined.

One sandalwood fan painted with blue forget-me-nots.

One diamond ring weighing three-and-a-half pounds. She once hooked a five-pounder, but it got away.

Perfume and Rouge

In addition to these adornments and coverings, Miss Guinan wore four ounces of "Sin," a perfume sold only on the Atlantic City Boardwalk, and six square inches of "Solferino," a rouge sold only at Coney Island.

A modest box of Smith Bros. cough drops completed her ensemble.

As she emerged from her apartment at 17 W. Eighth Street, she asked, "Have you one of those Old Gold blindfolds?"

New York Telegram Undercover Operative No. 7-G said he did not.

Irving Strouse, her public relations counsel, asked why. He knew there was a pretty good gag coming if he'd only give her a chance.

She said, "Because I want to show the chauffeur I can tell him the way to the Federal Building with my eyes shut."

Mr. Strouse and the Telegram operative laughed. Miss Guinan laughed. The chauffeur did not. He is hired to drive the car.

Car Heads Southward

The car, a Packard, headed southward. There was considerable traffic. Miss Guinan said, "It looks like the whole 107th is in our way."

At Park Place and Broadway a plump traffic cop strolled over, put his hand in, and said, "Hello, Tex." She said "Hello" back at him. He said "Why don't you leave these federal guys alone?" She said, "Why don't they leave me alone?" Nearly everybody laughed. The chauffeur was busy looking for a place to park.

The party entered the building, rose up in an elevator, proceeded to Room 331, was met by a marshal, informed to rest comfortably in Room 314, did so.

In Room 314 several reporters entered. One of them said, "How do you think you'll look in stripes, Tex?" She said, "Well, I can wear 'em now. That's why I reduced."

Her Lawyer Tired

Walter Solinger, her Monday lawyer, entered the room. He had relieved her Sunday lawyer at midnight. He looked tired. Pat Cody, Miss Guinan's stage manager, entered soon after.

Several photographers entered. They asked Miss Guinan if she wouldn't like to come up to the press room and have her picture taken. She liked to, very much. So did Mr. Irving Strouse. Mr. Sollinger did not object.

Several pictures were taken. One was with Miss Guinan seated at a table with a deck of cards laid out as for solitaire. The cards, it was said, were left in the press room by Horace Greeley, when he was promoted to cover City Hall.

Miss Guinan picked up the historic Jack of Spades, which bears the attested thumb-prints of Richard Harding Davis, Arthur Brisbane and Izzy Kaplan, and said, "The card says I am going on a long journey." Everybody laughed.

Meets a Bondsman

Miss Guinan went back downstairs to Room 314. Mr. Moe Levy, alias Kahan and several other names, greeted her. Miss Guinan said he was her favorite bondsman.

A bondsman is not a serf or a peon. He is a man with diamond rings who writes, or has written for him, bail bonds for persons accused of wrongdoing. Mr. Levy-Kahan is more than a bondsman. He is also an indicted defendant in the twenty-six prohibition cases which had caused Miss Guinan's attendance at the Federal Building. He achieved this by being connected in some way with the Furnace Club. He wore brown and yellow sports shoes.

He said, "Are these dog-wrappers O. K. for Atlanta, Texas?"

She said, "I don't know the exact social requirements there. I've never been there—just invited."

Everybody laughed. Miss Guinan laughed six seconds, but Mr. Levy-Kahan laughed louder.

Mr. Levy-Kahan introduced to Miss Guinan one of the employees at the Furnace Club, a negro named Clint Morton. The negro said, "I'm all in black, too." He wasn't. His shirt was yellow. Miss Guinan said, "Yes, boy, charcoal would make a white mark on you." Everybody laughed.

Guarded Against Agents

The talk was directed to the federal agents who had obtained what she laughingly referred to as "the evidence." She said that she was cautious and guarded in her social contacts with them. She said she was very glad she had been. She said, "It just shows a girl can never be too careful."

The late-arriving photographer asked if he could take his pictures after she got through talking. Everybody laughed. Miss Guinan said, "Can you wait that long? I'll be dead when I stop talking." Everybody laughed.

Ray Mulligan, first deputy U. S. Marshall, entered. He said, "Hello, Tex." She said, "Hello, Ray." Nobody laughed.

Miss Guinan made several remarks. She said she would like to give a benefit for the widow of a Hoboken stevedore shot by a Federal Customs man last week. She said she was going out to the Coast to make a "talkie."

Not a quitter

She said that Helen Morgan was a sweet girl. She said that Tommy Guinan should have gotten

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up to come to court, anyway, seeing that he had been indicted. She said she was not a quitter. She said there was no evidence against her. She said she was hired as an entertainer. She said she thought several newspaper men who write pieces about her are very clever. Only two reporters blushed.

Miss Guinan went to Room 331 once more. She sat in a front-row seat. She saw that Miss Morgan did not appear, nor did others, when their names were called. She said, "But that isn't etiquette—this is an invitation affair." Mr. Strouse laughed quietly.

A deputy marshal remarked to Miss Guinan that this arraignment was just a formality, that she would get a letter telling her when her trial was coming up.

She said she hoped that he would not be in any hurry about his correspondence.

About forty of the 138 indicted persons failed to show up. Judge Meekins arranged that they should be handed autograph warrants by federal marshals. Miss Morgan's name was to be put on one, and Mr. Tommy Guinan's on another, and Mr. Nils T. Granlund's on another. Later, when lawyers promised to have these absentees in court tomorrow, the order for warrants was canceled.

Miss Guinan's name was called and she said "Here." She murmured loudly that Judge Meekins looked like a lovely fellow. The young assistant prosecutor asked that the original $1,000 bail for Miss Guinan and for John Johnnidis and Nick Prounis, her alleged partners in the Salon Royal night club, should be raised to $2,500.

Judge Meekins said he thought $1,000 was high enough.

Miss Guinan said, positively, that Judge Meekins was a lovely fellow.

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BOSTON

A Contemporary Historical Novel

By Upton Sinclair

Editor's note: Our readers will receive the concluding chapters of *Boston* in a separate pamphlet. Mr. Sinclair found that adequate treatment of the climactic scenes of the story called for considerably more space than his original estimates had caused us to allow for. To finish the serial in the main body of the magazine would have necessitated drastic abridgement of the remaining chapters or postponement of the book-publication of the novel by several months. Not to be unfair to our readers or work hardship on the book's publishers, the issuance of a supplement was decided on.

The pamphlet containing the final chapters, together with a summary of the previous instalments, will be received by all subscribers to THE BOOKMAN. News-stand readers may obtain the pamphlet by mailing the postcard contained in news-stand copies. *Boston* will be published as a book, in a few weeks, by A. and C. Boni. It will occupy two volumes instead of one, as originally planned.

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In the Bookman Office

Correspondence

More About Wood Pulp

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.
Dear Sir:

I have read "The Wood-Pulp Racket" by Henry Morton Robinson in the August issue of THE BOOKMAN with a curious blending of interest. First, the interest of a sincere admirer of your fine periodical, and secondly, the interest of a man who has been in the "wood-pulp racket" for many years and yet still remains a young-old editor of thirty-five. I have never heard of Mr. Robinson in connection with the wood-pulp racket but then one must remember that in the gangs of all-fiction magazines now roaming our fair land, there are many two-gun, he-men authorities who hide their lights under bushels until such time as they find an opportunity to scribble great thoughts on the subject.

Having known many of the quantity writers both officially and personally; having discovered many of them and put them on the road to fame while working for such firms as Street and Smith, The Clayton Magazines and the Macfadden Publications; having seen these pulp-paper babies grow to enormous circulations under my guidance, and being at present busily engaged launching a new group of four all-fiction magazines, I feel that I have a right to speak my mind.

First let me correct the glaring errors. I suppose an authority on the wood-pulp racket has a right to make errors because he must have taken on some of the melodrama of the soul while studying them under the magnifying glass of his great wit. For instance, he says: "wood-pulp is as big a dime's worth of vicarious satisfaction as one can buy in this palely inhibited age". A dime's worth! What a blow to the pulp-paper reader's pride. There are only a few for a dime. About ninety-eight per cent of them sell for fifteen, twenty and twenty-five cents a copy.

He says "Few mature intelligences want to write for wood-pulp magazines". *Mirabile dictu.* Unless I am mistaken Achmed Abdullah, Octavus Roy Cohen, Mary Roberts Rinehart, O. Henry, Hugh Kahler, Zane Grey, and Jack London started in the wood-pulp racket. And Theodore Dreiser once edited a wood-pulp magazine for Street and Smith.

He says "the greatest quantity-fictioneer of all time, one Walter Scott, Bart." Mr. Robinson probably counted the words produced by such men as Scott, Balzac, etc. But he is so far wide of the truth that it is pitiful. W. Bert Foster, William Wallace Cook, H. Bedford-Jones, Gilbert Patten, and many others who are curiously not noted in Mr. Robinson's "authoritative article", make Walter Scott, Bart., look like a Boy Scout writer in comparison. The number of words they have written individually would go around Walter Scott's reputation a dozen times if we were to use Hearstian statistics.

He says "the chief marathoner of all time was of course Col. Prentiss Ingraham". He wasn't "of course" or anything else. He has been seized upon for some time as an example but he rates way below the other well-known writers, such as John R. Coryell, whose wordage would make the Colonel look like an amateur.

He speaks of another writer, I believe, whose "income averages about ten thousand dollars a year". Poor Mr. Robinson, that's a beggarly income for a pulp-paper writer of success these days. H. Bedford-Jones, Ray Nafziger, Gilbert Patten, Johnston McCulley, Max Brandt, etc., etc. all make much more than this, and they are not exceptional. I know, because I have paid them checks.

He says their rates go "up to three cents sometimes". This is an unkind error because men like H. Bedford-Jones, Ray Nafziger, W. Bert Foster, Albert William Stone, and dozens upon dozens of others get much higher rates. I have paid them myself. The average payment today is two cents a word, and many wood-pulp racketeers get as much as five cents a word, and steady money, too.

I agree with Mr. Robinson that Mr. Hoffman made a great magazine of *Adventure* but as for saying Munsey's *Argosy* is the best, I laugh right out. Maule's *Short Story*, Blackwell's *Western Story*, *Ainslee's*, *Popular* (under McLean), *Ace-High* and *Cowboy Stories*—all these have been much superior both in story value and in literary discover-

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BRAITHWAITE'S ANTHOLOGY

OF MAGAZINE VERSE AND YEAR-BOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY FOR 1928

(Sixteenth Year of Publication)

Edited, with a Critical Introduction, by
William Stanley Braithwaite

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ies. Courtland Young in his magazine has perhaps discovered more famous writers of today than any other living publisher.

Insofar as a judgment of the literary context of the wood-pulp magazines is concerned, I am heartily of the opinion that critics may argue and disagree and disapprove. That is matter of human taste and aesthetic standards. Yet I sometimes believe that these pulp-paper periodicals really publish the best stories of the day. The trouble is, much tawdry stuff must be waded through to get to the excellent stories here and there. On the other hand, did you ever try to wade through the "Satevepost" and *Collier's* trying to find great stories? They are fine magazines but they do not publish one whit better stories than the wood-pulpers, and I can prove it from long intimate experience.

I am growing a trifle weary of the patronizing of wood-pulp writers, especially when I read the big advertising mediums all the time and can compare. The advertising mediums put on a front, and the all-fiction magazines never have; yet in the future, the scholars will dig in musty, yellow pulp-paper magazines for the majority of literary masterpieces. Believe it or not, it's true.

But I care little about differences of opinion concerning taste in stories. You recall that an old lady once said, as she kissed a cow, that there was no explaining human taste. But I do object, and shall continue to speak about it, to the inaccuracies of very highbrow "authorities" when they write about the wood-pulp racket. And if an article like Mr. Robinson's is brimful of gory errors then we have a right to suspect his conclusions, his many deductions and generalizations.

HAROLD HERSEY,
New York, N. Y.

Contributors to this Issue

THOMAS BURKE is the author of the famous *Limehouse Nights* stories. He is at work on a book about Thomas De Quincey, the subject of his paper in this issue.

* * *

JAMES M. CAIN is a New York newspaper man, a native of Annapolis, Maryland. He has remained in touch with Southern affairs by frequent travel there.

(*Continued on page XXXIX*)

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Between Books—

Between books—sometimes instead of books—Americans read magazines. In this country the art of seizing hold of contemporary life and putting it attractively on paper once a week or once a month has become so highly developed that magazines are a necessity to active participators in current affairs.

Bargains can be had in magazines,—by ordering them in groups you can save enough money to buy a book, or several books. We list below a number of magazines which can be obtained in combination with *The Bookman* at special rates resulting in substantial economy.

The BOOKMAN	REGULAR PRICE	THIS OFFER
with AMERICAN MERCURY	$10.00	$7.60
with BOYS LIFE	7.00	6.00
with CENTURY	10.00	8.00
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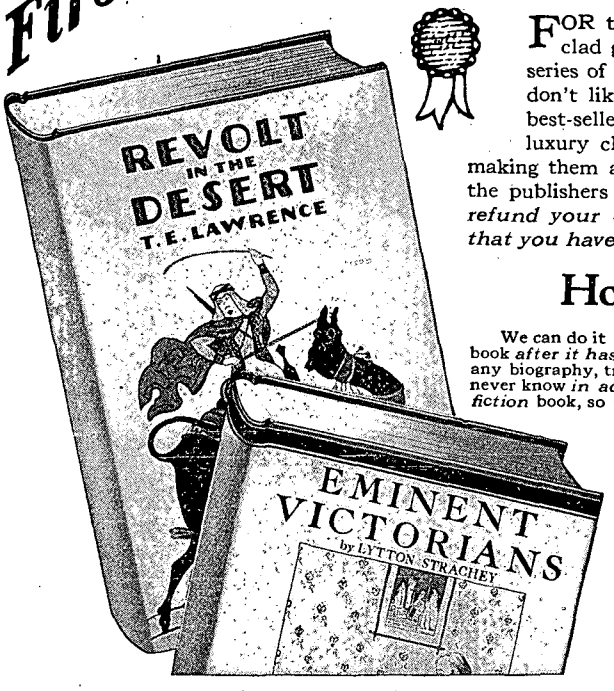

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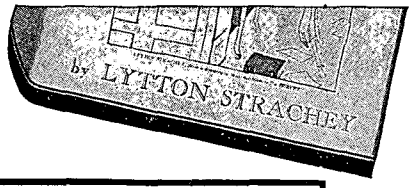

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(*Continued from page XXXIV*)

MARY AUSTIN'S new book, *The Children Sing in the Far West,* is made up of poems written in the way she has described in this issue.

* * *

THOMAS H. DICKINSON has written and edited numerous books dealing with the drama. He was formerly an associate professor of English at the University of Wisconsin. Several of his books treat politics and public affairs. His latest, *The Portrait of a Man as Governor,* is discussed in Mr. Bent's paper on the literature of the campaign.

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THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW is a frequent contributor to the magazines. She is the author of three books: *Picture Frames, Show Business,* and *People Round the Corner.*

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CHARLES R. WALKER, formerly on the editorial board of the *Atlantic Monthly* and *The Independent,* is an associate editor of THE BOOKMAN. He is the author of two books: *Steel,* in which are recorded his experiences as furnace tender in a steel mill, and a novel, *Bread and Fire.*

* * *

A volume of CHARLES NORMAN'S poems will be published in the spring by Knopf. Our readers will remember "Dead Men Under Buildings," in the February BOOKMAN, and "Saint in Modern Dress" in July.

* * *

NEWMAN LEVY practices law in New York. His light verse and essays are familiar to readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Harper's.* Two books of his verse have been published: *Opera Guyed* and *Gay but Wistful.*

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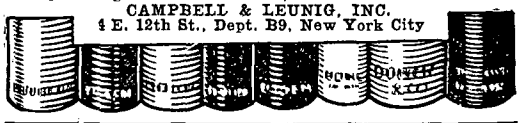

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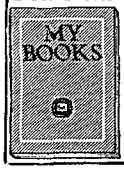

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HANSELL BAUGH is a native of Atlanta, now living in New York. His first literary work was done for *The Reviewer* of Richmond. He has since appeared in a number of other magazines.

* * *

PHILIP LITTELL's name is rich in association for lovers of the best in the American literary tradition. His father founded *Littell's Living Age,* his son is Robert Littell, novelist and critic, he himself used to write one of the finest pages of literary criticism that have ever appeared in America ("Books and Things" in *The New Republic*). His first novel, *This Way Out,* which has just appeared, is reviewed in this issue.

* * *

NORAH MEADE attended the National University of Dublin and later Cambridge. She came to this country in 1912. She was for several years on the staff of the New York Sunday *World.* She has been active in relief work in Russia and Germany. She is a frequent contributor to *The Irish Statesman, The Nation* (New York), and other periodicals.

* * *

ALLEN TATE, a graduate of Vanderbilt University, has been attracting attention by his poetry and criticism. A book of his poems was published recently. He is a student of affairs of the South and has written a biography of Stonewall Jackson. He has just sailed abroad to complete a biography of Jefferson Davis.

* * *

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK, a citizen by blood and language of both the United States and Germany, won a reputation as a poet in both countries while still in his early twenties. During the war his spectacular career as editor of *The Fatherland* brought him into the limelight of public affairs. After the war he became the official spokesman for the ex-Kaiser, and has since extended his acquaintance among many of the principal fig-

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ures in European political and literary life, reporting his encounters in American magazines. A novel, *My First Two Thousand Years*, by Mr. Viereck and Paul Eldridge, has just been published by Macauley.

* * *

CARL ZIGROSSER is an expert on prints and etchings, at present in charge of the art gallery at Weyhe's well-known art bookshop. He was at one time editor of *The Modern School*, a magazine devoted to the advanced educational theories practised at the Ferrer School.

* * *

Strange Bedfellows is the title of the latest book of SILAS BENT, a journalist of wide experience who has recently written many articles and a book, *Ballyhoo*, about his profession.

* * *

MAX EASTMAN'S book, *The Enjoyment of Poetry*, has been a popular introduction to the subject since its appearance fifteen years ago. He is the author of two books of poetry, of *The Sense of Humor*, and most recently of a novel, *Venture*. In 1914 Mr. Eastman founded *The Masses*, later *The Liberator*, which lived a stormy life on the "left" of matters political, economic, literary, and artistic. After the war he spent several years in Soviet Russia and has published several books of his observations.

* * *

JOHN CARTER is a member of the editorial staff of *The New York Times*. Since his graduation from Yale a few years ago he has been engaged in journalism and diplomacy. He is the author of *Man Is War*.

* * *

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT has long combined with extraordinary success the careers of teacher, editor and writer. From 1907 to 1920 he was Dean of the Junior College in the University of Chicago. He is an editor of *The New Republic*, the author of many books and essays, a novel and a play.

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The BOOK MART

SO far as the book auctions are concerned, the season of 1928-9, delayed until the settlement of the important political question of who will be our next president, opens with no great book sales in sight. Several important libraries and collections are now being catalogued, but nothing is offered that will compare with many sales in the last decade.

It is perhaps too much to expect that the book collectors of the present generation will have the opportunities which came to their fathers. The dispersal of the Hoe library in 1911 and succeeding years was a milestone in the history of book collecting. The entry of Henry E. Huntington into the field as the buyer of whole libraries at that period gave the market another turn. A few years later began the dispersal of the Huntington duplicates, which gave collectors a chance to acquire books which they otherwise never might have been able to get. Many of these libraries have been dispersed within the last ten years. A boom began in the season of 1918-19 with the sale of the library of H. V. Jones, the library of Frederick R. Halsey and the English literature duplicates of Henry E. Huntington. The next season the great libraries of Henry F. DePuy and Walter Thomas Wallace came into the auction market. The season of 1921-22 was notable for specialized sales, like the Jupp and William Glyde Wilkins Dickens collections, the Martindell Kiplings and the Van Antwerp manuscripts and early printed books. It was about this time, too, that the works of the modern authors began to soar in price. There were many sales of no outstanding importance in which new record prices were made, and sales like the William F. Gable collections which brought into the auction room a vast amount of material of value at comparatively low prices.

During the last five years the collectors have been regaled with notable auctions. The sale of the Quinn collection of first editions of modern authors definitely fixed the movement for collecting "modern firsts". In that season of 1923-24 there were also the Stephen H. Wakeman and Henry LeRoy Edgar sales of first editions. The next year there were three great sales—the William Harris Arnold and Beverly Chew libraries and the specialized Kipling collection of George Barr McCutcheon, which broke all records. The season of 1925-26 will long be remembered, for that year was held the most important sale since the Hoe sale, the library of English literature of John L. Clawson, which brought $642,687.00, and the sale of the Melk Gutenberg Bible for $106,000.00, as well as the McCutcheon sale of Dickens and Thackeray, a special Kipling collection and the R. B. Adam English literature. Such a season as that is not to be looked for in another decade. In 1926-7 came the Major Van R. Whitall and Harry Glemby sales of rare books, with others of record-breaking character but less important, and last season there was no one outstanding event in the whole year's sales, although the Colgate Stevensoniana made new record prices for copies of this author's work.

In England the situation is different. We have been hearing much about the exodus of rare books to America, which began to be serious during the period of formation of the Morgan and Huntington libraries. But the drain has not been as great as the popular imagination may have figured, and while some great libraries in England have come bodily to this country—the Bridgewater library, for instance—and others have been dispersed at London sales like the Huth and Britwell Court auctions, there is a mass of material in old English country houses of which the general public, even in England, knows nothing. Every once in a while some Shakespeare quarto which escaped the vigilant eyes of the compilers of the Census comes into an auction sale, and there is always a section of the catalogue devoted to

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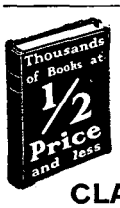

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single items from old country houses. The great collections, of course, are known in a general way, but there are hundreds of houses in which are preserved rare books which have remained in the family possession for perhaps a hundred years or more untouched and unseen. Sooner or later some of this material will find its way to our shores; but the quest of the dealers and auctioneers for whole libraries of rare books to be brought to America and sold has been disappointing, so far as the coming season is concerned.

When a collector has reached a certain stage of completeness in forming his library, he is likely to desire a catalogue of it, and these private library catalogues form a very entertaining collection in themselves. One recently issued in an edition of sixty-six copies for private distribution is that of the "Lewis Carroll" collection made by the Philadelphia collector, M. L. Parrish. It is an example of what such a catalogue should be. The books are described accurately and in detail, and there are a lot of facsimiles of title-pages, etc. The catalogues are bound in full morocco, which shows that the owner respects his treasures and appreciates their worth. In the case of Mr. Parrish's collection nothing short of full morocco would have been suitable.

There is a great and growing interest in children's books, and within the year no less than three great collections have been exhibited—the American Antiquarian Society's at Worcester, Massachusetts; the Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach Collection at the New York and Philadelphia Public Libraries, and the Wilbur Macey Stone Collection shown at the Newark, N. J. Public Library. These children's books are a fascinating class of literature, and as most of them were read to pieces they have rarity enough to satisfy any collector. Very largely they are miniature books, and so take up little shelf room.

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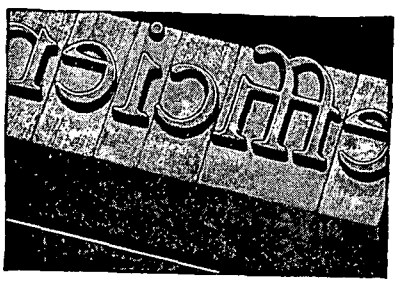

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